

THE
Greater Love

ALGERNON SIDNEY CRAPSEY

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THE
GREATER LOVE



BY
ALGERNON SIDNEY CRAPSEY
SECOND EDITION.

THE
Abbey Press

PUBLISHERS

114

FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

London

Montreal

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by
The
Abbey Press

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DEDICATION

WHILE this book was in process of preparation for the press, it was subject to the criticism of one to whose judgment the writer constantly deferred. Before the book was completed, this wise critic was suddenly taken away by death. That event, saddening as it did the life of the writer, delayed the completion of the work.

Now that he is about to submit his creation to the colder and impartial judgment of the reading public, the writer wishes to say, that, whatever may be the fate of his book, he has already been amply repaid for any labor and anxiety it may have cost him, by the fact that it gave some pleasure and added some interest to the last days on earth of Emily Margaret Crapsey; who was both the loving daughter and the judicious friend of the writer, and to whose blessed memory and pure spirit, as an act of gratitude for all that she was to him and of all that she did for him, he now dedicates this book.

THE REASON WHY

IN the latter part of the sixth, and early in the seventh decade of the nineteenth century, in the night school of the Duane Street Lodging House for boys, in the City of New York, there was a lad who went by the name of Shinar. This boy did not lodge in the house; he lived in Mulberry Street.

Shinar was not his legal name; indeed, the boy had no legal name—no name derived by right from his father—since Shinar had no father that either he or anybody else had ever heard of. He was born in that under world where people cannot be so particular about their parents, but must take life as it comes to them, without knowing or caring from whom it comes.

When Shinar was a month old he was taken by his mother to a Mrs. Magrath, who kept what was known as a baby farm in the Bend of Mulberry Street. Mrs. Magrath received with the baby, as was her rule, three months' pay in advance. Mrs. Magrath adhered rigidly to this custom of advance payment, because so only could she hope for any payment at all. From long experience the baby farmer had learned that a baby left with her was a baby forgotten. She limited her demand to three months' expenses because that was the average life of children left in her care. If, by chance, any child lived longer than that, his next of kin was notified, and if, at

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the end of another month nothing was heard from them, the child died. The cost of the last month was paid by the child itself. It was buried at the expense of the charitable public, the charge for the time and care of Mrs. Magrath being included in the bill. In this way Mrs. Magrath lived an honest and a useful life, caring for those for whom nobody else would care, nursing them as long as they lived, and burying them decently when dead, and at the same time laying up for herself a little treasure in the bank.

Shinar's mother brought him to the Magrath farm, and paid the usual fee and went her way, and nobody ever heard of her again. That the boy did not follow the custom of the Magrath children and die at the end of the third or fourth month was owing to the lusty life that was in him, and still more to the interposition of Providence in the person of a young girl.

The Magrath farm in the Bend of Mulberry Street was next to a cottage, then owned and occupied by a seafaring man named Joshua Bain. At that time, Mulberry Street was not built up with great tenements as it is now, but was lined with small cottages, set, for the most part, back from the street. Of these houses the Bain cottage was No. 53. Owing to this proximity the Bains were more or less troubled by the Magrath children; but, as the Bains were good-hearted people, they took that trouble kindly, and did all they could to help Mrs. Magrath in the care of her little ones.

Keturah, the eldest of the Bain children, was especially useful in this way. Nearly every day she would go into Mrs. Magrath's and try to still the wailing voices of the babies, and to wonder why they were always sick and why they died so soon. To her questions Mother Magrath

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would answer, piously: "'Tis the Lord's will, me dear. Blissid be His name; the holy Mary is afther wantin' thim in hivin."

Little Keturah wondered still more when she heard this, and she said within herself, "If the Lord wanted them back so soon, why did he send them at all? Why did not the holy Mary keep them, if she loved them, and not let them come to this world only to be sick, and to die, and to cry all day and all night, and make little girls so sorry for them?" The child did not tell these thoughts, she only pondered them in her heart, and told them long afterward to the writer of this book when he was her friend and counsellor.

When the baby, who afterward became the boy Shinar, was brought to the farm, Keturah was thirteen years old, just trembling on the verge of womanhood. As soon as she saw this child, her own motherhood was born in her, and her heart yearned after the baby; he was such a pretty baby. She took him in her arms, and when she looked in his deep, dark eyes, and he smiled in her face, she burst out crying and, in the midst of her sobs, said: "O, Mother Magrath, must he die like the rest? Does the Lord want him right away? Wont the holy Mary let me keep him just for a little while?"

"Shurely, dearie; if ye prays to her and gives her candles. But thin who's to pay for him whin the money's gone? The holy Mother might let ye kape the spalpeen, but she ud niver pay for the likes of him; niver. She ud say it's chapër to take care of him in hivin, it is."

"Oh, Mother Magrath," said Keturah, eagerly, "I will pay for him. I have a little money that I have saved, and I am a big girl and can earn money now, so please ask the Lord to let him stay. I will give the blessed Mother

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two pounds of candles from the store if she will only give this baby to me for my very own."

"All right, dearie," said Mother Magrath, "your'n he is, and ye may bring me the candles. Ye naden't be afther troublin' the holy Mary, I ull spake to her; she is a frind o' mine, she is."

So little Keturah became the foster mother of the nameless waif from the street. She afterward wondered how it was all arranged so easily with the Lord and the blessed Mother; but that was not her business, and she did not trouble herself about it. All that she knew and cared for was that she had a baby to love, and she loved it. She had a brother and a sister, but then they were not babies. Brother was eight and sister was three years old; and these were mother's children, not her very own. So without compunction, Keturah took the little stranger into her heart and kept him there.

At first she wanted to take the child into her own home, but that her mother would not hear of. Her own three children were all that her little house would hold; and if Keturah were to begin adopting the Magrath children there would be no end to the little ones who might be added to her household. So Mrs. Bain said, "No," very decidedly, to Keturah's request, and the girl had to leave her foster child with Mother Magrath. But she did not love it the less nor give it the less care on that account. She used all her pennies to buy nice, fresh milk for her baby, and made all its clothing, and was to it a sweet and loving mother.

In the summer she would take her brother and her sister and the baby and go down to the river side, and, while the boy and girl were playing on the dock, Keturah would walk up and down with the baby in her arms until

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he went to sleep, and then she carried him to a cool, dark place under the dock, where she had made a bed for him with straw, and laid him down to take his afternoon nap. There, breathing the pure air from the river, the child would grow rosy and strong, and his little mother would sit beside him (leaving her brother and sister to take care of themselves up above) and dream of what her baby boy would be in the years to come—a president, at the very least, she thought.

She never had the child christened. She knew nothing about that, and Mother Magrath was afraid of the priests. Nor did Keturah give the child any regular name, only pet names, such as mothers give their babies. So it came to pass that a child whose earthly mother cast him away, and for whom the heavenly Mother did not seem to care, found his place in a little girl's heart, and so was kept alive.

Things went on in this way for two years and more. The baby had learned to walk and to talk, and to be in mischief every minute, and then something happened. Keturah could no longer take care of him. She had to go to work and earn money to provide for her own people. A great sorrow had come to Keturah; but baby knew nothing of this. He only knew that he missed his little care-taker, so that he cried after her in the morning and hunted for her in the street.

He was becoming so troublesome that Mother Magrath was beginning to think that it was time for him to go to the blessed Mary, when, by a lucky chance, he saved himself for another, if not a better, fate.

One morning, when he was crying after Keturah, he strayed as far as Chatham Street, where a man, hurrying up the street, ran over him, and then, by the way of

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reparation, picked him up and gave him a bright, silver half-dollar, saying, "There, there, baby; don't cry. Give that to your ma, and tell her to buy you some candy."

Just then Mother Magrath, who was looking for the child, came along and took him from the man, with the money in his hand. The man told her to take better care of her baby, and keep him out of the street.

But Mother Magrath had learned something more to her advantage than that. She knew now why the child had been left to her. She saw at once that he was able not only to earn his own living, but to become a source of income, which might make up for the loss of her business, which had come to a sudden end. From the day that she found him in the street, Mother Magrath carried the child, neatly dressed, with his face washed and his hair in curl, and set him down in some busy street and let him run. In a few moments he had caught his victim, and his cry of warning was heard; he was under the feet of some man who was glad to escape the wrath of Mrs. Magrath by paying fifty cents or a dollar—nearly always a dollar. In this way the child never earned less than three dollars a day, and sometimes as much as five, and Mrs. Magrath's bank account increased accordingly. The baby's way of making a living was hard and hazardous; but he escaped with his life, though sometimes sorely bruised. Keturah knew nothing of all this. She found the black and blue spots on his body at night, and scolded Mother Magrath for not taking better care of him. The old woman was ready with excuses—the baby would run away, and she could not help it; he was out in the street before she knew anything, and it was a wonder that he was not killed; all of which was true enough. Mother Magrath kept careful watch over the baby for her own sake as well as

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for his. He was her bread-winner; her only support in the world. Baby farming had become too dangerous a business to be carried on with safety. The frequent deaths among the children attracted the attention of the public authorities, who were not so ready as little Keturah to accept the theory that the Lord took them to the blessed Mary, but were strongly inclined to charge their death upon Mother Magrath, and threatened her with the prison should she continue her way of life; which she wisely abandoned and depended wholly upon what the baby earned by his falls.

This vocation was followed until the child became a boy, whom busy men kicked and cuffed out of their way, when a new method of opening the public purse was adopted. Mother Magrath led the child, thinly clad, by the hand, and went from house to house in the daytime, and about the streets at night begging her bread. This, if not quite so profitable as the baby's falls, yielded not only what was sufficient for her daily needs, but also a little for the bank.

When Keturah learned that Mother Magrath was making a beggar of her boy she was very angry, and when she found that she could prevent it only by sending mother and child to prison, she was broken-hearted. She knew that the prison would complete the ruin that the street had commenced, so she had to hold her peace and bide her time.

Keturah kept careful watch over the child, and as soon as he was old enough she persuaded him to give up begging and go to work. From her own earnings she purchased the outfit of a bootblack and set him up in business. She was the very first to think that a bootblack would do better if he had a regular stand and a chair for

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his customers; so she bought a chair for the boy and secured from Mr. Cronin the right to place the stand in front of his saloon, at the corner of Chatham and Mulberry Streets. This saloon was the resort of the politicians of that neighborhood—as Mr. Cronin was the ward alderman and the ward boss—and so was a very desirable situation for such a business as that which Keturah set up for her foster child.

The lad became very popular, and soon had a large and profitable clientage; and Mrs. Magrath, to whom he brought his earnings, discovered to her amazement that honest work paid better than dishonest work or begging. And from that time, with the exception of a small pension which she received from Saint Nicholas Church, her only source of income was what the boy earned. But this she cared for so wisely that her savings in the bank increased rapidly, and were counted by the thousand instead of by the hundred dollars.

It was at this time of his life that the boy came to have a name of his own. His customers called him Shinar, which name he at last adopted, and greatly increased his fame and his income by having a large sign printed and put at the back of his chair which read, "Here is where Shinar shines your shoes."

In the winter time, when the nights were dark and cold, Shinar, at the request of Keturah, came to the night school, and there the writer of this book made his acquaintance, and, through him, that of his foster mother. The acquaintance of the writer with this remarkable woman ripened into a friendship that lasted as long as she lived. He had not known her for a great while before he came to have for her a reverent affection. She was, in his estimation, one of those whose fate it is to bear a sin

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and a sorrow which is not their own, and which is brought upon them by their strong affections. Such souls as hers are born into this world to love, to suffer, and to die.

Up to this time the story of this life has been an unwritten tragedy, and if the writer is moved to write it now, it is not for her sake only, but for the sake of another, with whom her life became strangely involved, and who on her account was made liable to a dishonorable charge, which lost him his place in life and branded his name with a shame which it has borne to this day.

The reader of this history will find out why it was that a clergyman, who, up to his fortieth year, was irreproachable in his calling, honored as a scholar, and almost worshipped as a preacher, suddenly fell from the high place which he held in the world, was divorced by his wife and deposed by his bishop, and passed the rest of his life in obscurity, and was buried in a nameless grave.

BOOK FIRST



Keturah Bain

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CHAPTER I

KETURAH

ONE day late in the month of April, in the year 1871, a little after the hour of noon, a woman turned from Chatham Street into Mulberry, in the City of New York. As she hurried along the street, to escape the rain that was beginning to fall, there was nothing in her appearance to attract attention. She was of medium height and slender build, and seemed to belong to that order of working women who throng in and out of the shops of the city in the morning and the evening. She was dressed, as is usual with her class, in simple black—a close-fitting serge dress and a jacket of the same material; on her head she wore a plain round hat, in which, as the only ornament she allowed herself, was a cluster of red flowers, giving a bit of color to what was otherwise severely plain.

When she was a little way up Mulberry Street, just in the Bend, she stopped in front of a passageway that ran between two high tenements to some court in the rear. As she paused, she turned toward the street, and there passed over her face an expression of annoyance which quickly changed to sadness; then, as if calling up her courage, she drew in two deep, spasmodic breaths, which

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were almost sobs, and turned about and went quickly through the passage into the court beyond.

At the far end of the court, which was about thirty feet deep, was a cottage which seemed greatly out of place in this dark corner of the city. It was such a house as you find to-day on far-away country roads in New England, under the shadow of elms, with hollyhocks in the doorway. Once it had been white with green blinds, as became a New England cottage, but that was long ago. Now the grime of the city was upon it, and it was a dirty brown. The woman went toward it with her eyes on the ground, as if afraid to look upon its dismal aspect; and, hastily opening the door, entered and shut herself in.

The door opened into a small hallway, out of which a flight of stairs ascended to rooms above. Both hallway and stairs were uncarpeted, and were worn and soiled. Hanging her hat on a peg in the wall, the woman went to the rear of the hallway, and entered a room on the right. This room was evidently the dining-room, as it was chiefly occupied by a large table, upon which were unwashed dishes and broken food. At the sight of this disorder, the expression of annoyance changing into sadness was once more seen upon the face of this woman.

The reason of that expression was revealed by the face itself. It was a face highly refined and delicate, as strangely out of place in its surroundings as the cottage itself. It was a New England face, such as one sees in the pictures of Puritan maidens, looking wistfully at departing ships as they sail away to the far-off English homes. There was that same pathetic, far-away look out of the wide-open gray eyes; the same sad brow, the same delicate nose, the same sensitive mouth and sharp-pointed

Keturah

chin which one looks for in the Priscillas and Prudences of New England. Her hair once black, now tinged with gray, was combed over the ears and gathered into a knot low down over the neck. It was abundant and beautiful hair, none the less beautiful because of the sheen of the silver that was in it. The complexion of this woman was without color, and yet it was neither pale nor brown, but was of that chalky whiteness which is occasioned by an indoor life, with its attendant absence of sunlight.

As she stood looking disconsolately at that untidy table, she seemed a careworn woman of forty years; her brow was deeply lined and there were wrinkles under her eyes, and yet there was something about her general bearing that denied her age and was almost girlish—a nameless charm and grace of womanhood that needed only favorable circumstances to make this gray-haired woman young enough for love and happiness. In fact, she was that morning only thirty years old. Sorrow and care, not years, had turned her hair and wrinkled her face.

After standing a few moments in distressing hesitation, she put down a small basket, which all this time she had been holding in her hand, placing it on a shelf over the stove—for the room was both kitchen and dining-room—and drawing a deep sigh, and saying under her breath, "Poor mother, poor mother," she tied on an apron and went to work, quickly clearing away the table and washing and drying the dishes.

As she was finishing her task the door opened and another woman, much larger and older than she, entered the room. The new-comer was a worn and faded blonde, who had been handsome in her day, but was now a sad wreck. It was not so much her age as dissipation of some kind that had made her what she was. Her hair was that

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lifeless yellow hair that never changes color; her face was flabby, as if bloated in some unnatural way; her large brown eyes were lustreless and uneasy, shutting and opening constantly as if pained by the light. This older woman was dressed in a loose cotton wrapper, and seemed dazed, as if she had just risen from sleep.

As the younger woman looked at her, that expression of sad annoyance came over her face once more and settled there. The two women gazed at each other for a moment in silence. The older woman spoke first, in a low, husky, far-away voice, saying, in a tone of astonishment:

"Keturah, is it you, home from the shop? I didn't know it was so late; I've been asleep. What time is it?"

"It is not quite one o'clock, mother."

"Not one o'clock? What ever in the world brings you home before one o'clock? Did you forget your dinner?"

"No, mother; my dinner is there on the shelf, in the basket; I haven't eaten it yet. I don't care for it. I'm not hungry to-day."

"What made you leave the shop, then? Has anything happened?"

"Nothing unusual, mother."

"Keturah!" cried the older woman, "what makes you torment me so? Can't you tell me what you came home for?"

"Maybe I came home to wash up the breakfast dishes."

At this the older woman sat down and began to cry.

"You know, Keturah," she said, "that I am sick and couldn't work this mornin'. I was just comin' down now to do up the dishes, not lookin' for you till night, and nobody home but me. But you don't care about me being sick; nobody cares. I wish I was dead, I do."

"Never mind, mother dear," said Keturah, kneeling

Keturah

down and putting her arms around her mother ; "I do care and am sorry that I spoke as I did. I know you are sick, and I am sorry for that, too. If you want to know why I am at home this time of the day I suppose I must tell you. I'm on half-time again ; that is all."

These words of the daughter, instead of soothing the mother, seemed to plunge her into deeper grief.

"On half-time again, on half-time again," she cried, rocking in her chair. "Whatever will we do? Father doin' nothin' and Benny out o' work; whatever will we do?"

"There, there, mother," said Keturah, soothingly. "Don't cry. We will get on some way or other. It isn't the first time I have been on half-time, you know."

"Oh, I know you always take me up that way; you never think I know anything. How does Rosenthal think we are goin' to live, and you on half-time?"

"I don't suppose he thinks anything about it, mother. There is no work in the shop, and if there is no work he can't keep us; that wouldn't be business."

"But couldn't you find another place, Keturah, where you'd have steady work?"

"No, mother. When it is dull in one shop it is dull in all, and besides I have been with Mr. Rosenthal so many years that I am sure of a place with him as long as I can work. He is very good to me, and whenever there is work to be done I have it."

"There you are again, Keturah, standin' up for that skinflint Jew, that grinds you down to the last cent."

"It isn't right of you, mother, to talk that way. We've had our living from Mr. Rosenthal for nearly ten years, and very few Christians would be as kind to me as he has been, even if he is a Jew. But, mother, don't let's talk

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any more about it. Come, let me put you back to bed again, and I will stop here until Abigail comes home. She and I will talk it all over and see what is best to be done."

The mother suffered herself to be led up-stairs to her room and soon fell into a dead, heavy sleep. Keturah went down-stairs, and with a sad heart waited for her sister, Abigail, to come home from school. Abigail was the brightness of her life, and the hope of the household.

CHAPTER II

HER FATHER

KETURAH BAIN was the eldest living child of Joshua Bain and Abigail Skinner, his wife. Joshua Bain was the son of Ebenezer Bain, beyond whom it is not necessary for the purposes of this narrative to trace the family history.

Joshua Bain was born in the village or town of Falmouth, on Cape Cod, in the State of Massachusetts, in the year 1816. His early life was the life of the Puritan boy at the beginning of the last century. It was a life of hard work and hard blows. The severe discipline of the New England household made this world a sorry place for little children. They were set to work when nature meant them to play, and were ruled with the rod where they needed the gentle guidance of the eye. And they endured what no race of children before or since have had to put up with, the horrors of the Puritan Sunday. From sundown Saturday night until the same hour Sunday evening every natural instinct of the childish nature was outraged, and in the name of the loving Father it was subjected to a system of mental and bodily torture, from which the children of this generation have happily escaped.

Ebenezer Bain, the father of Joshua, was a Puritan of

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the old type—stern and cold, a hearty hater and a domestic tyrant. He married one of those sweet-faced New England women, and by her had four daughters and one son, Joshua, the father of Keturah. By the principle of reaction, that rules so largely in nature, the child of the stern Ebenezer was born with a merry heart, and almost from the day of his birth there was warfare between him and his father. The rod was his daily portion as a child, and the horsewhip when he was older. But nothing could check the flow of his spirits, and as he grew toward manhood his humor did not spare the sanctities of religion. The long, tiresome sermons of the ministers, the sanctimony of the elders, and the hypocrisy of the deacons excited his mirth and ridicule; so that the saying went abroad in Falmouth that, "There was more fun than faith in Joshua Bain." In such as he the reaction against Puritanism, which is now at its height, had its beginning.

As the boy grew older, the antagonism between himself and his father was intensified until it culminated in one of those dreadful scenes which made the home life of New England in the early part of the nineteenth century so terrible and so tragical.

Among the girls of the village was a maiden of sixteen years named Abigail Skinner. Now, if there was one man in all the world whom Ebenezer Bain hated more than another, it was Joseph Skinner, the father of Abigail. This man combined in himself all the qualities that Ebenezer Bain most despised and abhorred. Bain was a violent Democrat, while Skinner was a Federalist; almost a Tory, in fact. Skinner was an Arminian, which made him, in the eyes of the strict Calvinist, Bain, no better than an infidel. Skinner and Bain were rivals in business, and Skinner was the more prosperous of the two, which fact

Her Father

kept the anger of Ebenezer Bain at white heat. With the usual perversity of youth in the matters of love, Joshua Bain, out of all the girls in the village, had eyes only for Abigail Skinner and, in spite of parental protest, became her steady company. The father stormed and raged, all to no purpose. Every Sunday night Joshua Bain and Abigail Skinner sat in silence together in the parlor of the Skinner cottage—as was the custom of New England lovers in those days—and might have been called in meeting and married at home and lived in Falmouth all their days had it not been for Joshua Bain's love of fun and foolishness.

He and Abigail both sang in the choir at the meeting-house. The singers were in the gallery at the back of the church; the stairs leading to the gallery were winding stairs and it was dark there. One Sunday morning, in the fall of 1836, when the apples had been gathered and the boats had come home from the fisheries, the people of Falmouth were gathered in the meeting-house for the purpose of divine worship. They were awaiting the minister in that awful stillness that prevails in a New England house of God, before the man of God begins to speak. To the utter horror of the people that solemn silence was broken by what was plainly the sound of a kiss, followed by a girlish giggle and low, manly laughter. The sound came from the rear of the church. On the instant every person in that congregation turned the head to see who had so desecrated the house of God; but nothing was to be seen that explained the mystery. Just then the minister entered the pulpit and the congregation turned toward him again and sat, stern of face and rigid of form, through the prayers, the singing, and the sermon. It did not matter what was said and sung that day, so far as the

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people were concerned ; they had no thought for anything but the outrage that had been committed in the holy place. Nothing like it had ever happened in Falmouth.

Immediately after the service, when the people had been dismissed, there was a meeting of the elders to find out who had wrought this folly in Israel. The members of the choir were brought before this body of judges and commanded to reveal the names of the culprits. After some hesitation one of the Bain girls said :

"It was nothing, only brother Josh kissed Abby Skinner in the turning of the stairs."

At this Ebenezer Bain rose up in his wrath and asked the assembled elders, as a favor, that he might be permitted to deal with the wickedness of his own son. This request was granted him, and the father and the son walked home in silence together. The face of the father was flushed with anger ; the son's face was white and still. When they entered the living room the mother of the boy was waiting for them, pale and trembling. She came forward and laid her hand upon her husband's shoulder, and said :

"Ebenezer, forgive the boy ; he is our only son."

"Forgive him!" cried the father, now mad with passion ; "forgive him who has shamed me before the whole congregation of God's people, who has dared to desecrate, with his libidinous folly, the holy place of worship and the sacred day of the Lord ! Forgive him ! God do so to me and more also, if I do not punish him so that he will remember it to the day of his death. You profaner of holy things, take off your coat."

"Father—father—Ebenezer!" cried the mother, putting her arms around her husband's neck, "don't whip my boy ! He is my boy, and I will not have you ruin his soul

Her Father

by your anger. It was only a kiss, only a kiss, and, Ebenezer, don't you remember, you kissed me before we were married!" And the poor woman struggled to kiss the hard lips that had not kissed hers for years, if so be she might soften the hard heart and save her boy. But the man was not to be stayed in his passion. He threw his wife aside and cried:

"Boy, do you hear me? Take off your coat!"

"Yes, father," said the young man, "I hear you, and I will obey you. I was foolish, I did wrong; but not so wrong as you are doing now, breaking my mother's heart with your wicked anger. You may whip me if you please, I am used to that; you have done nothing but whip me since I was a little boy, but it is the last time. Strike me one blow and I leave your house and renounce your God forever."

"Silence, sir, silence!" cried the father. "Mary," he said to one of the daughters, all of whom were looking on this scene with horror on their lips and terror in their hearts, "Mary, go to the barn and bring me the horsewhip; boy, take off your coat."

"No, father, not here; not where mother can see it. I will go with you to the barn;" and going up to his mother he took her in his arms and held her for a moment and kissed her and said:

"Good-bye, mother, good-bye," and went out of the door and walked to the barn, followed by his father. Soon the women heard the terrible sound of the whip falling on human flesh, but no cry was heard; the sufferer bore his punishment in silence.

In a little while the wrath of the father was spent, and he returned alone to the house; the boy did not come with him. He never came again. He staid a little while in

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the barn, feeling the burning stripes in his flesh, and the burning shame in his heart, and then and there he renounced his father's house and his father's God and went away.

In an hour his mother crept out to the barn to see him, but he was gone and she never saw him again, for in three months she was dead and buried.

CHAPTER III

HER MOTHER

WHEN Joshua Bain disappeared from Falmouth, Abigail Skinner disappeared also. Nobody, except Joseph Skinner, knew when they went away or where they had gone to, and Joseph Skinner held his peace.

On that Sunday night, after his father left him, Joshua Bain put on his coat and went to see his girl. He walked bravely through the street so that no one should know that he, Joshua Bain, had been whipped like a cur by his father. When he reached the Skinner cottage, he found Abigail waiting for him in fear and trembling. She knew something dreadful had happened. Joshua came in as usual and kissed her, as he always did on Sunday night, and sat down to keep company with her. At this Abigail breathed more freely; nothing had happened after all.

In a few moments she was sadly disabused of her confidence. The young man, unable to restrain himself any longer, burst forth into a passion of weeping and cursing. All the bitterness of all the hard years of his hard life found expression in a frightful storm of rage and hate. He cursed his father, and he cursed his father's God; he would never again, he said, set his foot in the house of his father or the house of his God; he had no father and he

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had no God. He had done nothing but give an innocent kiss to an innocent girl, and he had been beaten like a dog. He did not care for God; he would rather go to hell any day than be with him. Was a kiss sacrilege and was laughter an insult? It would be better for the world if there were less praying and preaching and whipping, and more laughing and kissing.

So the young man stormed and blasphemed, until the rage of his heart was spent. Joseph Skinner heard him and came into the room, and then Joshua, having quieted down, told them all that had happened, and he told them also that he was going to leave Falmouth forever. He would not live any longer in the same town or state with his father; he was afraid he would kill him, and he begged Abigail to go with him. He would try and be good to her; they could go to New York and make their way, he was sure. Would not she marry him at once and go with him? Carried away by his vehemence, the girl consented, as did her father.

They put Joshua to bed, and Joseph Skinner, whose wife was dead, washed his back, which was red and swollen with his whipping, with salt and water, and then rubbed it with whale oil.

Early the next morning he started with the young people for Boston, which they reached in three days, and there Joshua Bain and Abigail Skinner were made man and wife; Joshua was twenty and Abigail sixteen years old.

Joseph Skinner gave them two hundred dollars and they sailed from the port of Boston for New York, to enter upon a new and strange life.

Abigail Skinner, who had so early and so suddenly been forced into the life and duties of womanhood, was

Her Mother

hardly equal to the task. She was not the kind of stuff of which heroines are made. She was a tall, large woman of the blonde type—the sort of woman that nature builds for shady nooks and cosy corners and uneventful lives; the kind of woman that sours in adversity and frets under discomfort.

On the way to New York she was very sick, and when she reached the great city she was taken with such a longing for the quiet home in Falmouth that she nearly died. Her love for Joshua Bain had been but a girl's fancy and it soon passed away, and from morning till night she fretted and worried until the poor man was well-nigh distracted. He was, as he promised, a good husband to her, bearing with her infirmities and trying to make her happy.

In a year the first child was born. Its little life beginning thus in excitement and loneliness, it was born without the power to live, and fortunately died in a few weeks. In two years more another child was born, a little girl, whom her father called after the name of his mother, Keturah. And as she grew up, the child seemed to reproduce on earth the life of that sad, sweet-faced, gentle woman, who had died of a broken heart in Falmouth. From the very first she, too, was sad, sweet-faced, and tender-hearted. Her father loved her and she loved her father. Four other children were born in the course of time, two of whom died, leaving Keturah, Benjamin, and Abigail, named for her mother, as the children of the household.

The mother, occupied with her family cares and used to the ways of the city, ceased to pine for her New England home, and grew to be a very handsome woman, fair and large, that type of English woman one sees on the

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farms in Devonshire—women who move about as the cattle do and are quiet as long as they are well cared for. The wife of Joshua Bain had the face and figure of these women, but she lacked their repose. The keen American air, while it had not been able to give her energy, had succeeded in souring her disposition and she was that saddest of all created things, an unhappy, discontented woman.

CHAPTER IV

CHILDHOOD DAYS

UNTIL she was fourteen years old, Keturah Bain had a comparatively happy life. Her father was the owner of a small vessel and was engaged in the coasting trade up and down the Sound. He carried goods from the city to the towns along the shore, and brought the produce from the country to New York. His business was fairly prosperous, and he was a hale and hearty sailor-man. In the winter, when his own sloop was laid up, he would make a voyage as mate, or even before the mast, down to the West Indies, and from there he would bring the children coral trinkets and tropical fruits.

It was during this period of his life that he made a home for himself and family in the Bend of Mulberry Street. In those days Mulberry Street, while not fashionable, was still very respectable. It was inhabited by small merchants and tradesmen and mechanics. Here Joshua Bain built his house; a New England cottage, with queer gables and dormer windows; it was white with green blinds. The house was set far back in the yard and an elm was planted close to the gate, and in the summer and fall hollyhocks, larkspurs, and golden-rod bloomed before the door. It was a pretty home, and Keturah made herself happy caring for the flowers in the garden and helping her mother in the house.

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But the great delight of her childhood was the river and the boat on the river. The blood of generations of seafaring men was in her veins, and she loved nothing better than to go down in the evening when the tide was coming in and watch the waves chase each other like children at play. In the summer time, when she was old enough, and there was no school, her father would take her with him up the Sound. These were to her days of delight. She would sit for long hours and watch the sails flap in the wind, and when she was tired of that would go and look over the side of the boat and see the water run by. She loved nothing better than to cook for her father and eat her meals with him in the snug little cabin, and at night she was rocked to sleep by the motion of the ship, and was hushed by the music of the waves beating against the port-hole.

When the boat landed at some quaint old town, on the shores of Long Island, or in the State of Connecticut, the child would wander about and dream of herself as living in such a town as that. Her mother had sung to her the praises of Falmouth, and she always thought of such towns as the nicest places in the world to live in.

Keturah was educated in the public school, which had just then come into existence, and she was as happy in her school as she was by the riverside. She was from the first a lover of books, and would read all that she could lay her hands on. There was one book which she never read. Her father would never allow a Bible in his house. Neither did Keturah often go to church or Sunday-school. She grew up without any knowledge of that great system of religion, in the midst of which she lived. She knew that there were churches, and that people talked of God, but that did not concern her. She lived her life without

Childhood Days

any hope of heaven, nor fear of hell. Her mother had her say her prayers when she was little and she learned a few simple hymns ; but when she questioned her father about it he laughed and said that he guessed if we would take care of ourselves, God would take care of himself. So little Keturah did not trouble her soul with the religious problems of her day. Predestination, saving grace, and eternal punishment she never so much as heard of. Her Sundays were like her week days, only she did not go to school and had more time at the river.

Only two things troubled her ; her mother's fretfulness and Mrs. Magrath's children. Why her mother could not be happy in their pretty home, and why children were sent to Mrs. Magrath to sicken and die, were problems that sorely perplexed her little soul. She tried to solve them in a practical way, doing all she could to make her mother happy, and striving to quiet the cries of the Magrath children. So the days of her childhood passed, until Shinar came, and then she began to be a woman.

CHAPTER V.

THE BEGINNING OF SORROWS

WHEN she was little more than fourteen years old, Keturah made a discovery that changed her at once from an unconscious, careless child into a conscious, anxious woman.

One day when she was expecting her father to come home, she went down to the pier to watch and wait for him. Very soon she saw the sloop out in the middle of the river making for the shore. To her astonishment the boat did not take its proper course, but veered about as if it were in the hands of an unskillful pilot. Several times the *Falmouth*, for that was the name of the boat, so called after that old, never-to-be-forgotten home, just escaped colliding with other vessels. Keturah could not comprehend what was the cause of this strange action. Her father was one of the best steersmen on the Sound, and always brought his little ship into her dock in grand style. But that day he fumbled as if he had never handled a wheel before. Keturah was lost in amazement as she saw the sloop staggering like a drunken thing, instead of coming straight for her dock.

At last, after many escapes that were miraculous, the *Falmouth* was tied up to her pier and Keturah went aboard to see what was the trouble. In an instant the mystery was explained. Her father was drunk.

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The effect of this discovery upon the child was appalling. It was as if she had seen the sky falling and the earth going to pieces under her feet. She had loved and revered her father as few fathers are loved and revered by their children. He represented to Keturah all that was best and noblest in the world. His patience with her mother, his gentleness toward his children, his unvarying cheerfulness, made up the brightness and beauty of her life. She gave to him the admiration and the worship that most children are taught to give to their heavenly Father. But Keturah had never heard of her heavenly Father; her earthly father was her only father, she had no other God but him. To see him in the condition in which she found him was like seeing the abomination of desolation in the holy place.

Living where she did, Keturah could not help seeing drunken men and women, and they excited in her soul fear and disgust. She shrank from them as from the unholy and the unclean. As she watched her father on that fatal day, staggering about the deck of his vessel, uncertain of step, inarticulate of speech, she grew faint and sick. She had a dizziness in her head and a nausea she could not control. She sat down and covered her eyes and waited for strength to come to her. She did not dare to speak to her father. She did not want him to know that she saw his condition.

It was, indeed, the sad fact, that Joshua Bain had been slowly drifting into drunkenness. Everything in his life laid him open to the temptation to drink. Drinking was much more common in his day than it is now; there was very little or no temperance sentiment in the country. Everybody drank more or less, and men did not drink wine or beer, but distilled liquors, such as whisky or rum.

The Beginning of Sorrows

When Joshua was a boy he saw that his father, though an elder of the church, was a daily drinker of Jamaica, and when he was a young man he always had something to drink of an evening. It was the custom of the country.

When he came to New York he continued the habit of his youth; he was a constant, but not an excessive drinker. But the habit grew on him as he grew older. His way of life fostered it. His business carried him into taverns where drinking was a matter of course, and during the long, lonesome days, when the sloop was becalmed or drifting slowly before a contrary wind, he had nothing to while away the time but his glass and his pipe.

When at home he took refuge from the fretfulness of his wife in Michael Cronin's saloon, and no one could be in Cronin's saloon and not drink. So both at home and abroad, temptation was in his way and he yielded to it.

The hard discipline of his early years had not strengthened his will; it had broken it. And when he cast himself loose from his father's house and his father's God there was no restraining force in his life. His very virtues of sweetness and gentleness and good nature became his snare. He did not try to rule himself, he simply drifted; and he who drifts is lost.

Keturah left the ship without speaking to her father, nor did she say anything at home of what she had seen. She did not want to believe that it was true. She went about her work with eagerness and hurried away as soon as she could to take care of Shinar. She staid away from the house until bedtime, and then hurried to her room and went to bed, thinking that if she could only go to sleep, she would wake up in the morning and find that it was not so.

Late in the night Keturah heard her father come home,

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and for the first time in her life she heard him speak roughly to her mother. When he came in the house he was greeted as usual with dreary complaining. That fret, fret, fret, which is the torture of domestic life, was not borne meekly that night as it had always been before, but was resented with sullen roughness and even profanity. When Keturah heard the voice of her father swearing at her mother, she covered her ears with the bedclothes and hiding her face in the pillow, lest she should disturb Abigail, who slept with her, she cried herself to sleep.

When she wakened in the morning she had a sense of strangeness, as if she were in another world. At first she did not know what had happened, but in a moment the memory of yesterday came back to her as a wave of misery, and she turned her face to the wall and closed her eyes and tried to shut it out. The voice of her mother calling her compelled her to rise from bed, dress herself, and go down stairs. She was afraid to go down; she was afraid she would find everything changed. Her very fear, however, made her hurry. She wanted to see and know the worst. When she came down stairs and went out of doors, she was astonished to find everything just as it had been; there was the tree by the gate, and the flowers beside the path. The sun was shining and the birds were singing and the street was full of people going to work. Keturah could not understand why everything else should remain as it was, when her own life had changed so completely.

Her first feeling was a sense of relief. Things could not be so bad after all. She must have been mistaken yesterday. Father was not drunk; only sick. With a happier heart she went into the house and there her better

The Beginning of Sorrows

impressions were confirmed; there was no more change in the house than out of doors. The children were down stairs, waiting for breakfast; her mother was fretting at them, as she always did, and her father was reading the paper. As Keturah saw all this her spirit revived and she went about her work with cheerfulness.

But she could not help watching her father as she had never watched him before, and what she saw in his face went far to dampen her newborn hope and confirm her fears of the morning. There was no change in the world outside, there was no change in the household routine; all that was as it always had been; but there was a change in her father's face. That change had been coming for a long time, only Keturah had not seen it until now; it was a sad and sudden revelation to her. She saw a certain redness in her father's face, which was not the roughness of the wind, and over his eyes there was a certain haze and blear; his look was unsteady and on his countenance there was an aspect of sadness, of weakness, and of shame. His face was the face of a man in the first stages of moral decay. Keturah could not understand all that she saw in that face, but she knew it meant something wrong, and her heart failed her accordingly.

From that day she was on the lookout for evil. Her confidence in the goodness of her father was shaken and her life became a daily dread. What she feared came to pass. Her father came home again and again under the influence of strong drink, until at last the awful conclusion was forced upon Keturah that her father was a drunkard. And she found herself outside the gates of Paradise in the wilderness of the world.

CHAPTER VI

THE FIRST DISASTER

FROM that day the life of Keturah was one of consuming anxiety. Her mother did not seem to be aware of the danger that they were in, and Keturah did not care to speak to her about it. She and her mother were not in sympathy. She had to live her life of anxiety and sorrow alone, and wait with fear and trembling for what the morrow would bring forth. She knew that it was not safe for her father to be in charge of the sloop, especially to be at the wheel, as he always was; he was there at the risk of his own life and at the risk of the lives of others. The river, crowded with craft, was no place for a drunken pilot, and such she had sadly to admit her father was. Once or twice she had spoken to him timidly, asking him if he could not get something to do on shore; but he had answered roughly, telling her to mind her own business, and she did not care to speak to him again. She could only wait for the end.

And it came all too soon. It was a dark September day, when the autumnal equinox was blowing, and sailing in the Sound required a clear eye and a steady hand. Joshua Bain was bringing the *Falmouth* down from New London. He had been drinking hard all the day before and was in a state of collapse. It was the very day and

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hour for a disaster, and he did not escape it. When ne was off Blackwell's Island he put his helm to port when it should have gone to starboard, and ran down the prison boat that was taking released prisoners from the Island to the city. Three of the prisoners, two men and a woman, were lost, as also were two of the keepers. Five lives in all paid the penalty of Joshua Bain's uncertain eye and unsteady hand and drunken soul.

At the investigation which followed, before the court of the port wardens, it was clearly proven that the collision was the fault of the captain of the *Falmouth*. It was also brought out at the trial that Joshua Bain was in the habit of drinking. By decree of the court his license as captain was taken away and he was fined one thousand dollars. Beside this, he was sued in the court for damages by the heirs of those whose lives had been lost by the accident, and also by the city, the boat of which had been injured. The verdicts against the poor man were so heavy that he was ruined for life. He was threatened also with criminal prosecution for manslaughter, but this, through the remissness of the district attorney, he escaped.

Nothing could be more complete than the misfortune that had befallen the family of Joshua Bain. His sloop was taken away from him and his house was sold by the sheriff, and was purchased by the Bullet estate.

Then came the change that had long been inevitable. The city of New York had been growing by leaps and bounds. Neighborhoods had been changing with a rapidity that was bewildering. The fashionable quarter of yesterday was the slum of to-morrow. Residence streets were taken for business; and quiet neighborhoods were built up into great tenements, to house the mixed and

The First Disaster

noisy foreign population that was crowding from all lands into the great city. For years Mulberry Street had been in a state of transformation. The Irish and the Jews were crowding out the native population and driving them up town and into the suburbs. Hideous and populous tenements were taking the place of the cottage houses with their pretty dooryards.

For a long time the Bullet estate had wanted the Bain property to complete the lot necessary for a large building which the agent wished to put up there. He had already purchased from Mrs. Magrath, and had offered Bain a handsome sum for his house. But Joshua Bain would not sell because it was his home; the place where he had lived ever since he had been in the city, and which he had builded in the likeness of the house of his mother, and which he had loved as a man loves that upon which he has spent his time, his money, and his heart. But what the Bullet millions could not accomplish had been brought about by drink. The home that Joshua Bain would not sell, he lost. At that time there was no law against keeping or building houses on the rear of city lots, so the Bullet estate moved Mrs. Magrath's shanty and the Bain cottage back to the line of the lots and built their great tenement in front, leaving a narrow passage to the rear. Thus the Bain cottage, which had been open to the sky and the street, was shut into the narrowness and darkness of a damp and paved court.

If there had been any power of weeping left in the soul of Keturah, she would have cried to break her heart when the elm was cut down at the gate and the turf torn up in the dooryard. But Keturah had grown too old for tears; her eyes were as dry as her heart was desolate. So she watched in silence this desecration of her home and tried to save what she could out of the ruins.

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In this crisis of the family history she had become the head of the household. Her father, utterly broken by the accumulating misfortune, drifted away on the sea of drunkenness and was of no use to his family. When he did recover he was able to do only odd jobs down at the river in the way of loading and unloading ships, and he also, by and by, having influence with sailors and long-shoremen, made himself useful to the political boss of his district and was allowed to gather a few crumbs from under the political table ; but this was only years after the great disaster.

Keturah's mother, unable to bear up under the family misfortunes, gave away to a habit of opium eating which she had slowly been acquiring for years. She was subject to sick headache and her physician had given her opium to quiet her pain, with the usual result that the remedy was worse than the disease, and as her husband was an alcoholic, so was she an opium drunkard.

It was under such circumstances that the strong will of Keturah exerted itself to save what she could of the family wreck. She would keep her father and mother from the poor-house, and her brother and sister from the street. By her force of character she easily dominated the weaker wills of her father and mother and kept hold of the boy and the girl.

She left school and found work for herself in the trimming rooms of Isaac Rosenthal, manufacturer of hats and caps. The pittance paid her would have been insufficient to keep a roof over their heads, and the poor-house and the street would have been their portion had not a little good fortune come in the midst of their misfortune. Grandfather Skinner died in Falmouth, and left her mother a few hundred dollars. Keturah got possession of that and kept it for ready money.

The First Disaster

She looked everywhere for a place to live in, but could find nothing so convenient to her work and so in accord with their means as their own cottage in the rear of No. 53 Mulberry Street. It was shut in from the light and made vile by the sights and sounds of a low tenement, but what could she expect? She was poor as the poorest, and poverty brought with it not only want but degradation. Everywhere within reach of her work she found the same conditions. Besides, she could have the cottage for themselves and it was their own old home. And if it was hidden, it hid their ruin and their shame.

So Keturah used a part of her mother's legacy to buy a five-years' lease of the cottage from the Bullet estate. She put her brother to work in a drygoods house in Chambers Street, and she herself went every day to her work and to her labor until the evening.

CHAPTER VII

A MISFORTUNE OF WAR

By that wonderful power of adaptability which is Nature's best gift to living things, Keturah adjusted herself to her new conditions and was not unhappy in them. Her work, at first so irksome, soon became a pleasure. As the girls in the trimming room were paid by the piece, Keturah's wages depended upon her industry and her skill. Her New England sense of duty made her a careful worker. She never tried to do more than she could do well. She had no desire to increase her wages at the expense of her employer. Every hat and cap that left her hands would bear the keen inspection of the forewoman and even of Mr. Rosenthal himself. At first her careful methods placed her at a disadvantage with other girls, and they made fun of her accordingly. But she soon found that her way was the best. While the work of the other girls was frequently rejected and they were fined for spoiling the material intrusted to them, and so lost sometimes as much as half their week's wages, Keturah's work after the first few weeks was always accepted and what she did she was paid for. She had no losses to make up. Soon she became the most rapid, as well as the most careful worker in the room, and her income increased in proportion. While not exactly pop-

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ular, Keturah was greatly respected by her shopmates. She had the influence which a superior nature always has. The working girls were, for the most part, children of foreign and illiterate parents, careless in their habits and coarse in their speech; loud laughter and low jests were the staple of talk and mirth. In the midst of this coarseness, Keturah, with her refinement and gentleness, seemed a being from another world, and she suffered acutely from it. But she kept bravely on in her way, bearing the scoffs of the girls, who called her "Yankee miss" and "stuck up," in silence, until at last she conquered the respect of her companions and brought them to conform in a measure to her ways and habits.

To the younger girls who came into the shop she was a helpful friend, showing them how best to do their work and protecting them from the older and ruder women. Any one who was in trouble could always find a wise and sympathetic counsellor in Keturah Bain. In a few years her moral sway was undisputed.

Her employer was not slow to recognize the commercial value of such a character as that of Keturah, and when the forewoman, jealous of her growing influence in the shop, attempted to injure her in his estimation, Mr. Rosenthal, to prevent friction, quietly dismissed the forewoman and put Keturah in her place.

Then came the great war time with its rush of orders. Hats and caps by the thousands were to be made for the soldiers, and Mr. Rosenthal was not slow to get his share of the work. Prices were high and wages increased. These, if not altogether happy, were not unpleasant, days for Keturah Bain. As she stood in her workroom in the midst of her fifty girls, she felt herself a power in the world, and had the satisfaction that comes of an assured position and a regular income.

A Misfortune of War

At home things were not so bad as they might be. Her father was slowly recovering from the worst phase of drunkenness and would go sometimes for weeks without drinking. In such intervals he would earn quite a little as 'longshoreman, and on his best days would be employed as a stevedore. Except when drunk, he was always the same easy, happy, gentle Joshua Bain whom Keturah had known and loved in her childhood. When sober, he was plainly his mother's child; but drink brought out the fierce, Puritan strain of his father's blood, and then he was very hard to live with, and his home an unpleasant place. At such times Keturah would take her mother and the children and go away to the riverside and wait until the worst was over.

The character of her mother slowly degenerated under the power of the drug she was using. Keturah tried in every way to keep the deadly thing from her, but all to no purpose. The mother, when Keturah was from home, would pawn anything that she could lay her hands on in order to gratify her depraved appetite. At last Keturah gave up the struggle, and to save herself further shame and annoyance, she found out from the physician how much opium her mother needed to keep her satisfied and supplied her with the required quantity.

There was one thing Keturah would not do. She would not give her father anything for drink, and to tell the truth and do him justice, he never asked her for it. Whatever he spent in that way he earned.

Keturah was careful to keep Abigail in school. She meant to educate her so that in time she could earn her living by teaching. Keturah, seeing the dreadful evils of shop life, determined from the very first that Abigail should never suffer from them as she had. She was

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willing to deprive herself, not only of luxuries, but even of necessities, to save her sister from such a fate. At all cost to herself, Abigail was to be prepared to take that place in life which was hers by right as the daughter of New England parents.

Abigail repaid her care with a passive affection. She yielded early to the dominant will of her sister, and was anxious to please her as far as she could consistently with her own ease and pleasure. Keturah's eyes were too partial to see this strain of sensual selfishness in her sister. Abigail's budding beauty was her delight, and her good scholarship, for she was a good scholar, was her pride. Keturah, as a reward for these good qualities which she admired in the child, kept her as well dressed as any child in the school, and when she had finished in the grammar school sent her to the Normal College.

Benjamin was doing exceedingly well in his business. He had already been promoted from the position of errand boy to the place of stock keeper in the print department in the great establishment of Johnstone & Morgan in Chambers Street. He was a favorite of Mr. Morgan, who took a great interest in his welfare. His prospects of promotion were excellent and Keturah looked to him, in time, to restore the family fortunes.

In this way it was well with the Bain family in the first years of the great Civil War. This war was so far away that they, apparently, had nothing to fear from it. What was such a curse to the South was a blessing to these work people of the North. It gave them plenty of work and high wages. But when all was thus fair and peaceful, this family was suddenly involved in the consequences of the civil strife and suffered the misfortunes of war.

A Misfortune of War

It happened in this way :

For three days New York was the scene of a conflict more dreadful than that which was raging in the South. These days were the days of the draft riots, when the dregs of the people came out of the back streets and alleys and took possession of the city, destroying property and killing such negroes as they could lay their hands on. Those days were days of terror, especially in that part of the city where the Bains lived. For the first two days Keturah stayed at home and kept all the family, except the father, with her. On the third day Benjamin said he must go to the store and see if he could do anything for Mr. Morgan—the truth being that he was very tired of staying in the house, and wanted to go out and have his share in the excitement of those exciting days.

At first Keturah refused him permission, but he insisted and at last she had to let him go. She went herself as far down as Chatham Street with him, and seeing the crowds surging toward Printing House Square became frightened, and begged Benjamin to go to the store by way of the back streets and to come home just as soon as he could. This the boy promised he would do ; but as soon as Keturah had turned up into Mulberry Street to go home, Benjamin ran up Chatham Street and was caught in the crush of the mob and was carried in spite of himself up into Printing House Square.

It was the day when the mob threatened to destroy the *Tribune* building. They were gathered there, a mass of mad, yelling men and women. It would have gone hard with Horace Greeley and his old printing house if the Seventh and other regiments had not come in the night before from the front to restore order to their beloved city. While the mob was spending its time and

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strength in oaths and ribaldry, hooting at the Governor, who was trying to pacify them with soft words, calling them his friends, his very dear friends, the citizen soldiery were marching in grim silence down the Broadway, determined to put an end at once to the rule of lust and murder, which the weakness and supineness of the civil authorities had allowed for three days to reign without hindrance in the city.

Benjamin Bain had forced his way through the press of people up onto the steps of French's hotel, that then stood on the corner of Printing House Square and Frankfort Street. As from his point of vantage he looked over the heads of the crowd, he saw that which made him, boy as he was, hold his breath in terror. Just beyond the City Hall park, in the Broadway, he saw a moving line of steel, glistening in the sunlight.

The soldiers had come, and the end was at hand. In a moment he saw a horseman force his way into the crowd waving his sword and evidently trying to speak; but his voice was drowned in the roar of the mob, and the man was driven back by stones and sticks and pistol shots. In another instant the line of gleaming steel on Broadway disappeared, there was a puff of smoke, a deafening rattle, and then such a scream of baffled hate and rage as only a human mob can put forth, which was followed by a mad rush for safety as the miscreants sought to escape the bayonets that were pressing in upon them from Broadway and Chambers Street.

Benjamin Bain was thrown down from the steps of the hotel, and an hour afterwards he was taken up apparently dead, from the pavement of Printing House Square, and carried to Bellevue Hospital.

That day was a day that Keturah Bain had cause to

A Misfortune of War

remember as long as she lived. Benjamin had not been gone but a little while before she heard the sound of firing in the street. She comforted herself by the thought that he had gotten safely into the store and would stay there until the trouble was over. And when silence succeeded the noise, she breathed more freely, believing that the riot was suppressed and that Benjamin would surely be home at noon. When the noon hour passed and the boy did not come, she began to grow anxious, and as the afternoon wore on and he still remained away, her anxiety deepened into fear.

After waiting until she could bear her suspense no longer, Keturah summoned up her courage and went to the street to find out, if she could, what had happened in the morning. She saw at once that the streets that day were no place for an unprotected woman; they were full of drunken men and women, who were raging against the soldiers and threatening dire vengeance for what they called the murder of the morning. From the talk of the street Keturah learned that the soldiers had fired on the mob, wounding and killing a great many people. She returned to her home with a new terror in her heart. Benjamin might have been in the crowd and might have been wounded. She sat down with that thought as her company, and watched the passage-way until it was dark.

Benjamin was his mother's favorite child, and when it was toward night she came into the room where Keturah was sitting, still keeping her watch at the window, and said:

"Keturah, where is Benjamin? I haven't seen him since morning."

"I don't know where he is, mother; he went away at nine o'clock to go to the store and he hasn't been home since."

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"Has there been any trouble in the streets to-day?"

"Yes, mother, very serious trouble. A great many people have been hurt and some killed."

"Oh, Keturah!" cried the mother, sitting down in a faint. "You don't think Benjamin was there, do you?"

"I don't know, mother, but I hope not. I told him to go by the back streets to the store. I guess he is there now. Mr. Morgan has kept him to help take care of the store."

"Do you think so, Keturah, do you really think so?" cried the mother in distress.

"Yes, mother, I do, so don't be afraid. Ben will surely be home in a little while now."

Keturah's brave answer belied the sinking courage of her heart. Fear was becoming a dreadful certainty. As the darkness deepened and still Benjamin did not come, Keturah began to grow restless and to walk from room to room in the house. She took little Abigail, who was sobbing with the weariness of her three days' confinement, and gave her some supper and put her to bed. When she came down stairs she found that her father had come home in a drunken stupor. He was lying in a deep, senseless sleep on the lounge in the front room. On seeing this Keturah broke down utterly. She had hoped that her father would be himself when he came home, and she could send him to look for Benjamin. But with him in that condition, there was no one to go but herself, and she was afraid of the streets. For a moment she gave way to an outburst of grief, and then recovering herself, she put on her hat and jacket, and passing into the dining-room to tell her mother that she was going to look for Benjamin, she found her mother with her head on the table, in the first stages of opium drunkenness.

A Misfortune of War

At that sight a great wave of pity came over Keturah; pity for that kind-hearted, but degraded man, whose stertorous breathing from the next room smote upon her ears like a blow; pity for that poor, hopeless woman, whose dishevelled and dishonored head lay there prone upon the table; pity for poor Abigail up-stairs, who had to grow up to the knowledge of her inheritance of shame; pity for Benjamin, perhaps dead in the streets, and pity last of all for her own young, joyless life, which seemed to be at that hour a burden greater than she could bear.

It was this pity for herself that gave her courage to go out into the streets. For after all, what did it matter? Nothing could be worse than the present; if she were killed, death would be a short way out of the misery of life.

Thus without a word of encouragement from a living soul, Keturah went out of doors into the darkness and terror of the street.

She did what she had told Benjamin to do in the morning. She went by the back streets to the store in Chambers Street. She found the store closed and deserted, only the night watchman was there, who told her that no one except the janitor had been down that day and he had said nothing about Benjamin. The night watchman did not think he had been there. When Keturah asked what she ought to do, he said she had better go down to the station-house in the next block; there perhaps she might learn something of her brother. He would gladly go with her, he said, only he could not leave his post.

Following his advice, Keturah went to the station-house. It was crowded with people, and it was a long time before she could speak to the sergeant in charge.

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When she did speak to him he was very rough and impatient with her. How could he know where her brother was? Why did not she keep him at home? Did she think the police had nothing to do that night but to look for a brat of a boy? Keturah bore this outbreak of official insolence in silence, and when it was over said firmly:

"Sir, I must find my brother; can you tell me where to look for him?"

To this came the rough answer:

"If he is dead, he is at the morgue; if he is hurt, he is at Bellevue."

CHAPTER VIII

THE BIRTH OF LOVE

As Keturah turned away from the desk, not knowing what to do, a young man stepped up to her and said:

"I beg your pardon, miss, but you hadn't ought to go out in the streets alone to-night. May I go with you and help you find your brother?"

The young woman looked up with a startled gaze at the speaker and she saw in front of her a tall young man, with his right arm in a sling. He explained, saying:

"I was hurt to-day. Had my arm broken and have been here waiting for the police surgeon to set it; he finished about an hour ago and I've been restin' awhile before goin' home. I am goin' now, only I heard you talkin' to the sergeant and I thought maybe I might help you. My name is Sherwood, John Sherwood. I live up in Rivington Street. It aint right for any woman to be out to-night alone, 'specially," he said, lifting his hat with his disengaged hand, "'specially such a young woman as yourself."

Keturah blushed at this speech and was very pretty to look upon. She was only twenty-two then, and the bloom of her young womanhood was upon her, and as a woman she could not help being pleased with the courtesy of the young stranger. His voice was so gentle and his

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manner so straightforward and honest, and Keturah's need was so desperate that she gave him her confidence at once. At that moment she was as grateful for his kind words as a hungry dog for a bone. Putting her hand upon his arm, she went out with him into the street. It was a long and dangerous walk up to the morgue and the hospital. There was no public nor private conveyance on the streets, all traffic was suspended. Broadway was in the possession of the soldiery and no one was allowed to pass that way. So Keturah and her new-found friend had to make their way up Chatham Street, through the Bowery and Third Avenue to Twenty-second Street.

The remembrance of that walk for years afterward would cause Keturah to awaken in the night in a cold sweat of alarm. In her dreams she would see again those dreadful men and women; lost to all humanity, shameless, reckless, senseless creatures, letting loose in the civilized world the primitive passions of the savage, raging with hate and mad with drink.

A large force of armed police were moving about dispersing the crowds and preventing as far as possible any acts of violence. But the officers were so few and the people so many that Keturah expected every moment to see the mob get the upper hand, tear the officers to pieces, and, free from all fear and restraint, go on to burn the city and kill the people. But beyond a disturbance here and there, which was quickly suppressed, there was no outbreak, and Keturah and her friend were pushed along by the crowd. Sherwood walked as closely as he could to the houses and kept Keturah on the inside so that the men should not see her. In his hand, hanging down and concealed, he carried a revolver to be used in case of necessity.

The Birth of Love

When they passed out of the Bowery into Third Avenue the crowd was less dense and they were able to move more rapidly, and coming to Twenty-second Street, which was entirely deserted, hurried down to the morgue and the hospital. When they reached the place, Sherwood turned toward the morgue; but Keturah shrank back and said:

"No, no, not there; let us go to the hospital first."

"Don't you think," said Sherwood, "we had better go to the morgue first? If we don't find him there we can go to the hospital, and it will be easier to go from the morgue to the hospital than from the hospital to the morgue."

Hearing this, Keturah suffered herself to be led to the house where the dead were exposed. As she drew near she heard a great cry of wailing women; mothers were weeping for their sons and their daughters, wives for their husbands, and young women for their fathers, their brothers, and their lovers.

As Keturah entered the morgue she saw the dead in rows propped up in a half sitting posture, for more easy recognition and for economy of space. Keturah moved slowly with the moving crowds between the dead, with that far-away, dazed sensation which is Nature's narcotic, that she uses in times of terrible and painful emotion to deaden the agony of the soul. Keturah walked as if in her sleep, through these scenes of horror, looking at the faces of the dead with curious interest, not paying any more attention to the wailing of the women than if they had been crying babies of the tenement. At last she came to the end, and, looking up into the face of her guide, she said, quite calmly:

"My brother is not here."

"Very well, then," said he, "let us go to the hospital."

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They came out of the morgue and stood for a moment in the silence of the night on the shore of the river. It was a beautiful night, without a cloud, and every star in its place; a gentle breeze was moving, and the outgoing tide was washing softly against the timbers of the hospital pier. For a long time after, Keturah could not see the stars in the sky, nor feel the night wind on her face, without seeing rows of sitting dead, and feeling cold terror in her heart, and hearing the wailing of mourning women.

For weeks and months she was afraid to go down to the river. The horror of that night had spoiled for her the beauty of the sky and the water.

After waiting for a moment to allow Keturah to recover herself, Sherwood went with her to the hospital. Looking over the names of those who had been brought in that day, they did not find Benjamin's name among them and were about to go away, when they were told that in the next room were a few who had been brought in unconscious, and so were not able to tell their names. The boy they were looking for might be there. And there they found him, lying white and still on a cot.

The nurse told them that he had a concussion of the brain and his hip was broken. He was still alive, but no one could tell how long he would last. He might die at any time.

Turning to her friend and protector, Keturah said:

"Mr. Sherwood, you have been very kind to me to-night, more kind than any one has ever been to me before in my life. I don't know why you have done all this for me except that you are a good man with a good heart."

"Please, Miss, please," said Sherwood, blushing, "don't say anythin' about it. I am sure you are welcome.

The Birth of Love

I couldn't bear to see a young woman like you go out in the street alone on such a night as this, so I dared to ask you if I might go with you. If it was a liberty, I hope you will excuse me and say nothin' more about it."

"Excuse you—say nothing more about it? Why, Mr. Sherwood, you have done for me what I never expected any man would ever do. You have saved my life. I am a poor woman. My name is Keturah Bain. I live at No. 53 Mulberry Street, in the rear, and work at Rosenthal's, the hatter, on Broadway. I can never do anything to make up to you for what you have done for me to-night, only I can think of you always as a brave and noble gentleman, who helped me in my time of trouble."

Keturah was talking in a low voice, looking straight into the eyes of Sherwood, her own gray eyes swimming in tears. The young man flushed with pleasure as she spoke to him, and reaching out took her by the hand and said:

"Miss Bain, I am glad I met you to-night; let us be friends, let me help you all I can."

"I will," said Keturah; "and there is one thing more I will ask you to do for me: I must stay here to-night with my brother. Will you go to-morrow morning to my home and tell my mother that I am here with brother Benjamin, and will come home as soon as I can?"

"I will," said Sherwood, "I will go to-night. I will go home and let my mother know that I am safe, and then will go down and tell your mother what has happened."

"Thank you," said Keturah, pressing the hand that was holding hers, as they stood thus clasping each other's hands, a flash of emotion passed from the dark eyes of the man into the gray eyes of the woman, and a new love was born into the world.

CHAPTER IX

POOR BENJAMIN

FOR three days and nights Benjamin Bain lay unconscious, and Keturah, who kept her watch beside his bed, expected every moment to be the last. Her first feeling under this fresh stroke of misfortune, was one of rebellion. The fortitude which had sustained her through all the trials of her life gave way for the time, and she wished that she might die as Benjamin was dying.

That bitter cry which has been wrung from stricken hearts since the world began was on her lips; what had she done to deserve such a fate as hers? She had lived such a life that it would have been better for her if she had never been born. Without any fault of her own, so far as she could see, she was being punished as if she were a criminal. She had rather be in prison than live as she lived: the dusty workshop all the day, the cheerless home all the night. Hers was a life of toil, rewarded by shame and sorrow. Never since a child had she known gladness. Her father's fall had all but destroyed her faith in men, and her mother's weakness had caused her to despise women. Her own life was polluted by daily contact with all that was low and mean and sordid. Why should she strive any longer to keep it clean and honest? Why not throw it away as she had seen other women throw their

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lives away for a brief hour of pleasure; or, as that thought was intolerable to Keturah, why not end it out yonder in the sweet waters of the river? Keturah loved the river; upon it she had seen her happiest hours, and she imagined herself as floating out on the ebb tide, into the waters of the deep sea, lost to everything that was hard and cruel; asleep forever in the waves of the ocean.

As Keturah looked down on the face of her brother she hoped that he would die, that was the best thing that could happen to him; it was the best thing that could happen to anybody. She would be glad to die at once if it were not for Abigail. The remembrance of her sister gave a new bitterness to her thought. Every person near and dear to her except Abigail was the victim of some terrible misfortune. Her father was a drunkard, her mother under shameful bondage to opium; and now Benjamin was stricken in his youth, doomed to die, or else to rise from bed, a hopeless cripple for life. His thigh had not been set, and Keturah knew that every hour of delay made that operation more difficult and dangerous. She surrendered all hope of ever seeing her brother strong and well again. She found herself wishing that every breath might be the last.

But when she thought of Abigail, growing more and more beautiful every day, and imagined all the evils that might come to her in this evil world, she was beside herself with fear and rage. And she registered a vow in her soul, saying: "On the day that anything happens to Abigail, I will surely kill myself."

But after a while the storm in the soul of Keturah spent itself, and she was calm once more and could look her trouble in the face. And when after an endless night of watching the morning came, she was glad to see the light.

Poor Benjamin

After all there was something to live for ; there was light in the daytime and sleep at night. She felt unconsciously that any one who can wake by day and sleep by night need not despair altogether of life ; there is some joy in the light and some peace in the darkness for every soul of man or woman.

Keturah found a sad consolation also in the long line of cots that ran on either side of the hospital ward, from one end to the other. On each cot lay some suffering man, beside whom watched some sorrowing woman. As she sat there in the midst of the sick and the dying, Keturah entered as never before into the fellowship of suffering. She was not alone ; others were, as she was, under the hand of affliction. It was not some blind fate that was pursuing her and driving her apart by herself. She was only one of a great company, hers was the common lot. As she grasped this thought and held it firmly in her mind, her bitterness became bitter-sweet and her despair was changed into resignation.

On the third day the physicians set the broken bones of Benjamin as well as they could and performed a delicate operation upon a depression in his skull, and on the fourth day he recovered consciousness, and the physicians said he would live.

But his life, like his bones, was broken, and no one could ever make it again what it had been. After a month's confinement in the hospital he was brought home, and was able to get about by the aid of a crutch. He was a cripple for life, and his mind was weakened by the blow on his head. It was a year before he could think of work again. Mr. Morgan, his employer, interested himself in his behalf, but could find no place for him in the store. Indeed, there seemed nothing that the poor fellow

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could do to earn a living and pass away the time. In his long sickness he had lost energy and ambition. Pain, as it often does, had made him forgetful and selfish, and poor Keturah had a third incompetent life to provide for.

When Benjamin's health was fairly restored, his sister cast in her mind for a way by which he could provide for himself. After some thought, it occurred to her that he could at least do what Shinar was doing. He could find some sheltered place and establish a stand for the cleaning and blackening of boots and shoes. Keturah, with the pride of blood which is in every New England vein, shrank from the notion of this menial labor for her brother; but then menial labor was better than idleness and beggary, and she determined to put her thought into execution. Shinar made a good living in this way, why should not Benjamin do the same?

So Keturah secured permission to set a chair on the corner of Duane Street and Broadway, and hurried home to tell Benjamin and her mother about it.

She spoke to her mother first, saying: "Mother, I have found something for Benjamin to do."

"What is it, Keturah?" asked the mother. "I hope it aint hard work; Benny can't do any hard work now, you know."

"Yes, mother, I know, and this isn't hard work; there is no lifting or walking to do."

"That's nice, that would suit him; I'm glad you've found a job like that for him. Poor boy, he's awful tired of staying about the house all the time. But what is the work, Keturah? You aint told me yet."

"Well, mother, I am afraid you wont like it. I don't altogether like it myself, but it is the best I can do. The firm down stairs has given me leave to put a boot-clean-

Poor Benjamin

ing stand on Duane Street, just round the corner from Broadway."

"Keturah Bain, what do you mean? Do you mean Benjamin to be a boot-black?"

"Yes, mother, it is the best I can do for him. He can make more at that than at anything else."

"O my! O my!" cried Mrs. Bain, "I knew we was low down, but I didn't think we was as low down as that. My Benjamin a boot-black? You ought to be ashamed of yourself for thinking of such a thing."

"Why ashamed, mother? Surely it's better than idleness. Look at the boy Shinar, he makes better wages for himself than half the boys in the shop."

"O, yes," cried Mrs. Bain, "you're always talking about Shinar. I hope you don't even your brother to that brat of a boy, who don't so much as know who his own father is."

"It would be better for some of the rest of us if we didn't know our father," said Keturah, sadly.

"There you go, Keturah, speaking against your father. You're hard on him, you're hard on me, and now you're bein' hard on Ben."

"Maybe I am hard, mother, I'm sure I've had enough to make me hard. But if Ben wont do this, I would like you to tell me what he can do."

"Well, I can tell you one thing—Ben aint goin' to be a boot-black, he aint; and his grandfather a Skinner."

"What has Grandfather Skinner to do with it, mother? He is dead, and can't do anything for Ben."

"There's one thing he'll do, he wont let his grandson be a boot-black; he was an honorable man, and earned his livin' by honorable work."

"Any kind of work is honorable, mother, that is

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honest. I'm sure Grandfather Skinner would think as I do if he was here. He was a Yankee, and would say as Yankees do, if you can't get the best, take the best you can and look out for better to-morrow."

Keturah's mother answered her arguments by rocking and crying and saying: "Benjamin shall never be a boot-black—never, not if we all have to starve. I ud rather starve than see my boy blacking boots on the streets. And so would you, Keturah, if you had any pride."

"But, mother, I haven't any pride; what have I to be proud of, I would like to know?" Seeing it was useless to continue the struggle, Keturah left her mother and went to find Benjamin. He was more set against her plan than his mother. He wouldn't, and Keturah couldn't make him be a boot-black.

Finding it impossible to make others see what she saw so plainly, that doing nothing is the most trying and most disgraceful thing in the world, Keturah gave up the effort and let matters drift. Benjamin spent his days as best he could, sitting most of the time in Price's livery stable, and finding some pleasure in watching the horses go out and come in, and earning a few cents now and then by holding a horse for some patron of the stables.

Keturah mourned for Benjamin more than she mourned for her father. That bright boy whom she admired and from whom she had expected so much was gone, she did not know where, and in his place was this listless, idle man. Keturah did not blame her brother; he could not help being lame. It was an accident of war; and so she buried the memory of his bright and promising youth and wrote over him the sad epitaph "Poor Benjamin," and poor Benjamin he was for the rest of his life.

CHAPTER X

A FORGOTTEN MOTHER

WHEN John Sherwood left the hospital and hurried homeward through the empty streets there was a guilty feeling in his heart. That night he had done something which he had never done before. He had forgotten his mother. All his life he and his mother had lived alone, and were all in all to each other. He was her only son and she was a widow. Before he could remember anything his father died and left him to the care and support of his mother. From his mother he heard of his father's brave life and his early death. He was one of that army of clerks who give their lives to the building up of great fortunes in which they have no share. Sherwood's father was a bookkeeper in the establishment of James Bullet. His hours were long and his pay scanty. For twelve hours a day he sat behind his desk in the dark, dingy office, without light and without air, and as a natural consequence his lungs, weak by inheritance, became diseased and he fell a victim to consumption. Two years before he was stricken he had been improvident enough to marry a girl as poor as himself, thinking that what was enough for one was enough for two, and that love would make up for all deficiencies. But he found to his sorrow, as others have done, that when love had once

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tied the knot of matrimony it had nothing else that it could do; that the butcher, the baker, and the candle-stick maker had to be paid in other currency than kisses. The increase of love meant the increase of expenses, and poor Sherwood went without many a necessary dinner, and denied himself in the matter of clothing, so that Mary and the baby might be warmed and filled. Thus he pined and faded away behind the books that recorded the vast increase of the Bullet estate. Old Bullet, who was then alive, never thought of giving Sherwood a holiday or increasing his income. Why should he? He could hire a thousand men to do the work that Sherwood was doing at the same or less wages, on any day of the week. So this man Sherwood sickened and died, and left his wife a widow and his son an orphan, and nobody cared. When he gave up his place to go home and die another man was hired to do his work before the sun set. And when he was buried, James Bullet, for whom he worked faithfully during the ten years of his active life, did not so much as know that he was dead. Sherwood had left his employment two months before and Bullet had forgotten all about him.

When her husband died Mary Sherwood was left penniless upon the world, and with her eyes red with weeping she went out in search of work by means of which to earn sufficient to keep herself and her baby alive. She could do nothing except plain sewing, which is the most poorly paid labor in the world. At that time the stores were just beginning to sell ready-made underwear for women and children, and Mary Sherwood was given all the work she could do by the great house of Geo. Ripson & Co., in Grand Street. Her task was to finish the garments that others had made, to work the buttonholes

A Forgotten Mother

and put on the binding and trimming. As she had the baby to care for she was obliged to do her work at home, and John Sherwood's first and only recollection of his mother was that of a frail, pale woman, bending over a piece of white goods, through which she was ceaselessly passing her needle.

Soon after her husband's death Mary Sherwood had taken some rooms over a stable in Rivington Street. The reason for this was that the rooms were cheap and warm. The heat of the horses below saved her many a dollar in fuel. The odor from the stables was disagreeable and the stamping of the horses disturbing; but Mary Sherwood soon became accustomed to these things, and found strength in the pungent smell of the stall, and in the restless movement of the horses, the only diversion that her life allowed her. These beasts of burden were her only society. Living as she did she could not go to see anybody, and no one ever came to see her. Her life was spent in work and in prayer. She did not go to church, that was too expensive; but she prayed night and morning beside his bed for her sleeping boy. Her desire for him was a life of honest, healthful labor. She sent him to school until he was sixteen years old, and then she apprenticed him to the plumbing trade. From the first she determined that he should not follow in his father's steps and drudge out his life for a pittance in some dark, dreary office; but that his work should be active and carry him out of doors, and have within it some hope of advancement. Through the kindness of one of the stable men she heard of an opening for a boy in the plumbing establishment of Garlock & Son, on Second Avenue near Tenth Street, and there she placed her boy, and there he had served his apprenticeship, and there he was, at the opening of this nar-

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native, working as a journeyman plumber. He and his mother still lived in the rooms over the stable in Rivington Street, not because it was any longer absolutely necessary for them to do so, but because it had been their home for so long that they did not care to change it for another, and further, because John was saving his wages, hoping by the time he was thirty or so to set himself up as a master plumber.

On the night when John Sherwood went with Keturah Bain to look for her lost brother, his mother was waiting for him at home with an anxious heart. He had never been away from her so long before in his life. When his day's work was done he was always at home, except when he went, as he did in the winter evenings, to the night school in the Cooper Institute. So it was not without reason that his mother's heart beat with alarm as he delayed his coming. It was in the early morning hours when she heard his key turning in the night latch of the street door. At this sound the mother rose up and went and opened the door at the head of the stairs, that her boy might have light to see his way up. She stood there at the open door waiting for him. She was a small woman, slight and bent, with a worn face and gray hair which struggled out from under the widow's cap that she had worn ever since the day she had laid her husband away in his grave. As she stood at the head of the stairs she peered into the darkness below, shading her eyes with her poor fingers, scarred and wounded by the pricks of countless needles; looking to see if it were, indeed, her son who was coming up the stairs. When John reached the top of the stairs and saw his mother standing there, his conscience troubled him because he had kept her waiting up so long for him.

A Forgotten Mother

"Why, mother dear," he said, "aint you gone to bed yet? It's most mornin'."

"Do you think I could go to bed, John, and you out in the streets at this time o' night? Wherever have you been, my son, wherever have you been, to keep your mother waitin' for you till her head aches. You never did so before. And what in the world is the matter?" cried the mother, in alarm, as she caught sight of John's arm in a sling.

"Nothin' very much, mother," cried John. "Only there is a little bone in my arm that's broke. You know there's been wild times on the street to-day. The soldiers have been puttin' down the riot, they fired on the mob and killed ever so many, and hurt a good many more."

"But, my son, you did not mix up in the riot, did you? How then did you come to be hurt?"

"You see, mother, it was this way. We are workin' in the new buildin' at the corner of Warren Street and Broadway. At about noon we heard the soldiers marchin' down Broadway and ran out to see what was goin' on. There was an awful crowd there and when the soldiers came along they was all yellin' and pushin' like mad people. I got up on one of the iron columns so as I could see better, and then the rush came and threw me off, and broke one of the bones in my wrist."

"O, John," cried the mother, in great distress, "what did you do then? Why didn't you come right home?"

"You see, mother, I knew I ud have to do somethin' right away, so I went down to the Chambers Street station, and they told me to wait and the police surgeon would do what he could for me. So I waited till about four o'clock, when one of the surgeons set the bone; it was only a little bone and the surgeon says it ull be all right in a week or two."

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"It must have pained you awful, John, and I wonder you didn't come home as soon as it was set and lay down. Where have you been all the night?"

"Well, mother, it did pain me some, but not so very much, and just as I was leavin' the station to come home, a girl came in who had lost her brother. The sergeant told her she ud have to go to Bellevue or to the morgue if she wanted to find him, 'cause the dead and the wounded were there. And I felt awful sorry for the girl, she was so young and so pretty. I knew she hadn't ought to be out such a night as this alone in the streets, so I offered to go with her to look for her brother, and I did and we found him, badly hurt in the hospital."

"Ah, John, my son," said the mother, sadly, "you went with this girl and you forgot your mother."

"No, mother, I didn't forget you, that is not for long. When I was goin' through the mob, I didn't think about much else 'cept keepin' those murderin' brutes away from that girl, and in the dead house I couldn't think about nothin' but those dead men settin' up and starin' at you with their eyes wide open, and never winkin' so much as an eyelash. I tell you, mother, it was awful. But when we found the boy in the hospital then I remembered you, and told the girl I must hurry home and tell you all about it."

"But, John," said the mother, "the girl—do you know who she is; what is her name and where does she live?"

"Yes, mother, she told me her name, it's Bain, or something like that. Keturah Bain, I think she said, and she lives down in Mulberry Street at No. 53 in the rear."

"Oh," said the mother, contemptuously, "if she lives in Mulberry Street, she is some low, wretched creature, some Irish or Italian girl. I wonder that you went out of your way for her."

A Forgotten Mother

"No, mother, she aint that kind of a girl and you mustn't speak so of her," said John.

"Mustn't!" cried the mother, flushing with anger. "Since when did you begin to say mustn't to your mother? Since you picked this girl up off the street?"

"Mother, dear," said John, "you hadn't ought to get mad at me, I aint done nothin' wrong. Even if she was an Irish girl, you would want me to help her if I could. But she aint that kind of a girl. She is an American girl. She speaks beautifully. So that I was 'shamed of myself."

"You've no cause to be 'shamed, John, only I know you have picked up a careless way of talkin' at the shop, leaving off your g's at the end of words and the like o' that; but this Miss didn't say anythin' to you about that, did she?"

"Why, no, mother, o' course not, only she spoke so nice and sweet that I knew she had been to school more'n I had, and I couldn't and don't understand her livin' in Mulberry Street. It aint right for the likes o' her to be livin' in such a street as that."

"It seems to me, John, that you have been thinkin' a good deal about that girl, seein' that you've only known her since sundown. And I'm afraid," said the mother, laying her hands on the shoulders of her boy and looking into his eyes, where she saw to her dismay a light that had never been there before, a light such as she saw in his father's eyes, when he took her in his arms, two and twenty years before, and asked her to be his wife. "I'm afraid," she repeated, tearfully, "that you'll be thinkin' more and more of this girl and less and less of your mother every day now."

"Why, mother, how you talk! You're tired and that

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makes you foolish. This girl aint nothin' to me, and I aint nothin' to her. It was only by chance I met her to-night and I don't know as I'll ever see her again."

"You know where she lives, don't you, John?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then you'll see her again, all right enough, and she'll see you. Why don't you take off your coat and get ready for bed? It's most mornin'. If we're goin' to get any sleep before daybreak we had better be about it."

"But I aint goin' to bed, mother. I was thinkin' to go down to Mulberry Street and tell the girl's mother where she is and that she has found the boy. I promised her I would."

"Oh, you promised her that, did you? And yet you aint nothin' to her nor she to you, you say. What makes you run about for her all night then if you don't care for her?"

"Because I promised her, and I don't like to break my promise, mother."

"Yes, John, and you'll be makin' more and more promises to her and you'll keep 'em even if it does break your mother's heart."

"Oh, pshaw! mother, what's the matter with you to-night? Do go to bed and go to sleep. I will run down to Mulberry Street and will be back in an hour. I aint goin' to forget you because I've been tryin' to do somethin' for somebody else. There, there, be a good mother and don't cry. There isn't nothin' to cry about." And John kissed his mother and hastened out into the street, leaving her to live through that sad hour which comes to every mother when she knows that her boy is her boy no longer. He is a man now and is another woman's lover.

CHAPTER XI

AN ANNUAL PROPOSAL

WHAT John's mother feared, came to pass. He did think more and more of Keturah Bain every day. While his wrist was healing he could not work and he spent his idle time in anything but idleness. He went every day to the hospital to see how Benjamin was getting on and in the evening he and Keturah would go up together to visit the boy. When Benjamin was brought home, John Sherwood continued his visits and established himself as a friend of the family. Keturah loved him from the very first, but she tried hard not to let him know it. She knew that neither he nor she were ready for marriage. He had his mother and she her family to care for. They could undertake new duties only by forsaking old ones. And this the stern New England conscience would not permit Keturah to do.

She tried several times to send John away, knowing that she ought not to encourage his attentions, but he would not go. Day after day, month after month, and year after year he came to her, bringing with him his honest heart and his loyal soul, saying:

"Keturah, I've been lovin' you ever since I saw you that night in the station-house, will you marry me?" Then Keturah would laugh and say: "No, John, I will never marry you until you can say your g's."

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At this poor John would blush with shame and go his way, and for a week he would absent himself from his lady love, saying his g's over and over to himself, until he had them on the end of his tongue. Then he would come again and say: "Keturah, I've been loving (with the accent on the g) you ever since I saw you that night at the station-house; will you marry me? You hadn't ought to treat me the way you do."

"O, John!" Keturah cried merrily, "how can you expect me to marry a man who says 'hadn't ought' for ought not? It can never, never be."

On hearing this John would look at her with tears in his eyes and say: "It aint right, Keturah, to make fun o' me. If you don't care for me, say so, and I will try to bear it; but it's cruel of you to pick me up the way you do. I know I can't speak like you do. But, Keturah, don't you see that I'm learnin'. No, no, I mean *learning* to speak more correct every day, and if you'll only marry me I'll learn from you your own way o' speakin'; there now, I mean your own way of *speaking*."

"O, foolish John," Keturah cried, "you don't think I care so very much about the way you speak although I do like you to speak correctly; but that is not the reason why I cannot marry you."

"What is the reason then, Keturah?" says John.

"Ask me some other time," says she, "and maybe I will tell you."

And John did ask her over and over again. In season and out of season he pressed his suit. Keturah did not resent his importunity. She found it pleasant to have a lover devoted to her every wish, but while she listened she had never said "yes" to John's asking.

And every year her lover made what Keturah called

An Annual Proposal

his "annual proposal." This was a solemn, formal declaration of his love under romantic circumstances that gave to it a dignity and a power that Keturah found it hard to resist. It was at the seaside, down on Far Rock-away Beach, and the occasion was the annual excursion of the Journeymen Plumbers' Union. John would never go to this picnic unless Keturah went with him, and she, knowing how much he needed the outing, would never refuse him.

After the clam chowder was eaten and the people who had sat down to eat and drink, rose up to play and the men and the women were whirling round in the mazes of the waltz, John and Keturah would wander off by themselves, out of the sight of the people and out of the sound of the music, and hide themselves beside some hillock of sand, and there they would sit and watch the great waves roll in and break against the shore and listen to the seabirds crying one to another, and then John would reach out and take the woman's hand in his and say, "Keturah, will you marry me?" To which Keturah answered sadly, "No, John, I cannot."

"Why not, Keturah?"

"Because we are poor."

"But, Keturah, that aint any reason ; poor people marry every day."

"I know they do, John, and the more's the pity, and the more's the misery."

"We ain't so very poor, Keturah," pleaded John, "I'm gettin', I mean *getting*, good wages ; enough to keep us two in comfort, I'm sure."

"Yes, John, us two. But we two are not all that are to be kept. There are others beside us."

"Yes, I know," said John, "there's mother, but she

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could live with us, and we would have enough for her, too."

"Yes, John," said Keturah, "we could easily take care of your mother, that would be your duty and my pleasure. I have learned to love your mother dearly and nothing I could ever do for her would be a trouble to me. But then, you know, John, there are others beside your mother to be taken care of."

"I know, Keturah, there are your people ; but don't you think you've done enough for them, and might think of me and yourself?"

"Now, John, you are talking like a selfish man, not like my hero, who risked his life for an unknown girl, the night of the draft riots. Do you think I could go away and be married, and be happy ever after, as the story books say, and know that Abigail was, perhaps, running loose on the streets, and Benjamin had no one to look after his clothing and father and mother might be sent to the Island as vagrants? I be happy in my happy home, and all my people shut out in misery and want! You don't think it, John, I know you don't think it."

"No, Keturah, I don't; but it's awful hard to think of you giving all your life for others, and not having the least bit of it for yourself."

"I know it's hard, John, but that don't make it any the less right. Most right things are hard in this world, so far as I can see. But there are others beside your mother and my mother and father and Ben and Abigail that we ought to think of before we marry; people to whom our marriage will mean more than to any persons else in all the world."

"Why, who be they, Keturah?"

"Who are they? John, who else but our children?"

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"Keturah, how you talk! We aint got no children."

"Pardon me, John, we haven't any now, but if we were married we would have them or we ought to have them, and, John dear, I love my children too well to let them be born into such a world as you and I must live in."

"What is the use in bein' so foolish, Keturah? It's time enough to worry about the children when they come. You aint got no children now, maybe you never will have any."

"Yes, I have children, John; I've had children ever since I was a little girl. Eight children, John, five boys and three girls. I know all their names and the color of their hair and eyes. They come to me at night when I am asleep and they call me 'mother,' and I take them one by one in my arms and kiss them and I rock the baby to sleep."

"But if you are so fond o' children," said John, "Keturah, why don't you have real children instead of dream children?"

"Because, John dear," said Keturah, looking with sad eyes out over the sea, "because my dream children can never be hungry nor cold, they can never learn to drink and to swear; they never have to work until they are so tired that they are ready to die, if only they can rest. My dream boys never have to lie and cheat, and my dream girls can never be deceived and led astray by wicked men. My dream children are happy and I leave them in their happiness."

"That means that you will never marry me, Keturah."

"No, John, it doesn't mean that exactly, it means that I will never marry and have children to live in such places as you and I live in. I never see a child in our part of the city without wondering why it was ever born. It has no chance from the first to live a decent life. Some-

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body is to blame, I don't know who except the father and mother who bring it into the world. I will never be a mother until I am sure that my children can have light for their eyes and air to breathe and water to wash themselves clean."

"When that day comes will you marry me, Keturah?" said John.

"Yes, and it may come sooner than you think. It won't be long before Abigail will graduate from the Normal College and then she will get a position as teacher in the schools, somewhere in the West Side, I hope, and we can go over on Union Hill and find a double cottage, such as I have seen there, and my folks can live on one side and you and your wife and your mother on the other, and my children can play in the yard behind the house and we will be happy as happy can be."

"Then you do love me, Keturah, and will marry me when you can?"

"Yes, I love you, John, with all my heart, and will marry you just as soon as I can."

"And may I kiss you, just once, Keturah?"

"Yes, John, you may, just once."

And John did.

CHAPTER XII

RAIMENT OF NEEDLEWORK

IT has been necessary to give a brief account of the life of Keturah Bain up to the day when we first saw her going into her house in Mulberry Street in the spring of 1871. Without this background the picture that is to follow would not have its proper perspective. Keturah Bain had not lived her thirty years alone. She was the center of a little group of human beings, and it was her relation to these people that made her life to be what it was, a life of care and sorrow and self-sacrifice. She was the one strong personality in the midst of a company of weaklings, and her strength was taxed to the utmost in taking care of those who had lost the power to take care of themselves. Keturah had long ceased to expect anything in particular from her father, her mother, or her brother Benjamin. Her hope centered in her sister Abigail, who was just finishing her course in the Normal College, and was preparing herself for the profession of teaching. Keturah had looked forward to Abigail's graduation as to a day of deliverance. When the girl, instead of being a source of expense, should be earning something for the family purse, Keturah calculated that they could afford to leave the darkness and dampness and dirt of No. 53 Mulberry Street in the rear, which was growing

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more intolerable every day, and move into some better locality, or best of all, cross the river and live on the Jersey hills, a thing which Keturah wanted to do more than anything else in the world. Her day-dream was of a quiet cottage on a quiet street in Union Hill, with yard enough about the house for a little garden, with hollyhocks and larkspurs, such as used to bloom in their own little yard, before the great tenement was built. Keturah did not know just how they could live in Union Hill, and Abigail teach in New York City, but she thought her father could manage it somehow. He had a little political influence and might get Mr. Cronin or Mr. Flynn to do something. He could still vote in the ward, even if he did live in Union Hill. They were not as particular about such things then as they are now in the city of New York.

So as Keturah lay dozing in the dark room off the dining-room, which was her sleeping-room, she was a very child, dreaming her day-dreams and painting the dark clouds of her life with the rainbow hues of hope. And on the rainbow, clothed with its bright colors, sat Abigail Bain, the last remaining hope of the Bain family.

Keturah lay half asleep until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when she was awakened by the opening of the front door into the hall. Knowing it was her sister she called to her, saying :

"Abigail!"

"Yes, Keturah," came the answer in a sweet, girlish voice.

"How is it out of doors, dear?" cried Keturah. "It was raining when I came in; is it raining still?"

"Oh, no; it's clearing off, and is a beautiful afternoon."

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"Are you very tired, Abigail?"

"No, I am not tired. I rode all the way home to-day, because it was raining when I started."

"Well, dear, keep on your hat and coat, for I want to take a walk; I have a bad headache and the air will do me good."

"All right, Keturah, I'll be glad to go. I've something to tell you."

Keturah rose up from her bed, and putting on her hat and coat, went out for a walk with her sister. This was one of the pleasures of her life. She loved to take Abigail and go down to the river and bathe her soul in the light of the sun, in the freshness of the air, and in the beauty of the water. Her favorite walk was along South Street, which, thirty years ago, was much quieter than it is now. It was the ship-chandlers' street, and was piled high with barrels and was redolent of the smell of tarry ropes. It is a wide street, open on the water side, with a view up and down the river, and the city of Brooklyn over the way. Keturah loved this street as she loved no other place in the world; it was her recreation ground. Here she came in that spring day in 1871 with her sister Abigail, to walk away her headache. And with every step she felt herself growing better. She went blithely round the coils of ropes and in between the barrels, and felt as young and frisky as a girl. She was always happy when she was out here in the open air with Abigail by her side.

Abigail Bain was at that time in her nineteenth year, and was in all the freshness and beauty of her opening womanhood. It is astonishing what nature will do for a girl, even in the dark streets and alleys of the tenement district. The stranger will see, in those streets, young women who in beauty of face and perfection of form, are

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not surpassed by the women who live in elegant homes on quiet streets and wide avenues. Abigail Bain was not, however, a girl of the tenement district, by birth and by education; she belonged to a different class. From the very first, it had been the effort of Keturah to remove Abigail as far as possible from her home surroundings. She had her transferred to a school in the upper part of the city, where she would meet with nice children, and when she had finished at the grammar school, Keturah had her enter the Normal College, in which she was the companion of many of the best girls in the city, to say nothing of the boys.

In coloring and in her general features, Abigail favored her mother's side of the house; tall and slender, though with a tendency to stoutness that would develop later in life, chestnut hair that clustered in short, bewitching curls about her face and neck, large innocent blue eyes that looked at you when you spoke to her with surprise and wonder, a small, delicately formed nose and mouth that puckered into a whistle, cheeks with a faint peach-blow bloom, a rounded chin, a long, graceful neck, set upon shoulders that tapered into well-rounded arms, ending in long, narrow hands which had the delicate coloring of her cheeks; she was, in her whole figure and personality, instinct with the subtle power of feminality.

Abigail was not yet conscious of her power. She was in that early stage of womanly development when the woman looks upon her nature, not as a force to influence and control others, but as a means of personal enjoyment for herself.

The two women continued their walk as far up as Corlaers Street; that old quaint street with its Dutch houses, the houses of the descendants of the Dutch burgh-

Raiment of Needlework

ers who once had lived in their boweries along the river side. And as they walked, the sisters communed with each other of what was in their hearts. Keturah told Abigail that she was on half-time and the family would have to economize, if they were to keep a roof over their heads and bread on their table.

"Oh, dear!" said Abigail, "I am so sorry, and my graduation coming on that is going to cost ever so much. But I haven't told you the news yet."

"No, dearie, you haven't; what is it?"

"Mr. Hunter sent for me and told me I was to have the Latin Salutatory at the Commencement. He said I came very near having the Valedictory. Philip Schuyler, who gets it, was only three points ahead of me."

"Bless you, Abigail!" cried Keturah; "how delightful! I knew you would stand very high in your class, you learn so easily, but I didn't suppose you would be second and nearly first. That is just grand; it is worth all the work and the waiting."

"Yes, it is, but I am glad the work is over. I'm tired to death of books. I don't believe I will ever look in a book again as long as I live."

"Why, Abigail, how can you talk in that way? And you expecting to earn your living by teaching. You will have to keep at your books if you are to get on in your work."

"Oh, I suppose so, but I hate the thought of it. I think I'd rather do anything else in the world than teach."

"But, Abigail," cried Keturah in alarm and distress, "you can't do anything else. If you do, all the time and the money you have spent in the Normal College will be wasted. You went there, you know, to prepare yourself to be a teacher."

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"I know that, Keturah, but I hate the thought of it all the same, and I won't be a teacher very long, I can tell you."

"Abigail, Abigail, what are you saying? I've been looking forward for years to your graduation, when you could help me take care of the family."

"Oh, the family," cried Abigail, with a toss of her head, "I'm disgusted with the family. Pa's drunk most of the time and Ma's stupid and Ben is lazy and we live in a dark, dirty hole that isn't fit for a dog. I tell you one thing, Keturah, I'm not going to slave for the family the way you have done. I am going to live for myself, not for a lot of other people."

These flippant words cut Keturah to the heart, and her eyes filled with tears and her lips quivered, and she was about ready to cry. But then she was used to her sister's way of talking. The child was discontented with her home and well she might be. It was no place for such a bright, beautiful creature as the young girl beside her. In a few moments Keturah controlled her feelings of sorrowful indignation and said quietly: "What will you need for your graduation, Abigail, any new dresses?"

"Yes, Keturah, that was what I wanted to speak to you about. I don't see how I can get along without three dresses, at the very least. I will want one for class day. That ought to be a street gown. Some kind of cloth for the skirt and jacket with a silk underwaist. Then I ought to have an evening dress for the graduation ball, and a light, high-cut dress for the commencement exercises, and beside the dresses I will need gloves and shoes, a handkerchief and a fan."

As Abigail enumerated her wants Keturah laughed merrily. "You must think," she said, "that we are the

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Astors. Where in the world do you think all those things are to come from?"

"I don't suppose they are to come from anywhere. I will have to go, if I go at all, in the shabby dress which I have worn all the year, with nothing on my hands and patched shoes on my feet. No, thank you! I won't go at all. I'll tell Mr. Hunter I can't come to commencement and he can give the Salutatory to Maud Atkins; what she lacks in scholarship she makes up in money and dresses. It was a shame to send me to a school where I have to hide my poverty all the time."

"Hoity-toity! hear the girl talk! Maybe you would like to have gone into a shop as your sister Keturah did. Working from seven in the morning till six in the evening, and where would your beauty be then, I would like to know? Come now and kiss me, and ask my pardon, and I'll tell you a secret that will more than match your news."

The girls had seated themselves on a pile of lumber down close by the water. Abigail looked at Keturah and laughed and kissed her and said: "There; as usual I am a naughty girl; I always was and I suppose I always will be. I know you are good; you've worked for us all. But I do say it is too bad. If we had the money that goes for whisky and tobacco and opium we needn't live as we do, and you wouldn't have to work so hard."

"There, there," said Keturah, "you are off again, and here am I waiting to tell you a secret about your dresses."

"Oh, I never expect to have any dresses except some old slimpsy stuff, made up all out of fashion."

"Stop, Abigail; stop, till I tell you my secret."

"What is your secret?"

"I have your dresses."

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"You have my dresses! What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. I have your dresses, and beautiful dresses they are. No girl in all your class will have such lovely gowns as you will have."

"Keturah Bain, you are talking nonsense. You never could get me such dresses as Maud Atkins and Florence Beekman wear."

"Couldn't I? We will see about that. For once you shall outshine Maud Atkins and throw Florence Beekman in the shade."

"But how? Tell me how."

"Easily, very easily," said Keturah. "You know when Gran'ther Skinner died, they sent a great box of things to mother, and among the things were some dresses of Grandma Skinner."

"Oh," said Abigail, frowningly; "I am to wear Grandma Skinner's worn-out gowns, and so outshine Maud Atkins and Florence Beekman. No, thank you."

"Wait, Missy, wait till I tell you. Among the goods that came was a piece of cloth that never was made up. It is a kind of cloth that you can't get nowadays. Grandma Skinner carded it with her own hands and it was woven on a hand-loom. It is all lamb's wool, as fine as silk. Grandma made it, I guess, for mother's wedding dress. But poor mother didn't have any wedding, and this cloth was laid away in the cedar chest and was forgotten till Gran'ther died, then it was sent to me, and I thought I would have it for my wedding, but my wedding day is put off till to-morrow, and always will be to-morrow. So I mean you to have this dress for your class-day dress at commencement time, and it will last you a long time for a street dress."

"Oh, you dear, how will you have it made?"

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"In the latest fashion ; with a close-fitting skirt—I'm so glad hoops have gone out—with a jacket waist and a silk vest, and it shall all be lined with silk. There is an old silk dress of Grandma's, that is without a break, and will line the cloth from top to bottom."

"Splendid, splendid," cried Abigail, "but what about the ball dress and the graduation gown?"

"For the ball you will have a gown even more beautiful than the class-day dress. Did I tell you the color of that?"

"No, you didn't ; that don't matter ; we can have it dyed any color we choose."

"We won't need to have it dyed. It is a pale blue, robin's-egg blue. The very color for you to wear in the daytime. And your evening dress is—what do you think?"

"I don't know. Some ball gown of Grandma's, I suppose."

"Yes, a china silk, a beautiful china silk, pink and white stripes, made short in the waist in the style of the empire. And that style is just coming in again, you know. Oh, it is a beauty, I can tell you."

"And you have kept all these things all these years, Keturah?"

"Yes, and I have watched over them as if they had been my babies. I have taken them out and aired them, and when you and mother have asked about them, I have said, 'Oh, some old things of Grandma's that I am looking over,' and you have turned up your nose and gone away."

"I didn't think you were so sly, Keturah."

"Sly! sly is no word for it. I'm a very fox for cunning."

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"Why did you keep the things so long? I wonder you didn't have them made up long ago."

"Made up! when there was no one to wear them? Rosenthal's forewoman would look well in lamb's wool and china silk, wouldn't she, now? No. I kept them for my wedding day, and when that never came I kept them for my pretty sister, there!" and Keturah pinched the shell-like ear of Abigail.

"And you haven't had any good of them at all," said Abigail.

"Oh, yes, I have," said Keturah, "they have been my dream dresses. I've seen myself standing beside John in the china silk saying, 'I take thee, John, to be my wedded husband.' Just think of it, John and I and china silk, all in the same dream. And then the lamb's wool I've worn when John, as a master-plumber, took me to the Mayor's reception. Oh, I tell you, Abigail, I have worn those dresses until I'm tired of them. You can have them now."

"Thank you, Keturah, but how about the graduation dress? I guess we can buy that, can't we? A muslin will do; it won't cost much."

"Yes, we can buy that, and John's mother will make it for us, and she will make the lamb's wool and alter the china silk."

"But how about the money, Keturah?"

"What money?"

"Why, the money for shoes and gloves and a hat and a fan, and to pay for the class pictures and the class supper and the senior ball, and the class stone."

"And the class what?" cried Keturah in amazement.

"The class stone, every class puts a stone with the class year and the class motto in the wall of the building."

Raiment of Needlework

"And what might you need for all these class doings, Miss Millionaire?"

"I don't know exactly, not more than fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars? Why, sakes alive, how in the world do you suppose I can spare you fifty dollars?"

"I don't know, Keturah, but if I graduate I'll have to get it some way. I can't go with the class unless I do as the rest do. I'd rather stay away."

"Well," said Keturah, "I've got a little of Gran'ther's money in the bank that can go to help Grandma's clothes. But, child, I'm glad you don't have to graduate more than once; if you had to graduate twice, we would have to go to the poor-house. But come, dear, it is getting late. We must go home."

CHAPTER XIII

SHINAR TO THE RESCUE

As Keturah and Abigail were walking down South Street on their way home, they saw a lad running toward them, at the top of his speed, carrying a dog in his arms. The runner was followed by a gang of boys who were yelling at the top of their voices and stoning the fugitive with stones. After the boys came a blue-coated policeman brandishing his club in the air. From the doors of the shops and the houses the people thronged out to see what was going on. The scene was exciting in the last degree and had all the appearance of an incipient riot. The two girls were frightened and turned and ran up James Street, but in doing so they seemed to draw the crowd after them. As they heard the rush of flying feet close upon them they fled for refuge into the door of Maloney's grocery store. Reaching that place of safety they looked up and saw the boy, with the dog, standing before them. He could not run any further. He had lost his wind.

When Keturah saw the boy she gave an exclamation of surprise and dismay and cried, saying: "Shinar, whatever is the matter?" And as the mob of boys was approaching, she took hold of the lad and drew him quickly into the store and shut the door after her. The boys,

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pursued by the policeman, rushed up the street and scattered, as only boys can.

When the danger was over, Keturah turned to Shinar for an explanation of the scene which she had just witnessed. He stood before her hatless and coatless. And a tall, lithe lad he was, his dark hair growing low down his forehead and shading his large brown eyes that were dancing with merriment. He held the whimpering dog in his arms as a mother would hold her baby, quieting the quivering nerves of the frightened creature with gentle caresses. When he had fairly caught his breath and could speak he proceeded to explain. "You see this yer dorg, Keturah. Well, I tell yer he aint no common dorg like yer kin pick up on the street anywhere. He is fine breed; he is a bull terrier, and a first cross at that. I knowed his father, as nice a eytalian hound as ever yer see, and his mother was a beauty; a full-blooded English bull. This yer dorg is worth money. He's ready to fight any dorg of his weight and whip him on sight. He's my dorg. Mike Cronin gave him to me, and I had him tied to me chair and I went into the store to dry meself after the rain, and when I came out the dorg was gone. I tell yer I was scared and I scooted right down the street, huntin' fer him, fer when a dorg gets loose he mostly runs fer water, and when I got down to South Street I heard him yelpin' and I found him under the dock tied with his string, and there was Jimmy Mulchahy and a lot o' fools a-stonin' of him. They was playin' they was Fenians and this yer dorg was the English lion; when I see 'em I took a hand in that there game meself. I was the English army comin' to the help of the lion. I gives Jimmy Mulchahy a bat over the head and knocks the other fellers right and left and cuts the string and picks up the

Shinar to the Rescue

puppy in me arms and runs fer me life, and that's why I'm here w'dout me hat and me coat."

Shinar made this speech of explanation in one breath, as fast as he could speak. When he came to a stop, Keturah and Abigail burst out laughing. And Keturah said: "It is all very well, Shinar, for you to rescue your dog from those Irish boys, but don't you think you are getting to be too big a boy to run about the streets fighting for a dog? You are nearly as old as Abigail; you are almost a man."

When Keturah spoke of Abigail the boy looked at the girl and blushed. He seemed suddenly to become conscious of himself, and he said: "Maybe I'm gettin' too big to run the street bareheaded. I've been thinkin' o' that fer a long time; but I aint too big to fight fer me dorg when a lot o' brats is stonin' him wid stones. That aint what dorgs is fer, is it, Abigail?"

"No," said Abigail, "it certainly is not, and you did right to take him away from those horrid boys. Let me see if he is hurt." And the girl took the dog in her arms. She found one of his legs badly bruised, which she and Keturah bound up in vinegar and brown sugar.

Then they made haste and hurried home, for it was nearly supper-time. Abigail still held the dog in her arms and Shinar walked beside her, casting fond looks on the dog and shy looks on the girl.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FAMILY COUNCIL

WHEN Keturah and Abigail reached home they found their mother in a fretful state of waiting. Supper was on the table and the two men were seated.

"Why, Keturah, wherever have you been?" said the mother, "till past supper-time, keeping Abigail out in the damp."

"It isn't so very damp, mother. We were out for a walk and coming home we met Shinar, who was running away from a parcel of boys that were stoning him and trying to get his dog away from him."

"Was it that dog that Mike Cronin give him?" said Captain Bain.

"Yes, father, it was," said Abigail, "and it is a beautiful dog, as dogs go."

"That it is," said the Captain; "it's a bull terrier. I wonder at Mike's giving it to the boy. I don't believe he'd a done it, if he'd a known what that dog is worth."

"It seems to me that we are havin' a deal of talk 'bout Shinar and his dog," said Mrs. Bain. "It isn't enough for Keturah to take care o' Shinar, but she's got to look after his dog as well."

"Yes, mother, you know the saying, 'love me, love my dog,' " said Keturah, smiling.

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"I guess you hadn't better be talkin' about lovin', Keturah," said Captain Bain. "John mightn't like it."

"Oh, I'll take care of John, father. I'm not afraid of him. I couldn't make him jealous if I wanted to."

"I suppose," said Ben, "if it wasn't for John you'd marry Shinar."

"No, brother dear," said Keturah, sweetly, "and for the very simple reason that Shinar wouldn't marry me. I'm his mother, you know, and men don't usually marry their mothers. If Shinar marries into our family at all he will marry Abigail. He doesn't have any eyes for me when Abigail is about."

"I hope," said the mother, "that you don't let that boy look at our Abigail. The impudent little wretch!"

"Come, come, mother," said Keturah, "there is no harm done. If a cat can look at a king, surely a dog can look at a queen, and Shinar isn't going to hurt Abigail by casting sheeps' eyes at her."

"I guess not," said Abigail, tossing her head.

"Give Shinar a rest, can't you?" said Captain Bain. "He is a good lad and no harm in him. But I reckon we've had enough of him for once. Let's change the subject. Your mother tells me you're on half-time again, Keturah; is it for long?"

"I don't know, father," answered Keturah, "but I am afraid it is. Mr. Rosenthal says that the outlook is very bad. He is afraid of a panic, and so he is not doing anything except to fill orders. He says he don't want to be caught with a big stock on hand when the prices fall."

"It's just the same 'longshore," said Captain Bain; "nothin' doin' at all. Ship arter ship is goin' out o' port with nothin' but ballast in her hold."

"And it's mighty quiet up to Price's," chimed in Ben-

A Family Council

jamin. "Horses ain't doin' nothin' 'cept eatin' their heads off."

"If that is so," said Keturah, "you need not stay about there so much. You certainly get nothing by it except bad grammar."

"You're mighty partickerler 'bout your grammar, Keturah," snarled Benjamin. "I wonder how you stand John leavin' his g's off and all that."

"Never mind John, Ben," said Captain Bain; "his tongue may be a little awk'rd, but he is mighty cute with his hands."

"Oh, dear me," cried Mother Bain, "whatever will we do with Keturah on half-time and nothin' doin' 'long-shore? Seems to me we'll be wantin' somethin' beside our g's pretty soon."

"Don't be afraid, mother," said Keturah; "Abigail will keep us from starving. She is almost at the head of the class and is sure to get a school as soon as she graduates. Isn't she, father?"

"I hope so, Keturah, I hope so, but her bein' at the head o' the class aint nothin' to do with it," said Captain Bain.

"Why not, father? Surely her high standing will help her."

"Not a bit, not a bit, Keturah," said Captain Bain; "it aint standin' that does the business; it's the pull; you've got to be in with the bosses or you aint in with the schools."

"Why, father," said Keturah, with a falling countenance, "then Abigail hasn't any chance at all. She has no pull, as you call it."

"Don't be so sure o' that, Keturah; I guess Abigail's got a pull that'll land her all right."

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"What do you mean, father?" said Benjamin. "Are you goin' to work the Johnny Fox racket and scare the boss?"

"I aint revealin' secrets o' state to them as sets up to Price's livery and might be tellin' the same to the enemy. I am goin' now to see one of the bosses. I'm sent for on important business."

Captain Bain having finished his supper rose up from the table, put on his hat and coat and went out to keep his political appointment.

CHAPTER XV

A POLITICAL PROPOSITION

CAPTAIN BAIN had been sent for. Michael Cronin, the ward boss, had told him that Patrick Flynn, the district boss, wanted to see him and would meet him in Cronin's saloon that evening at eight o'clock. This message filled the heart of Captain Bain with pleasant anticipations. There must be some good reason why Flynn wanted to see him, for the great man of the district never wasted his time in useless interviews. When he wanted to see a man he always had something for that man to do, and when a man did anything for Flynn he was sure of being well paid for it out of the city treasury.

In one respect Captain Bain had not departed from the traditions of his fathers; he was strongly Democratic in his convictions and affiliations, and had done more or less work for the Democratic party all his life. It was not, therefore, without reason, that the invitation to meet the district leader of his party, gave rise in him to hopes of political preferment.

He reached Cronin's saloon a little before the time appointed, as it would never do to keep the great man waiting. When he entered the barroom he saw that Michael Cronin was, himself, behind the bar. He was polishing the mahogany surface of that bar with all the pride of one who takes an interest in his business.

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Michael Cronin had risen high in the political life of his adopted city, but he had never been so foolish as to look down with contempt on the means of his exaltation. His saloon was not only the source of his income, it was also the center of his influence. Without that saloon Michael Cronin would never have been, as he was, the alderman of his ward. When he saw Captain Bain, he gave him that hearty greeting which he always gave to his customers and his followers.

"How is the Captain to-night, I don' know. Wantin' a drink? Well, step along and don't be bashful. I'm doin' the treatin', and what shall it be, Jimacy? Well, there it is." And Cronin placed before Captain Bain his favorite Jamaica and a glass. The Captain was not slow to fill the one with the other and drink it sip by sip, to get the full fire of it on the tongue, the palate, and the throat. After he had finished he wiped his mouth with his hand and said:

"Flynn wants to see me?"

"Yis," said Cronin.

"What for?" said the Captain.

"I don' know," said the alderman. "Paddy Flynn kapes his mouth shut, and that's the reason he's Paddy Flynn."

"Can I wait?" said Captain Bain.

"Shure," said Cronin. "Jist take the bottle into the nixt room, and whin Flynn comes I'll sind 'im in."

Following these pleasant directions Captain Bain took his bottle and his glass and the evening paper, and went into the private room to pass the time of waiting. He had been there only a few minutes when Mr. Flynn arrived. He was a large man, dressed in black broadcloth, and wearing the silk hat which at that time was the uni-

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form worn by the successful politician. Flynn was a prompt man and he proceeded at once to business.

"How are you, Captain?" he said. "I'm glad to see you."

"Thank you, Mr. Flynn," said the Captain.

"How are you gettin' on with the boys?" said Flynn.

"Pretty well, Mr. Flynn, pretty well."

"How many votes can you bring out?"

"I guess a hundred or a hundred and fifty."

"Good, good; do it and you'll get your share of what's goin'."

"What'll I get, Mr. Flynn? I ud like to know. I find it mostly promises before 'lection, and put off arterward."

"Oh, you needn't be afraid, Bain; if you do your duty we'll take care of you," answered the leader.

"You have said that before, Mr. Flynn," said the Captain.

"Yes, but now I mean it. What do you want, anyhow?"

"Well, I ud like a place as street inspector for myself if I could get it, and then I've got a daughter just comin' out o' the Normal College, and I ud like a place for her in the schools."

"A daughter, eh?" said Flynn.

"Yes," said the Captain.

"And that's what I come to talk to you about, Captain Bain."

"About my daughter? How do you know my daughter?"

"Oh, I've had my eye on her for a long time, and I tell you, Captain Bain, she can do a sight better for herself and for you than goin' into any school. A girl like that

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don't want to go into no school," said Flynn, dropping into the double negative.

"What can she do beside teachin'? That's what she's been studyin' for," said the Captain.

"No, it aint," said Mr. Flynn; "that girl has been studyin' for somethin' a mighty sight better than teachin'. Maybe you don't know it Captain Bain, but that girl is one of the finest girls goin'. She can command her own price, I tell you."

"Yes, I know our Abigail is a fine girl, but what's that got to do with it? What have you got for her to do, anyhow?"

"Well, Captain, you know it's just this way. In these days there's big money goin' about for them as aint too squeamish to take it when it comes their way. You want money, don't you?"

"Yes," said the Captain, "I want money, but I don't see just how I am to get it. You aint told me yet."

"Your daughter can get it for you," said Flynn.

"But how? What can she do except teachin' to get money?" said Captain Bain, looking at Mr. Flynn with eyes growing heavy with drink.

"She can do lots of things," said Flynn, filling his glass.

"What things?" answered the Captain, vaguely.

"What things?" said Flynn, sinking his voice to a confidential undertone. "She can wear silk dresses, and diamonds and pearls; she can drive behind four horses; she can eat terrapin and drink champagne; she can sail on yachts and ride in private palace cars."

With shaking hands, Captain Bain put down his glass and looked with alarm at the man across the table, saying: "And my girl would be paid for doin' all that?"

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"Surely," said Flynn, in a whisper, "surely. I know a man, and he is high up, I tell you, who'll give as much as ten thousand dollars and findings to have a girl like that for one year."

Captain Bain sat perfectly silent and looked Mr. Flynn straight in the face. In those days social vice was the handmaid of political corruption. It was a time when rich and powerful men drove their mistresses in state through the streets of the city, and when there was a rivalry among such men as to who should possess the most beautiful woman. Such men as Flynn, who had the city treasury at their command, would pay any price, if they could only go beyond, in this evil way, some other man of their own set. Such a proposition as Mr. Flynn made to Captain Bain was made every day to poor but beautiful women, and by many of them it was eagerly accepted.

As Flynn leaned across the table, waiting for his answer, he saw, to his astonishment, a wonderful change come over the face of Captain Bain. The drunken flush left his cheeks and they became as pale as ashes; the misty haze left his eyes and they glowed like coals of fire; his hand ceased to tremble and he rose from his chair, holding his glass firmly in his grasp. As he looked down on the man, who had made to him this base proposition, the soul of his Puritan ancestors revived in him, and his manhood was aflame with shame and indignation.

Patrick Flynn quailed before him and said, feebly, half rising from his seat: "Come, Captain, don't be squeamish; what do you say?"

"What do I say," cried the Captain. "I say take that, you dirty scoundrel!" and with all his force he dashed the glass and the liquor full into the face of the man who had insulted him.

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Flynn, with his face cut by the glass, and his eyes blinded by the rum, sprang to his feet and cried with a curse: "You fool, I'll send you to prison for this and you can stay there till you rot, and I'll have the girl in spite of you."

With the blood streaming down his face, the maddened man rushed into the saloon, where the sight of the great leader in this deplorable condition caused the utmost consternation. "Call an officer," he said, and a dozen men ran into the street crying "Murder!" In a few moments a half-dozen officers were in the place. "Take that man," said Flynn; "he tried to murder me," and he pointed to Captain Bain, standing in the door between the private room and the saloon, all the strength gone out of him, the ashes from his cheeks, the fire from his eyes, the firmness from his hand; after his outburst he had fallen back at once into his normal condition of drunken imbecility.

Without resistance or explanation he suffered himself to be led away to prison.

CHAPTER XVI

HEAVINESS IN THE NIGHT

KETURAH was sitting in the dining-room after the dishes had been cleared away, chatting with Abigail about the coming Commencement, when the front door was thrown open with a bang and Shinar rushed in, wild with excitement.

"Keturah," he cried, "the cops have got the Captain."

"Shinar, stop your foolishness," said Keturah calmly. She was used to the boy's ways and knew his tricks.

"I tell ye it aint foolishness, the cops has got the Captain and are takin' him to the Tombs," said Shinar.

"Shinar, are you in earnest? Do you mean what you say?" said Keturah, rising from her seat and looking anxiously at the boy.

"Yes, 'pon honor I do. It aint no foolin' this time. They've got him for sure."

"How did it happen?" said Keturah hastily, preparing to go out.

"I can't jist tell how it happened. I was cleaning a feller's boots at me chair, when all on a sudden there was a row in the saloon and a crowd comes rushin' out cryin' 'Bloody murder! Paddy Flynn is kilt,' and then the cops comes runnin' from everywhere and in I goes wid 'em, and there was Paddy Flynn, his face all a-streamin' wid

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blood, and there was the Captain, a-standin' in the door back o' the saloon, tremblin' like a whipped dorg, and Flynn points his finger at 'im and says, 'That's him; he tried to murder me.' And then the cops took hold of the Captain and 'rested 'im and run 'im into the Tombs."

Shinar's circumstantial account convinced Keturah that his story was true, and she hurried away to the Tombs, wondering what had come over her father. He had left home in a state of sobriety, and there had not been time for him to become surly, much less violent, in his drunkenness since then. He had never gotten into trouble of this kind before and Keturah wondered, with a sinking heart, whether this were not a new phase of his dreadful disease, and whether the disgrace of the prison was to be added to the shame of a drunkard's life.

When Keturah reached the station-house she was ready for the new and terrible sorrow which she felt had come to her. Entering the house, she went to the desk and asked the officer in charge if Captain Bain was there.

"Yes, he's here all right," said the officer.

"What is the charge against him?" asked Keturah.

"Assault with intent to kill," was the answer.

"May I see him?" said Keturah.

"Who are you?" asked the officer.

"I am his daughter."

"Very well; you can see him. Here, Jim, take the girl down stairs."

Keturah followed the attendant down the stone stairway to the cells beneath. In those days there was, in connection with the prison called the Tombs, a station for the reception and detention of persons charged with crime. In the basement of this station-house were the cells where the prisoners were confined. As Keturah

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passed down the narrow corridor, she saw men and women, standing, like wild beasts, at the barred doors of their cages. Thinking she was an addition to their number, she was greeted with cries and oaths of welcome, and she shrank away from the coarse ribaldry as the sensitive plant shrinks from the rude touch of the human hand. It seemed to her a long time until she came to her father's cell, which was at the end of the corridor.

When she reached his cell she saw him sitting on his bed with his head in his hands and his elbows resting on his knees. She stopped before the door, but he did not look up; he sat in the same posture of despair. Keturah remained silent until the attendant left her, and then she said softly, "Father."

The old man did not lift his head; he either did not hear, or else he did not want to hear. Keturah waited a moment, and then called again a little louder, "Father, father."

The old man lifted his head from his hands and gazed at his daughter with a vacant stare. He did not seem to know her. "Father," she cried in distress, fearing his mind was leaving him. "Father, don't you know me? It's Keturah."

"What do you want?" said the old man, in a hoarse whisper.

"Come here, father, come here," pleaded the woman.

Captain Bain rose up from his bed and staggered slowly to the grating and stood there trembling. Keturah took him by the hand, and seeing how weak he was said to him: "Sit down, father, sit down." The Captain sank down onto the floor, a heap of misery, and Keturah sat down in front of him, still holding his hand in hers, and neither of them spoke a word.

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One by one the prisoners ceased from their coarse jest and song and oath, and fell off to sleep, and the silence was broken only by the loud breathing of the sleepers. The minutes that seemed hours and the hours that seemed ages slowly passed away, and Keturah still sat on the stone floor, leaning her face against the iron bars, holding her father's hand in hers. Once or twice the attendant came and looked at her, but seeing her grief, he went away and left her there.

When all was still, Keturah whispered softly, saying: "Father."

"What?" said the Captain, looking at her with dazed eyes.

"Tell me, father, what is the matter; did you try to kill Mr. Flynn?"

"Yes, I did," said the Captain.

"Why, father, why did you do it?"

"Because he's a dirty scoundrel," said the Captain, repeating the words he had used to Flynn.

"But, father, you wouldn't want to kill him for that. What did he do to make you so angry?"

"He wanted to buy Abigail," said the Captain, bringing his face close to the bars and whispering in Keturah's ear.

"He wanted to do what?" cried Keturah, starting as if she heard a snake hissing.

"He wanted to buy Abigail," repeated the Captain, sullenly.

"What do you mean? What did he want to buy Abigail for?" said Keturah, in amazement.

"What does a scoundrel like that want a woman for?" said the Captain, fiercely. "You know as well as I do."

"What did he say, father? What did he say?" asked Keturah breathlessly.

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"I asked," replied her father, "if my daughter, who was comin' out o' the Normal couldn't get a school. And he said, 'Your daughter can do a fine sight better nor that. I know your daughter. She's a mighty fine girl.' And I said, 'What can she do?' He said, 'She can ride behind four horses whenever she wants. She can eat terrapin and drink champagne; she can wear silks and diamonds, and can sail on yachts.' And I said, 'And she'll be paid for doin' that?' and he said, 'Yes; I know a man as ud give ten thousand dollars and findin's to have a girl like that for a year.'"

"Oh, God," cried Keturah, "and what did you do then?"

"Then I stood up, and when he said, 'Well, what do you say, don't be squeamish, Bain?' " I said, 'Say! I say take that,' and I threw my glass of rum and broke it on his nose, and the rum went into his eyes."

"You did right, father," cried Keturah, "you did right."

"Yes, I did right for once in my life, and because I did right I'm here behind the bars and am like to go to prison for ten years."

"Oh, father," exclaimed Keturah, "not so bad as that, not so bad as that!"

"Yes, bad as that and worse. You don't know what I done, Keturah, you don't know what I done. I hit the deestrect leader; that aint assault; that's treason, and he said he ud send me to jail and keep me there till I rot, and he can do it, Keturah, he can do it," said Captain Bain, in despair. "And what's worse, he said he ud have the girl in spite o' me."

"Oh, God help us," cried Keturah, "whatever will we do?"

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"What are you saying?" said Captain Bain crossly. "God help us? If there's any God he is on the other side always, always will be: he's helping Paddy Flynn, not me."

"Oh, father, please don't," cried Keturah, "don't speak that way now." Keturah had no more belief than her father in the goodness of God, but her woman's soul shrank from the blasphemy of speech.

"Speak, I guess I will speak," cried Captain Bain, in a rage. "God's been agin' me all my life. I was whipped in God's name when I wasn't more than three years old. I was horsewhipped for laughin' when I was a boy, and beaten for kissin' the girls when I was a young fellow, and it was God, God, God, all the day long, till I come to hate God sittin' up there in heaven, and havin' us poor babies whipped down here on the earth."

"Please, father, don't, don't!" sobbed Keturah.

"Yes, I will," said the Captain, "I'll say for once what I think. What's God doin' for us now? Nothin' at all. He is too busy helpin' them Suydams; them big bugs that goes to Saint Nicholas Church. Suydam a-preachin' there, and his wife and her children ridin' down to hear him in their kerridge. God's helpin' them to grind us down to the last cent; raisin' the rent on us till they get twenty per cent. They are God's people, I tell you. He's helpin' them every time. Don't you let me ever hear you say, 'God help us' again. You just get out o' God's way and help yourself if you can."

Keturah made no answer to this outbreak of her father. She only cowered lower down on the cold stone floor and stifled the sobs that welled up from her breaking heart. The foul air choked her, and the damp chilled her to the bone. As she lay there without faith or

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hope, she would have died had it not been for the great love that was in her heart. "What shall we do to save Abigail?" she sobbed out at last.

"Do?" said the Captain. "You must get her out o' this town as quick as you can."

"But where can I send her, father?" said Keturah, in despair.

"She'll have to go to Falmouth to her Aunt Mary's," said the Captain.

"Then she'll never have a school in the city?" said Keturah, wistfully.

"Never," said the Captain. "The blow I gave Paddy Flynn in the face settled that forever. Now, Keturah, you must promise me to send Abigail away just as soon as you can. Paddy Flynn aint the man to be balked."

"Yes, I promise, father," said Keturah. "And father, wont you promise me something? Wont you, father dear?"

"Yes, I'll promise, Keturah, whatever you want."

"Father, wont you promise that if you ever get out of this you will never go into Cronin's saloon again?"

"Promise," cried Captain Bain, springing to his feet. "Promise: I swear it. Hear me swear, Keturah, hear me swear. Never will I let one drop o' Cronin's whisky go down my throat as long as I live. So help me God."

Keturah smiled pitifully at her father's oath. For the moment he seemed to have forgotten that God could not or would not help him. Keturah was too wise to call attention to this inconsistency. She only said: "Oh, father, if you would only promise me never to drink any whisky at all, any more, I'd be so happy."

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Captain Bain let his hand fall and said: "I'll promise all a man can, Keturah, I'll promise all a man can, and I can't do more."

And Keturah had to be content with that.

CHAPTER XVII

JOY IN THE MORNING

IN the morning, when Captain Bain was arraigned before the police magistrate, a great and joyful surprise awaited him. When his name was called, and he stood before the judge, that magistrate was holding a paper in his hand which he was reading with evident displeasure. He hemmed and he hawed, and he pished and he pshawed and looked at Captain Bain and the paper, and frowned, and said at last: "Are you the man what hit Mr. Flynn?"

"I am," said Captain Bain.

"Well, you're a lucky man."

"Am I?" said Captain Bain.

"And Mr. Flynn is a noble gentleman," said the judge.

"Is he?" said Captain Bain.

"Yes, he is," said the judge, "and you ought to go down to him on yer knees all the rest of the days of yer life."

"Ought I?" said the Captain.

"Yes, you ought," said the judge. "Here is Mr. Flynn givin' you a free pardon for all you done."

"Has he?" said Captain Bain.

"Yes, he has," said the judge. "Here's a letter come from him this morning sayin', 'Let that man go: he didn't know what he was doin.' He was drunk.' Now,

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that's what I call a noble gentleman. Mr. Flynn has a fellow feelin' and can make allowance for a man when he's drunk. You was drunk, wasn't you?"

"Was I?" said Captain Bain.

"Yes, you was," said the judge, "if Mr. Flynn said you was drunk, you was drunk. Wasn't he drunk, officer?"

"Yis, yer honor," said the officer.

"Well," said the judge, "Mr. Flynn said let that man go and ask him no questions, and I'm goin' to do what Mr. Flynn says. But even Mr. Flynn can't keep me from doin' me duty by the law. Mr. Clerk, the charge against this man of assault with intent to kill is withdrawn. Enter the charge of drunk and disorderly. You was drunk and disorderly, wasn't you?"

"Was I?" said the Captain.

"Yes, you was and don't you deny it. Officer, take the oath."

The officer was sworn. "This man was drunk and disorderly, wasn't he?"

"Yis, yer honor."

"Well, then, it's ten dollars or twenty days, and you may thank your stars it aint twenty years. Hittin' Paddy Flynn is most as bad as hittin' the Queen of England. Officer, take him away."

And the Captain was led back to his cell.

Keturah, who had staid with her father all night, and gone with him into the court, could hardly believe her ears. The awful terror of the night passed away like a dream. She asked the judge if she might pay her father's fine and take him home. And when told that she could, she fairly flew home and got her bank book and hurried to the bank and drew out the money from the little balance

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that was there, and ran back to the Tombs and paid her father's fine, and securing his discharge, she took him by the hand and he and she went home together, wondering at their marvelous escape. Like all wonderful things that happen in this world, their good fortune had a very simple and natural explanation.

Patrick Flynn was frightened.

Midnight meditations and morning counsels had convinced him of the un wisdom of the course of action which he had taken. He lay all night thinking the matter over and considering what he had better do. In the saloon he was taken by surprise. To his utter astonishment, his liberal offer had been refused with scorn. For some unaccountable reason a poor man had been squeamish and had refused to take big money when it came his way. Why he should do this Flynn did not understand. To him money was money, no matter how it was come by.

But, though Mr. Flynn was perplexed, he did not lose his head. He saw at once that it would never do for him to prosecute Captain Bain. If the story were told just as it happened it would ruin Mr. Flynn in the district, and his political career would be ended. The leader saw that he had made a mistake, and he cast in his mind how he could best remedy it, and, perhaps, make a gain of his ungodliness.

As he lay with his eyes and nose bandaged, early in the morning, pondering his unpleasant situation, he was helped to a right conclusion by the great leader of his party. This man was an early riser and had read in the morning paper of the attack on Flynn. Anxious to know the cause of this misfortune, he had called a carriage and was driven to Flynn's house. He was at once shown to the sick man's room. At the first sight of him the leader had to laugh in spite of himself.

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"Flynn," he said, as soon as he could control his laughter, "what in the world is the matter? What has happened to you?"

"A blamed fool hit me in the face with a whisky glass."

"What did he do that for?" said the leader.

"Cause I made him mad, I 'spose."

"How did you make him mad? Come, speak up, let's have the truth."

"Well, I made him a proposition and he did not like it."

"What was the proposition?"

"Well, it was this way. The man had a girl—a mighty fine girl, and I wanted the girl to take 'round to the Tiger Club. I wanted to take the brag out of Jim Flash, who is showing off that Markham girl of his, as if she was the only girl in the world. So I said to this fellow that this girl could get big money if she wanted it. I went so far as to offer her ten thousand dollars and findin's for one year. And with that the fool threw his glass, whisky and all, right into my face."

"And served you right," said the leader. "I wish he had killed you. You and Jim Flash and your set are goin' to ruin our whole game. If you want to be nasty, why can't you be nasty among yourselves, and not flaunt your foulness before the whole city? I tell you, I'll have no more of it. It's too dangerous, you've got to stop it right away. You don't know these people. You can steal their money and they wont say a word. The poor wont grumble, because it aint their money we are stealing, and the rich don't make a fuss because they can make money faster than we can steal it. But just let them think you are playin' false with their women and they'll

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sweep you into hell quicker than they'd sweep garbage into the street."

"What shall I do?" said Flynn, sharing his leader's alarm.

"Do?" said the master. "Why, send word at once to the judge to let the man go and then stop his mouth with the best thing you can give him. What does he want?"

"He said," answered Flynn, "that he'd like a place on the street for himself and he'd like his girl to get into the schools. I will say for Bain that he's a good fellow, works hard for the party, votes a hundred or a hundred and fifty at every election."

"And that's the kind of man you insulted! Let me tell you, Mr. Flynn, two or three more mistakes like this and Mike Cronin will get his promotion. We can't have district leaders throwin' away a hundred or a hundred and fifty votes, I tell you. Make the man a court messenger, and tell him his girl shall have the best place in the schools we can find for her as soon as she is ready."

"I'll do it, sir, I'll do it," said Patrick Flynn eagerly.

"See you do," said the leader, as he went away.

As a consequence of this conference Captain Bain received on the afternoon of the same day a letter which read as follows:

My dear Captain Bain:

I regret exceedingly the unfortunate occurrence of last night. I am afraid you did not quite understand my proposition, and were a little hasty in your action. But we will let bygones be bygones, and will put aside all ill will for the sake of the party. These are not times for the friends of the party to fall out with one another. In consulting with those high in authority, I find it to be the

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general opinion that your services to the cause are deserving of reward. You were speaking about the position of street inspector; but we feel that such employment is not fitted for a man of your age. You would be exposed to the weather in all times and seasons, and that you ought to avoid.

I take pleasure in saying that we can offer you a position more suitable to your condition and deserts. If you will take the inclosed card to the Supreme Court Chambers, No. 3, and ask for Judge Hanson, he will appoint you to the office of court messenger, which I am sure will be entirely satisfactory.

It gives me further pleasure to say that your daughter, for whom I have profound respect, will be provided for in the schools as soon as she is ready to teach.

Hoping you will do as well by the party in the future as in the past, I remain,

Yours very truly,

PATRICK FLYNN.

This letter was composed by Mr. Flynn's private secretary and was signed by the full, bold signature of the great man himself. It was delivered to Captain Bain on the day after his discharge from the Tombs. He read it with great satisfaction. He was keen enough to see the advantage of his position and he was determined to use his power to the utmost. He had Flynn at his mercy, and he meant to keep him there.

When he showed the letter to Keturah she was more frightened than ever before, and she said to her father:

"I hope, father dear, you will not think of accepting any favor from this man. You ought not to have anything to do with him."

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"Oh, that's all right, Keturah. I've got Flynn now where I want him. I'll take his job all right enough."

"But don't you see, father," said Keturah, "that he is trying to buy you, just as he did before, only in a different way?"

"Yes, I know he's buyin'. Paddy aint the man to give nothin' for nothin'; but it's different now, he's biddin' fer somethin' that I've got for sale."

"What is that, father?" asked Keturah, anxiously.

"Silence," said the Captain.

"But, father, wont he try to do what he said he would do, and try to get hold of sister in spite of you?"

"No, Keturah, Abigail is safe now so far as Flynn is concerned. He knows them goods aint for sale, and he'll look elsewhere. He can find plenty to take his bid."

By this answer Captain Bain showed that he had not breathed the political atmosphere for nothing. He was right in thinking that Patrick Flynn would not risk his political influence for any woman, however beautiful. There were thousands of women to be had every day, but there was only one district leadership. Captain Bain had every reason to think that all dangers from that quarter had passed away. Flynn might bear him a grudge and might turn him down when he had the chance, but he would never allude to that other subject again. So without compunction or fear Captain Bain presented himself at the Court House, and was duly installed as court messenger.

Keturah did not share in her father's confidence. She was afraid that some scheme was brewing that would involve her in some new and great misfortune. Apart entirely from what had happened, she knew that Abigail was in great danger. In the life that they lived there were

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no moral safeguards, such as hedge about the girl that grows up in a quiet and secluded home. To live a moral life in the midst of immoral surroundings demands great strength of character, and Keturah was beginning to see to her dismay that Abigail was not strong morally. Her education had trained her intellect and her taste, but not her conscience and her will.

Poor Keturah had no one to turn to for counsel. She thought of that long night on the prison floor when she said, "God help me!" And she began to wonder if after all there might not be a God who could and would help her, and was not, as her father had said, on the other side—on the side of the wicked against the innocent, on the side of the strong against the weak.

CHAPTER XVIII

A BUSINESS REQUIREMENT

KETURAH was so busy the day after her father's arrest, in paying his fine and securing his release from jail that she did not go to the shop. The next day found her in her usual place, but not in her usual spirits. She was in that state of collapse which follows all violent emotion. The lines were deeper in her brow and the color was darker under her eyes. As she stood at the head of the workroom in her long white apron, she had the lassitude which was the natural result of her previous excitement. She appeared to be that morning what she really was, a careworn, hopeless woman.

As she looked down the long workroom at the fifty girls sitting at the benches, she had what was next to hatred in her heart for the conditions of life that compelled them to work as they did, and for what they did. She knew better than they did themselves what they were doing. They were sacrificing all the hopes and joys of womanhood for the sake of a little bread to eat and clothing to put on. As Keturah stood watching them she knew that many of them were already lost to virtue, and that one of them would have to be sent that very day from the little shelter which the shop gave her and be exposed without protection to the powers of evil that were

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raging in the city. "And yet," said Keturah, bitterly, "men say there is a God."

As the woman was chewing the cud of this hard saying, word came that Mr. Rosenthal wanted to see her in the office, and she went to him at once.

"You were not here yesterday, Keturah?" said her employer.

"No, sir," answered Keturah.

"What was the matter?" said he.

"My father was in trouble, and I had to stay at home to help him."

"I am very sorry to find fault with you, Keturah, but you must understand that I employ you, not your father, and I can't have you staying away from your duties at the shop to help your father."

"I don't do it very often, sir," answered the woman, meekly.

"I know that, but you should not do it at all. In business, business comes first every time, and when you can't attend to your business, you'll have to give it up, and I will get some one who will attend to it."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Rosenthal. I will not do it again," said Keturah, with trembling lips.

"See that you don't," said her employer, crossly, "and look after your room more carefully. Things are not going on there as well as they might. The girls have been spoiling a great deal of work lately."

"I know that, Mr. Rosenthal, and I do my best to prevent it; but you know this time of year is a hard time for the girls."

"What has the time of year to do with it?" said Mr. Rosenthal.

"A great deal," answered Keturah. "The girls are

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always more difficult to manage in the spring than at any other season of the year."

"Keturah," said her employer, looking at her over his glasses, "you talk like a fool." Courtesy toward women had no place in business. Keturah was used to being spoken to in that way and did not resent it. She only said: "Maybe I do, Mr. Rosenthal, but I know that I have a great deal more trouble with the girls now than I do in the fall and the winter."

"And what is the reason?" said the man.

"Spring fever, I guess," answered the woman. "The birds are singing, the trees are in blossom, and the sun is shining, and the girls feel it. They want to be out of doors playing, and they can't, and that makes them uneasy, and they get nervous and restless."

Mr. Rosenthal laughed and said: "I guess they play all right in my trimming room, and that is about all they do. Look at that stack of work over there, ruined in the trimming. I wish I could put men in the trimming room. Girls are such a bother."

"Yes," said Keturah, "it is no wonder that the men are the better workers. It is easier to be a working man than it is to be a working woman."

"How is it easier?" said Rosenthal.

"Because," said Keturah, "the working man has nothing but his work to do. When he is through, he is through. When he goes home he finds his supper ready for him. Every working man has a woman to take care of him. After his supper he can take his pipe and go out to his saloon and have a little rest and recreation. But how is it with a working woman? When she gets up in the morning she has to get her own breakfast, or else come away without it. If she has a home to go to after her

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work is done, she has to help her mother get supper and clear away the dishes, and like as not, there are half a dozen children to take care of till bedtime. And then she has no place to go except the streets, and you know a girl who runs our streets does worse. And yet men wonder that girls get nervous and can't do as good work as they can."

"What you say may be true, Keturah," said Mr. Rosenthal, lazily knocking the ashes from his cigar, "but it is all sentiment; it has nothing to do with business. We pay our girls to do our work, and we expect them to do it. But there is no use in talking any more. I wanted to tell you that we'll have to make another cut of ten per cent. in wages."

"Another cut of ten per cent.!" exclaimed Keturah in dismay. "Why, Mr. Rosenthal, it is impossible; the girls are not getting enough to live on now. If you take any more away from them they will starve."

"I can't help it," said the employer, "business does not warrant us paying present wages, and we will have to cut down or shut up. The lookout for business is worse than it has been for years. As far as I can see, it would pay one to shut down the shop, and go to Europe and live there until the hard times are over. You can tell the girls they can take the cut, or else they can leave the shop, and I don't care much which they do."

"Very well, sir," said Keturah, faintly.

"I wish you would send away that girl, Anna Rice, she spoils more work than she is worth. It would pay me to pay her to stay at home," said Mr. Rosenthal.

"Poor Anna!" said Keturah, "her mother has had twins, and she has had to be up with them every night for a month. The poor girl is all worn out."

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"I have nothing to do with her mother's babies. Let the girl stay home and take care of them. Send her away. And what is the matter with that girl, Carrie Twine? She don't look right to me."

"She is not right, Mr. Rosenthal. Carrie Twine is in that condition into which every girl falls when Jim Cardon takes a fancy to her."

"Well, send her away. A girl that can't take care of herself has no business in the shop."

"I will send her away, Mr. Rosenthal, but that will simply mean the ruin of another girl. Cardon will choose another as soon as she is gone."

"I can't help that, Keturah. You ought to take better care of the girls. Tell them what's what. If they want to make fools of themselves with Jim Cardon that is their lookout," and with this Mr. Rosenthal turned to his desk, and Keturah left the office. As she walked back to her room, she said under her breath, "And yet men say there is a God."

When the noon hour came, Keturah called her girls about her, and announced the cut of ten per cent. This was received, as she expected, with an outcry of dismay and indignation. "Why, what does Rosenthal mean—cut us ten per cent. and put us on half-time?" cried one of the girls. "How does he think we're goin' to live?"

"I don't think Mr. Rosenthal thinks anything about that," said Keturah. "It is his business to make hats and not to make girls live."

"Well, we wont work for him," cried the girls in chorus. "We'll strike."

"Strike," said Keturah, pityingly, "why, Mr. Rosenthal could hire a hundred girls to-morrow to do your work at his own terms. He says the times are going to be very

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hard, and he is right. It wont be long, I tell you, before working people will be glad to work on any terms. I tell you, girls, you had better hold on to what you have. It is better than nothing. But you must do as you please. Those of you who will accept the cut can come Monday morning; those who wont can stay away."

With a great deal of grumbling, the girls put on their hats and coats and left the shop, all except Anna Rice and Carrie Twine who were requested to wait after the others had gone.

As soon as she was alone Keturah called Anna Rice to her desk and said: "Anna, I'm sorry, but Mr. Rosenthal says I am not to keep you any longer; you spoil too much work."

"Oh, Keturah," said Anna, turning white and faint, "whatever will I do, and mother and the babies wantin' every cent I make, and more, too?"

"I don't know what you will do," answered Keturah, sadly, "unless you go to the charities for help."

"Oh, I never could be a charity, never. I'd die first," said Anna, the tears running down her cheeks.

"Yes," said Keturah, "it's easy to die, people do it every day. But the worst of it is, you can't die when you want to. You just have to wait and wait and wait."

"Well, I suppose there is no use in talkin'. Give me my wages and let me go," said Anna Rice.

"You have no wages coming to you," said Keturah.

"No wages comin'!" said the girl aghast.

"None," said Keturah. "I'm sorry, but you have spoiled this week a great deal more than you have earned."

"And nothin' in the house for mother and the babies!" sobbed the child.

"Annie, where is your father?" said Keturah.

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"At the Island," whispered Annie, "always at the Island."

"What for?" said Keturah.

"Drunk."

"Annie, dear, I'm awfully sorry for you. I can't do much, but here is a little money to get something for mother and the babies, and I'll come in to-morrow and see how you are getting on."

Annie took the money without a word, and left the workroom.

Keturah sat still for a moment, her face as gray as ashes, and then she called to the girl at the farther end of the room, saying, "Carrie Twine, come here." Carrie Twine was a large girl of the brunette type. As she stood before Keturah her cheeks were flushed and her brow was sullen. "Well, what do you want?" she said, crossly.

"I am afraid you will have to leave the shop," said Keturah, gently.

"Leave the shop," said the girl, "little I care for that; but what will I leave the shop for?"

"You know," said Keturah.

"Yes, I know," said Carrie Twine. "I'm not good enough to stay in the shop. I'm not fit to 'sociate with Miss Bain and her innocents," and the girl laughed.

"Come, Carrie, things are bad enough. Don't make them worse. You know you can't stay here in your condition," said Keturah, her face quivering with pain.

"How did I come to be in my condition?" said the girl, fiercely.

"You know," answered Keturah.

"Yes, and you know, too. You know that man watches for us girls as a spider watches for a fly. Why don't you send him away? Oh! he is the foreman, and you daren't

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Speak to him. Which one of the girls are you goin' to give him when I am gone?"

"Oh, Carrie don't, please don't. Here is your money. Take it and go."

"Yes, I'll go. There's more ways than one of makin' a livin'. I'll go fast enough, don't you fear."

The girl took her money and with a toss of her head passed out of the door and down the stairs.

That night Carrie Twine went out on the street.

CHAPTER XIX

WHAT DOGS ARE FOR

WHEN Keturah left the shop that Saturday, after dismissing Anna Rice and Carrie Twine, she walked through the streets hanging her head, and her cheeks burning with shame. She felt herself guilty of a disgraceful act. She was an oppressor of the poor, and an encourager of vice. It is true, she hated all these things with all her heart, and with all her soul, but she had to do them. If she did not she would lose her own living and the living of all depending on her, and no good would come of it. If she did not obey orders she would be sent away, and another would do what she had done. In any case Anna Rice would be sent out to beg or to starve, and Carrie Twine to seduce and destroy.

Keturah had to confess that even Mr. Rosenthal was not greatly to blame. It was simply a business necessity. He could not keep Anna Rice when she spoiled more than she earned, nor Carrie Twine when she had become wicked and morose. The pity of it all was that no one could help it. It was a part of the natural order of things.

When Keturah reached home she found a new vexation awaiting her. Benjamin met her with the news that Shinar was in jail.

"Shinar in jail!" cried Keturah. "What has the boy been doing that he should be in jail?"

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"Dog fightin'," said Benjamin.

"Dog fighting? Do you mean to say he was taken to jail for that?"

"Sure," said Benjamin, "and they'll send him to the Island for a month."

"How dreadful!" said Keturah, "that will ruin the boy. He will learn more wickedness there in a month than he has learned in all his life before. Shinar is not a bad boy, and they shall not make him a bad boy. I must go and see what can be done for him."

"There can't nothin' be done fer him," said Benjamin. "It wasn't the cop as took him. It was the agent of the Cruelty, and them agents don't let go when they get hold; it's money to them."

"I can't help who has taken him," said Keturah. "I wont let them send him to the Island. Where is he now?"

"At the Tombs, I guess," said Benjamin, "and you'd better let him alone. It'll do him good, he's too fresh."

Without stopping to defend her favorite from this aspersion, which even if true was not important, Keturah found herself for the second time in the same week on her way to the prison of the Tombs. She was in no gentle mood when she reached that gloomy abode of crime. She was angry with Shinar and angry with the world, and anger gave her the spirit to fight for the salvation of the boy whom she had brought up from infancy.

She walked up to the desk in the station-house and demanded of the officer to know where Shinar was.

The officer looked at her for a moment and said, "What do you want to know for? Are you any relation o' his?"

"I do not think that makes any difference. I want to know where he is because I want to help him. I'm no

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relation, but I have known him since he was a baby. He is not a bad boy, and I want to save him from the Island if I can. Please tell me where he is. I want to get him out of jail."

The officer turned lazily to his register and said: "He has been sent to the Special Session for trial. They are clearing the prison to-day to make room for the Sunday drunks. If you want to see him before he is sent to the Island you'd better hurry. They rush things along Saturday afternoon."

Keturah inquired her way to the court room where the Special Sessions was sitting. It was a dark, illy-ventilated room in the Tombs. The Court, composed of three judges, disposed of cases of crime and misdemeanor, which did not call for jury trial, that were sent to them from the police court.

When Keturah entered the room she became faint and sick. The air of the room was foul and close. The prison pen was full of bedraggled men and women, whose unwashed faces and uncombed hair gave them the appearance of wild creatures of the wood. These human cattle looked on the proceedings of the court room with the stolid indifference of beasts that do not know or care what is to become of them.

The judges on the bench and the lawyers within the bar had the appearance of men who were ashamed of what they were doing, and were in haste to be done with it. Little time was wasted in disposing of the riff-raff of humanity which was there at the bar of judgment. A few hasty questions; a short decision of twenty dollars or sixty days, sent them one after another, out of the prisoners' dock, back to the prisoners' pen, to wait until the whole batch was disposed of, that they might all be transported to the Island.

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Outside the bar was that motley crowd of beggars, thieves, and prostitutes that make the audience of every police court.

This is for such as they better than a play; it is the drama of real life, and they watch it with the keenest interest. The beggar, the thief, and the prostitute are all people of leisure. Their business occupies only a small portion of their time. In the police court they find diversion that is both interesting and exciting. The actors on the stage before them are their friends and companions, in whose fate they have that lively concern which men always have in the misfortunes of others.

Keturah made her way through the court room to the bar. Sitting close to the bar, and leaning upon it was Lead-pencil Morrison, a big, burly English bully, foul in person and foul in soul, who begged and beat his way through the world, enjoyed all of its pleasures that he cared for, and did none of its work. Keturah knew him: he had certain political relations with her father. She never could look at him without a shudder. As she stood beside him there at the bar of the court she felt herself degraded by the sight of him. As he leaned upon the rail he was leering at a woman in the prisoners' dock, who was being tried on a charge of petty larceny from the person, and was already convicted and sentenced, and was standing in the dock gazing listlessly at the court and the people. She and Lead-pencil Morrison were pals. He had the money which she had stolen. She looked at him and he looked at her, and then she went her way to serve out her six months' sentence, while he was free to do with other women as he had done with her.

When Keturah saw the look that passed between this man and woman, her head began to swim, and the room

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to grow dark; a horror of great darkness was settling down upon her, and she laid hold of the bar to keep herself from falling. As she was striving to hold herself together she heard the quick, sharp voice of the presiding judge call the name Shinar. At the sound of this name the darkness fell away from Keturah, and she lifted up her eyes and saw Shinar standing in the prisoners' dock. In the midst of all that sin and foulness he gave the impression of innocence and cleanness. He was a tall lad upon whose face vice had made no mark. His dark hair, curled close to his head, gave him an appearance of neatness, and his brown eyes, shining with honest light, indicated anything but a bad boy.

When the judge looked at him, he gave a start as if he saw an unaccustomed sight: his keen eye detected a novice in the dock.

"What is your name?" said the Judge.

"Shinar," said the boy.

"How do you spell it?" said the judge.

The boy spelled his name.

"What is your other name?" asked the judge.

"I aint got no other name," answered the boy.

"Yes, you have," said the judge. "You must have another name. What is it?"

"I aint got no other name, my name is jes' Shinar."

"Why didn't you say so?" said the judge. "Clerk, enter the prisoner's name as Jesse Shinar. What is the charge against him?" The clerk read a paper which set forth that the prisoner at the bar had been guilty of violating the statute which made the encouragement and abetting of dog fighting in the State of New York a misdemeanor to be punished by fine or imprisonment or both. When the reading of the charge was ended the judge

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said: "You are accused of dog fighting. Are you guilty?"

"No, I aint," said the boy.

"You are not guilty," said the judge, "do you mean to say that you didn't fight these dogs?"

"No, sir, I didn't, the dorgs fighted theirselves."

"And you didn't encourage or abet them," said the judge, impatiently.

"I didn't 'courage 'em," said Shinar, "they 'couraged theirselves, but I did bet Tim Maloney that my pup 'ud whip his brindle inside o' ten minutes by the clock."

"Then you did fight the dogs," said the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who was conducting the case for the State. The boy, having no counsel, had to conduct his own case.

"No, I didn't fight no dorg, I tells ye. The dorgs fighted theirselves."

"But you set them on."

"No, I didn't. I didn't do nothin'. I jes let go the string. The dorgs went at it theirselves."

"But you stood by and watched them and bet on the result. That is encouragement and abetment within the meaning of the law. Didn't you know that? Don't you know that it is wrong for dogs to fight?"

"No, I don't," answered Shinar, "and the dorgs don't neither. They'd ruther fight than eat, any day. My bull terrier never had a better time in his life than he had the day he whipped Maloney's brindle."

"But how about the brindle? Did he like it?"

"I guess not," said Shinar. "The whipped dorg never does; but then, if yer goin' to have the fun o' dorg fightin' youse got to have a whipped dorg. It ain't no fight if you don't."

What Dogs Are For

Here the court interrupted the conversation between the boy and the prosecutor, saying: "We cannot waste our time in this way. Mr. Prosecutor, call your witness." The agent who arrested the boy was sworn, and testified to finding the boys engaged in fighting their dogs in the stable yard of Price's livery. One of the boys had escaped, but this one he had arrested. It was clearly a fight, within the meaning of the law.

When the agent had finished, the court said to the boy: "What do you say to that?"

"I say that's all right; my bull terrier was fightin' Tim Maloney's brindle. But I wasn't hurtin' the dorg. I wouldn't hurt him, no, not for nothin'. When Jimmy Mulchahy was stonin' him I swiped him over the mouth; I wouldn't let no boy stone my dorg. That ain't what dorgs is for. I jes' cut his string and run, didn't I, Keturah?" said the boy, looking at his friend behind the bar. "There she is," said Shinar. "She's my friend. She'll tell ye I ain't no bad boy. As fer this fightin', that's all right, that's what dorgs is for."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the court, "we are inclined to dismiss the case against this prisoner."

"Your honors, I protest against any such course. The prisoner is clearly guilty, and if the cruel practice of dog fighting is to be stopped, an example must be made. I demand judgment on the prisoner."

The presiding judge consulted with his colleagues and then said, snappishly: "Five dollars or ten days."

At this Keturah Bain spoke out and said: "You must not send that boy to the Island and make a bad boy of him. There are bad boys enough in the world."

There was a stir in the court as this clear voice of protest was heard. The judges looked up and frowned, and the crier cried: "Silence in the court!"

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The presiding judge said, kindly, "You can pay the boy's fine, if you wish, and take him away. It is the best thing you can do for him. The Island is a bad place for him."

"I will pay the fine," said Keturah, and looking fiercely at the prosecutor, she said: "and if we took as good care of our boys and girls, as some people try to take of the dogs, we wouldn't have so many of them in the prison and on the street."

"Silence in the court!" cried the crier.

Keturah, without further words, went round to the clerk's desk and paid, out of her week's wages, the fine imposed upon Shinar. The boy received his certificate of discharge, and he and Keturah left the court room together.

CHAPTER XX

A NEW NAME AND A NEW LIFE

WHEN they reached the street Keturah let loose upon the boy the vials of her wrath.

"You are," she said, "a wicked and ungrateful boy. You do not care for me, and forget all that has been done for you. You are going to the bad as fast as you can. If you keep on you will soon be sent to the Island, and after that to Sing Sing. And all the years I have spent working for you will be wasted in the making of a criminal. I am ashamed of you, Shinar. A big boy like you, almost a man, behaving like a little street urchin. If that is all you mean to do with yourself and for yourself, I shall have nothing more to do with you. I have troubles enough of my own without having to run after you and keep you out of trouble."

Keturah's speech ended in a sob. Shinar heard her with hanging head and burning cheeks.

"But, Keturah," he said, "I didn't mean no harm. I didn't know it was wrong."

"Didn't mean any harm, didn't know it was wrong! That is the worst of it. You are nearly eighteen years old, and you don't know what is right and what is wrong. I am ashamed of you."

"Yes, Keturah," said the boy, with heaving chest and

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choking voice, and tears streaming down his cheeks, "yes, and I'm 'shamed o' myself. I aint nothin' but a street boy. I aint got no father nor no mother, and has to set in front o' Cronin's saloon and hear nothin' all day long but cursin' and vile talk. I don't have no fun at all, at all, 'cept a bit o' dog fight now and then, and fer that they pull me in and send me to the Island. I aint goin' to live this kind o' life any longer. I'm goin' away from here into the country and be a man, not a street loafer."

These words were spoken bitterly, and ended in a hearty fit of crying.

Keturah took the boy by the hand and led him into the hallway of a house, and there she put her arms about him and said: "There, there, Shinar, don't cry, don't cry. I was wrong to be angry with you. You are not to blame. You do the best you can. You are right about leaving Cronin's saloon. It is no place for you. You must take up some kind of work that will make a man of you."

Keturah held the boy's head against her breast and comforted him until he ceased from crying. She took out her handkerchief and wiped away the tears from his eyes, saying: "There, dearie, there. You are a good boy, and I am a cross, wicked, old woman."

At this Shinar laughed, and holding Keturah's hand in his and patting it, said: "You aint wicked and you aint old. You are the best mother a poor street boy ever had. If you hadn't took me up when I was a baby, I'd been a long time dead by now."

"Yes, dear," said Keturah, "you would have been dead sure enough, and now that you are alive, you must live to some purpose. You must not stay at Cronin's any longer. I think you had better go away to the country and forget the ways of the street. I will speak to Mr. Best about

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it, and he will get a home for you out in the West, and you will be a great man there and come back a senator, or maybe a president." And Keturah laughed, and Shinar laughed also.

As they were walking along and chatting as to how their plan was to be carried out, Keturah happened to look at the paper which she held in her hand, and when she read it she cried: "Shinar, Shinar, they have given you a new name."

"What is it?" said the boy.

"Jesse, Jesse Shinar; isn't that a nice name?"

"Yes, that's bully!"

"Oh, Shinar," said Keturah, "don't say bully. You aren't a street boy any longer and you mustn't talk street talk."

"All right, Keturah, it aint bully, it's jes dandy, aint it?"

"Shinar, Shinar, if you are going to be a senator, you will have to go to school and learn to speak English instead of slang. Now you have a new name you must begin a new life. We will see about it as soon as we can."

So it was settled between the foster mother and the foster son that he was to make a radical change in his life, to begin to live as a man and not as a boy. Neither of them thought yet of the pain of parting. They saw the end of the new life in honor and prosperity, not its beginning in exile and hard work.

When they reached home, it was toward evening, and the day was far spent. As they were going through the passage way, Keturah drew Shinar to her bosom and kissed him, and sent him with a happy heart to his own house.

CHAPTER XXI

A COVERT FROM THE WIND

WHEN Keturah reached home she found herself utterly exhausted by the varied experiences and emotions of the day, and she had one more trial to meet before that long day ended in night.

When her family heard of what she had done for Shinar, how she had paid his fine and kept him from going to the Island, they overwhelmed her with a storm of reproaches. Mother Bain whined, Abigail sulked, and Benjamin sneered; even Captain Bain found fault, saying: "Don't you think, Keturah, that was goin' jest a leetle too far?"

"Too far, father, not at all. Do you suppose I would let that boy go to the Island and be ruined forever?"

"Maybe not," said the Captain, "maybe not, but when all's said and done, the boy aint your boy and you aint got no call to look arter him."

"Not my boy," said Keturah, flushing with anger, "I would like to know why he is not my boy. He is all the boy I have, and all the boy I'm like to have. You have done all you can to keep me from having any boy of my own, and now you scold and find fault if I spend a dollar or two to keep a lad I have brought up from a baby out of jail. I've worked and starved until I am old and

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gray, and am snarled and sneered at when I do the least little thing for myself."

The family stood aghast at Keturah's outbreak. It was so unusual that it caused the greatest consternation. The poor overwrought woman burst into tears, and without waiting to eat a morsel of supper, went away and shut herself in her room. She threw herself as she was upon the bed and lay in the darkness with her face to the wall, conscious of nothing but weariness of body and sorrow of soul.

After a long fit of crying, she got up and undressed and went to bed and fell into a deep, heavy sleep. When she woke up in the morning, Keturah heard the rain beating down upon the pavement of the court, and that sound caused her heart to fail within her. It meant a Sunday at home. And a Sunday at home was the dread of Keturah's life. Keturah had often wondered whether there was any place in the universe that was worse than her home of a Sunday. In the week it was not so bad. She was away all day at her work, and came home only to sleep. But Sunday brought out all the horrors of tenement life. Half-dressed men and women lounging at the windows of the front tenement, slatternly girls and boys playing and fighting in the narrow court, or if it rained, making the day hideous with cries and screams from window to window.

In her own house it was no better. The woman had no privacy except in her dark, stifling bedroom. In the living room the men sat about in their shirt sleeves, smoking their pipes. Mrs. Bain was more slovenly than usual and even Abigail, if she was at home, was untidy. It was one of the many disorganized households where mutual respect has been lost, and soul displays itself to soul in a sort of hideous nakedness.

A Covert from the Wind

As Keturah lay in the darkness, she saw this dreadful day dragging its weary hours along, and she almost screamed in her despair. She went to the window in the living room, where Benjamin was sleeping on a lounge, and looking out of the window saw the rain coming down in sheets. She went back to her room wondering what she would do. She could not stay in the house all day. Her nerves were still quivering with the excitement of the day that was gone; she could not meet the family and hear the fret, fret, of her mother, the snarling of her brother, and see Abigail in the sulks, as she would be all day. The thought of it all was intolerable. The wind and the rain without were better than the gloom and the bad humor within. Keturah rose and moved about quietly, so as not to wake Abigail, who slept with her, dressed herself as well as she could in the darkness, and went out into the kitchen.

Although it was dark in the house, it was well on into the morning, past nine o'clock. Keturah took from the pantry a morsel of bread, which with a glass of water made up her breakfast, and having choked down the bread by means of the water, put on her overshoes and waterproof coat and taking her umbrella, went out into the storm.

As soon as she passed out of the passage way, Keturah's spirit revived. The rain had washed the air and it was full of life and vigor. As Keturah breathed, she felt her very soul cleansed by the freshness and purity of morning. The rain was still coming down in long slanting streams, but Keturah did not mind it. The very wetness beating against her face was a refreshment.

Walking by instinct rather than by conscious direction, Keturah made her way down Mulberry Street to Chatham

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and up Chatham to Duane and across Duane to Broadway. The poor girl was going the way that she went every morning to work. She was the only living creature to be seen on that morning in the streets of the city. Not even a policeman was abroad.

When she reached Broadway, Keturah encountered a new difficulty. The wind was from the northeast, and it swept down Broadway with the force of a gale. Keturah could hardly stand up against it. Not knowing where she was going, she turned northward and went up the street. She battled against the wind and crossed Pearl Street and came to Worth. As she was crossing Worth Street a mighty gust of wind came upon her, took hold of her umbrella, twisted it inside out, and left her exposed to the full fury of the storm. Turning aside, she fled through the gate of Saint Nicholas churchyard, to the church porch for refuge. She stood there wet and disconsolate, wondering what she was to do next, when the sexton came along and opened the door of the church, and seeing her plight, invited her to come into the church.

She gladly accepted his invitation, as she was shivering with the wet and the cold. The sexton took her to a seat in the rear of the church, near a hot air register, for though it was the latter part of May, he had kindled a fire, because of the present rain and the cold. Leaving Keturah to dry her garments by the heat, the sexton went about his duties, preparing the church for the worship that was soon to follow.

Keturah stood over the register until she was fairly dry and warm, and then as the storm was still raging, sat down in the nearest seat to wait until the rain and wind should cease, and so fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXII

OLD SAINT NICHOLAS

SAINT NICHOLAS church, in which Keturah had found refuge from the storm, was one of the oldest churches in the city of New York. It had been built at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It was a large stone building, in the style of Wren; with columns in front, supporting the roof of a deep porch, beyond which rose the roof of the church, centering in a dome. It was a small copy of Saint Paul's, London. The columns were of wood and plaster, instead of stone, and the porch was roofed with shingles. The building itself was of blue freestone, covered, after the manner of the time, with stucco.

The church stood within a churchyard that extended from Worth to Leonard Street, and ran down the hill to the hollow, where Center Street supplied its eastern boundary. In this churchyard were the graves of those who had once worshipped in the church.

The interior of the church was not attractive. It was painted in dark colors, which absorbed the light and made it gloomy, even on a bright day. On such a day as that when it sheltered Keturah, it was dark as night, and in consequence the sexton had lighted the gas. The church was furnished with high-backed pews of imitation

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mahogany, each supplied with a door that latched on the inside and so was guarded from intrusion. At the far end of the church was a mighty structure, reaching from the floor nearly to the roof. It was built in stories or lofts and contained the pulpit, the reading desk, and the altar. The pulpit was at the top and was reached by a long flight of stairs. The preacher, preaching from that height, was literally "a voice from heaven." The reading desk was many feet below the pulpit and had a separate stairway of its own. Below that, six steps above the floor of the church, was the communion table.

Saint Nicholas was an Episcopal church, and was one of the richest and most fashionable churches in the city of New York.

Its congregation was made up largely of old Dutch families, who had intermarried with the English gentry, and had conformed to the English church. With these were mingled the families of successful merchants, whose wives and daughters had social ambitions and who found the church a vestibule to the best society. To own a pew in Saint Nicholas was to hold a certificate of high social standing. These pews were let with the greatest care, and were much sought after. There were orders enough on the treasurer's books to rent the church twice over. Men were ready to pay five thousand dollars a year to have their wives and daughters sit beside the Schuylers and the Van Antwerps. But in spite of its prosperity, old Saint Nicholas was doomed. It was far down town; tenements lined its lower boundary and business houses were crowding it on the street. The land it occupied was of immense value for business purposes. The vestry, consulting both the convenience and the interest of the congregation, had sold their house of worship and the

Old Saint Nicholas

graves of their ancestors for many millions of dollars, and were preparing new quarters elsewhere. Already the walls of the new Saint Nicholas were rising on Murray Hill. The new church, designed by the leading church architect of the day, was in the Gothic style, and was to be the largest and most costly church on Manhattan Island. There were to be no wooden pillars there, but monoliths of polished granite, and walls of Connecticut freestone, lined inside with colored marbles. Tiled floors and seats of real mahogany, with marble altar and pulpit of beaten brass, were to complete the building that was to house the rich and aristocratic congregation of Saint Nicholas.

This building was approaching completion, and another year would see the flight of the worshippers from the old shrine to the new.

It was an open secret that when the congregation removed from the lower to the upper part of the city, the rector, the venerable Dr. Van Antwerp, would retire upon a handsome pension, and the rectorship would devolve upon his assistant, the Reverend Dr. Suydam, who had long been regarded as the most accomplished and eloquent preacher, as well as the most popular pastor in the Episcopal church in the diocese of New York.

CHAPTER XXIII

A DIVINE YOKE-FELLOW

KETURAH was awakened from a quiet sleep by the sound of music in the church. She did not open her eyes at once, but lay with her head resting against the back of the pew, listening almost unconsciously to the tones of the organ, as they entered her ears and soothed her soul. She hungered for music, and she heard so little of it. Her life was full of discords, not of concords and melody. As she lay still and listened, she forgot the hard life that she lived every day, and for the moment was in that rest that remaineth for the people of God.

Suddeny the notes of the organ ceased, and a human voice was heard, saying: "I will arise and go to my Father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

At the sound of this voice, Keturah lifted up her eyes and saw two men in white robes, standing in the reading desk, underneath the pulpit. One of them was saying the morning prayer of the Episcopal church. Keturah was not acquainted with the prayer book, and the few times she had visited the Episcopal church in the course of her life, she had thought the service formal and tiresome; but somehow it was different that morning. The

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great church was empty. There were not a dozen persons in it. The storm was still raging without, and the rain was beating against the windows. As Keturah sat in her seat, she had a sense of protection, as if some power greater than the power of the storm were shielding her from its fury.

She did not attempt to follow the service of the church. She did not stand nor kneel, but sat still and listened to the reading and the singing, as if she were in a dream. The reader of the morning had a rich, well-modulated voice, and interpreted the prophet and the evangelist so that their message seemed a real message to him, and he made it real to those who heard him.

Saint Nicholas was famous for its music. Its choir contained the finest voices that money could hire. That morning there was a sort of abandonment in the singers, as if they, like birds, were singing for the sake of the song and for their own delight. Keturah had never heard anything like it before. She seemed to herself to be in some celestial grove, where birds of Paradise were singing at the break of the eternal day.

The worship of the church followed its accustomed course through praise and pleading until at last, after the singing of a hymn, Keturah heard a voice that she had not heard before, far up the church, saying: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

At first Keturah could not tell where these words came from. They seemed to come down from the sky through the roof of the church, as if they were a message from the storm without. As Keturah raised her startled eyes to look if she could see the speaker, the words fell again with piercing sweetness upon her ears: "Take my

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yoke upon you and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Following the sound, Keturah saw a man standing in the high pulpit of the church. He was far away, but the light was on his face and she could see it plainly. He seemed a young man ; his dark hair fell away toward the left side, from a broad, high forehead. The color of his eyes could not be seen from where Keturah sat, but they seemed to look straight at her, and she felt their glow as one feels the glow of distant stars. Standing where he did, he appeared of supernatural height, and his white-robed figure suggested an angel of annunciation with some special word to a waiting soul. His voice, while not loud was clear, and filled the whole building with intelligent sound. Every word carried its meaning to every part of the church. It was a voice in which emotion and thought were equally blended. The man seemed not only to think but to feel what he said. He paused, after giving out his text, and from every corner of the empty church the words came back upon the ear, losing themselves in whispering sounds as if an hundred angels were repeating the words of the great angel, saying: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me ; I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Keturah, as she heard these words repeated for the third time, was startled into attention. She became wide awake and began to listen intensely.

After a moment's pause the speaker went on, saying: "These words of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, do not convey to us their full meaning, because we do not understand the figure of his speech. The word yoke, which is the determining word of this passage, is a word to us and it is nothing more. The most, if not all, of us

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have never seen a yoke and do not really know what it is. Having thus no distinct conception of the figure, we cannot understand the speech.

"To those, however, to whom the Lord was speaking, this word suggested that with which they were most familiar. It was an instrument that they used in their daily toil. While listening to Jesus speaking, perhaps, upon some hillside of Gallilee, they could see the beasts of burden, the ass and the oxen yoked together by their wooden collar, dragging the plow through the unturned field or pulling the cart, laden with goods, along the dusty road. Thus the yoke to them suggested partnership in toil. Two creatures bound together in a common task. It was the yoke that held the animals together and it was the yoke that attached them to their work. If they were to pull at all, they must pull together. The ease and comfort of each of the workers depended not so much upon the work itself, upon the burden attached to the yoke, as they did upon the nature and disposition of the yoke-fellow. Two creatures equally yoked together would plod all day long in comfortable companionship, and at nightfall would be weary only with the weariness of patient toil, patiently endured.

"But creatures unequally yoked hinder one another in their common task. The stolid ox yoked to the restive ass has not only his burden to bear, but he has to endure all the caprices of his yoke-fellow—his startings and his stoppings, his jerkings and his jumpings, and the poor ox can make no headway, but comes to a stop at night with his task half accomplished, sore of body and bewildered of soul.

"This," said the speaker, "is a parable of human life. Man cannot do his work alone. He must be yoked to

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some power beside himself if he would perform his allotted task before the sunset." And then the preacher went on to show the various yokes that man must bear. By the yoke of knowledge and obedience he is bound to nature, and walking together with her is able to do all the mighty things that he has done in the world, to build his cities and bridge his rivers, and to pass in safety over the great deep.

He spoke also of the yoke of interest by which men were united in great common enterprises impossible of accomplishment in any other way.

He treated also of the evil yoke of pride by which men yoke themselves to an eager and a pushing world, and wear out their souls in vain ambitions and baseless hopes. When yoked to the world by pride and ambition, a man has the world, not with him, but against him; his yoke then is not a help, it is a hindrance. The world pulls and jerks until the neck is sore and the heart is weary. Woe unto that man or that woman who is the evil yoke-fellow of an evil world! Night will find them bruised and beaten, bemoaning work undone.

The speaker passed on, and in a softer tone began to speak of the yoke of faith and love by which man may be united to God in Christ Jesus, for the work of life. The yoke of Christ is not something, he said, "that we bear for him, but it is something we bear with him. He is our yoke-fellow and toils with us from morning until evening. Too often we think of Christ as if he had taken his neck from under the burden of life, and were now in eternal felicity at the right of the Majesty on high, judging our toil by the hard measure of his accomplishment, expecting us to do alone, what he could do only by the help of his Father. Not such is the teaching of the Gos-

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pel. Having once placed his neck in the yoke of human life, he is to remain there always, even to the end of the world. He comes to all who travail and are heavy laden, and taking the heavier side of the burden upon himself, toils with them until the task is done.

“Remember that though the yoke of Christ is, comparatively, an easy one, it is still a yoke, and it means a task and a burden. Jesus yoked himself to humanity by means of the cross. He did not take away the sorrow of human life; he simply shared it. He does not relieve man of the burden of existence; he only helps him to bear it.”

And then lifting up his voice, as if he would make it pass through the granite walls of the church and penetrate the dark tenements at the foot of the churchyard, he cried in tones of entreaty, “Oh, ye who are poor and lonely, upon whom is laid the burden and heat of the day; who go on your way weeping, bearing your good seed; whose labor is from the morning till the evening; whose bread is affliction and whose drink is tears, why will ye labor and suffer alone, when a little faith and a little love would make you the yoke-fellow of God in Christ, your toil to be lightened with his help, and your way sweetened by his company?”

As the voice of the preacher died away into the ascription, Keturah Bain found herself standing upright, her hands grasping the back of the seat in front of her, her eyes straining toward the speaker, her soul quivering with excitement.

She had heard a voice from heaven.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IS IT TRUE?

THE woman stood still as if in a trance. She did not notice the few people as they passed out of the church. Her eyes were on the empty pulpit from whence the preacher had gone down. She was engaged in one of those intense debates which decide the destiny of human souls. Was what she had just heard true? Was God really on the side of the weary and the heavy laden; on the side of the toiler, and not of the one who was driving him to his toil? Did God indeed bear the yoke and not carry the whip?

She had never heard that before. She felt that it ought to be true; but was it? Her soul quivered with painful joy at the bare possibility of its truthfulness. If true, here was the explanation of her life. She and God were doing some necessary work together, bearing some common burden, to lay it down in its allotted place. Oh, the joy of the thought! Not fighting against Fate, but working with God.

As Keturah stood arguing thus with herself, two men came down the church and were about to pass her by. Keturah seeing them, turned abruptly, and said: "Can you tell me who it was that has just been speaking in the church?"

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The elder of the two men answered, saying: "It was I. Can I do anything for you?"

"May I speak to you for a moment?" asked Keturah.

"Certainly," said the man, and motioning to his companion to pass on, he turned into the pew where Keturah was standing, asked her to sit down, and looking at her kindly, said: "What is it? What can I do for you?"

"Is it true?" said Keturah, eagerly.

"Is what true?" said the minister.

"That which you said this morning. Is it true that God helps us?"

"Certainly it is true," said the preacher. "Surely you have heard that before; surely you believe it?"

"I have never heard it before," answered Keturah, "and I never believed it till now. I can hardly believe it even now. It is too good to be true."

"My dear child," said the minister, "where were you brought up that you have never learned so simple a truth?"

"Do you call it a simple truth, sir? Why, to me it is the hardest thing in the world to believe. I was brought up here in the city of New York. I live down in Mulberry Street. I am a poor working woman. I live with the poor and see their misery. I don't see that God helps them at all. He is not on their side. He is on the side of the rich."

"It does seem so," said the preacher, gravely, "but it is not so. I was speaking to you this morning about Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God. Well, you know he was poor and afflicted and despised and rejected. The rich of this world went out against him and put him to death. You know that, do you not?"

"Oh, yes," said Keturah, "I know that, but what has that to do with it?"

Is It True?

"Very much," said the preacher. "When Jesus was hanging on the cross, the men who condemned him to death, passed by and railed at him and said, 'He called himself the Son of God; let God deliver him now if he will have him.' You see, these men thought that God was on their side and against Jesus. But he wasn't, you know. God loved and helped Jesus more when he was on the cross than at any other time. Jesus was bearing bravely what God gave him to bear, and God uses his sorrow and his suffering for the salvation of the world."

"I see, I see," said Keturah. "I never have been told that before. I have been told that God was punishing people all the time for doing such little things. My father believes that. He says that when he was a boy he was whipped all the time, and he was told that God was going to send him to hell if he was not a better boy, and all he did was to have a little fun. My father does not believe in any God. My father has had a hard life. I am so sorry for my father." And the tears gathered in Keturah's eyes and rolled slowly down her cheeks.

The minister did not answer for a moment. He was deeply moved by the emotion of the woman beside him. Breaking the silence, he said: "I do not wonder, my child, at your doubts and difficulties; I am sure that if I had lived as you have, I should not have even your faith and hope and love. I am sorry for you and for your father."

"Yes," said Keturah, breaking in eagerly, "and that is not the worst. I am forewoman in my shop and have many girls under me. Yesterday I had to send two girls away. One of them was a poor girl, whose father is a drunkard and whose mother has just had twin babies. Poor Anna had so little to eat and so little sleep that she could not do the work, and our employer told me to send

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her away. And she had to go. Now she and the mother and the babies are starving. And what can I do? How does, how can God help them? And the other girl, Carrie Twine, was ruined by a man, who has ruined a number of girls in our shop, and I had to send her away, and she is out on the street selling her soul for bread. How does God help her? Can you tell me? I hated myself for sending those girls away, but I couldn't do anything else. It is hard, it is hard." And the woman leaned her head upon the back of the seat in front of her and gave way to her tears.

The preacher sat beside her, holding her hand. He was pale and still. He felt himself in the presence of a great reality. Words were becoming things. The entreaty of the closing words of his sermon had found an answer. A soul weary and heavy laden was seeking rest. He did not, he could not say a word to the sorely tried woman beside him. He simply assured her of his sympathy by the gentle pressure of his hand.

After the force of her emotion was partly spent, Keturah lifted up her head and said through her tears: "I beg your pardon, sir; I have no right to bring my troubles to you. I have no right to keep you here. I do not belong to your church; I am only a stranger from the street, driven in by the storm."

"My dear," said the preacher, "you are not a stranger. You are a friend, a very dear friend. I do not know your name, but you have shown me your heart and it is a brave heart, under a great sorrow and heavy burden. Let me help you. I cannot do much, but I can do a little. I can give you friendship and sympathy. Will you let me?"

"Indeed I will, sir. You are very kind, I do need some one to help me. May I see you again?"

Is It True?

"Certainly, my child, certainly. Give me your name and address and I will come and see you."

"Oh, sir, you could not do that. I work all day and at night I have no place where I could see you. My father would not like you to come to the house. He does not like ministers," said Keturah, blushing. "I will come here and listen to you, and when I am in trouble I will come to you and tell you and let you help me if you will."

"Thank you," said the minister, "I will be glad to have you do so; whenever you want me, let me know, and I will make an appointment to meet you. But you must tell me your name, else I shall not know when you send for me."

"My name," she said, "is Keturah Bain."

"And mine," said he, "is Jacob Suydam."

While this conversation had been going on the janitor had been moving about uneasily, trying to attract the attention of Dr. Suydam. He did not like the situation at all. This strange woman had no right to stop Dr. Suydam after service. He was tired after preaching and ought to go home. Beside, they were keeping the janitor and his dinner was getting cold. Shaking his keys to make a noise, the janitor walked up to the seat where the minister and the woman were sitting, and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but your carriage is waiting."

"Very well, Jenkins," said Dr. Suydam, and turning to the woman he said, "I must go now. You will surely let me hear from you."

"Yes sir, I will," answered Keturah, and they passed out of the church together. Dr. Suydam got into his carriage and was driven up Broadway, and Keturah went down the street, the eyes of the janitor following her with looks of disapproval.

CHAPTER XXV

AFTER THE STORM

WHEN Keturah came out of the church she found that the wind had fallen and the rain had ceased. The clouds were slowly drifting out to sea and the sun was drying the streets, now washed and clean.

Keturah did not turn into any of the side streets and go directly home. She walked down Broadway, her mind busy with the experience of the morning. She was in the presence of a new and great thought. God, whom she had always thought of with fear and distress, had suddenly become a comfort to her. Perhaps her father was wrong; perhaps she was wrong; God did not hate her father, nor her mother, nor her brother, nor all the poor and the miserable. He loved them, so the preacher of the morning had said, more than he loved any one else. He loved them because they needed his love. That was a new thought in the heart of Keturah. She tried to hold it fast because it was comfortable. Back behind the thought was the old unbelief, the suspicion that it might not be so. She did not dare to think much about it. She only wanted to feel it for the present.

Keturah was greatly moved, not so much by what she had heard, as by the kindness and sympathy of the preacher, which he had shown in every word and act.

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His personality made a powerful appeal to hers. He was all that she so longed to be, refined, educated, gentle in manner and speech. She had struggled all her life to keep herself above the level of her surroundings. She had been careful of her speech and of her manners. She felt instinctively, as she listened to Dr. Suydam, that he was naturally and easily what she struggled to be. He was an angel standing always in the presence of that divine culture and refinement which she worshipped from afar. She felt also that if she could have him for a friend, life would have in it more that was worth the living.

From that day Keturah's life was changed by the presence of a new thought, and by contact with a new personality.

She walked down Broadway as far as Bowling Green, and then, suddenly remembering that she had not provided the Sunday dinner, she made haste to go home. She stopped into a little cook shop in Chatham Street and bought some cold ham and an apple pie and some bread and butter, and carried it to her waiting household.

To all questions she answered simply and truthfully that she had gone out in the morning for a walk and had turned into Saint Nicholas church to get out of the storm, and had stayed there until the rain was over. After that she had gone down Broadway. She said nothing about the experience of the morning, that she pondered in her heart.

In the afternoon she went upstairs, and finding an old Bible of her mother's, she came down into the living room and opened the book at the Gospel of Luke, and

After the Storm

began to read the story of the passion. Her father seeing her, said: "What are you reading, Keturah?"

"I am reading," she said, "the sorrowful death of a good man."

CHAPTER XXVI

ADORNED FOR THE SACRIFICE

COMMENCEMENT day had come and gone. It had been for Abigail Bain a day of triumph and a day of delight. She was dressed as well as any girl upon the platform, and was by far the most beautiful among them. She spoke the words of her Latin Salutatory in a girlish, sing-song way that was charming to hear. In English, her method would have been bad, but in Latin it was the very thing; she seemed, as she stood there, repeating her Latin phrases with rising and falling cadence, like some ancient priestess of beauty, chanting the praises of loveliness.

The people did not understand what she was saying, but they did see what she was, and she went to her seat followed by a storm of applause.

As she sat down she was handed a great cluster of roses. Keturah had brought them, being determined that nothing should be wanting that day to complete the glory and the pleasure of her sister. The elder sister saw in the younger, as she stood there in the midst of educated and refined people, herself educated and refined, the fulfillment of a long cherished desire, the accomplishment of a self-imposed duty. Abigail was educated above the level of the shop.

The young girl, in her pale blue dress, made a picture,

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as she sat at the end of the row, far out on the stage, and many eyes were turned toward her in admiration, at which Keturah rejoiced and felt like crying out and saying, "She is my sister."

After commencement, Abigail found her life at home very dreary. She spent as much of her time away from it as she could. She had school friends who lived in the upper part of the city, and she visited them, or else she put on her blue gown, when the day was fair, and went up on the avenues, into picture stores and into shops, looked at all the lovely things to be had for money, and longed to have them for her own, repining at her poverty and her mean estate. Leaving the stores, she wandered off into the park, and sitting down, dreamed the day-dreams of a girl full of life and without experience.

She enjoyed her freedom, coming as it did after a long period of confinement in school. What to do with that freedom she did not know exactly, but she prized it all the more on that account. She hated the thought of going back to school as a teacher, but that was some months away and she tried not to think about it. She basked in the sun while the sun was shining, without troubling herself for the moment about what was to come.

A few Sundays after her graduation, Abigail put on her blue dress and her pretty new hat and her gloves and went out in the morning to go somewhere to church. She followed the way that Keturah had gone the day of the great storm, and came to the front of Saint Nicholas. There was no storm to drive Abigail into the church. It was a perfect day in June. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and the flowers were blooming above the graves; well-dressed people were thronging into the

Adorned For the Sacrifice

church door. Attracted by the life and the rustle, Abigail turned aside and followed the crowd into the church.

It was a great day in Saint Nicholas. The Dean of Westminster was going to preach. Keturah had come to the church earlier in the day, and hearing that a stranger was to preach did not care to stay, but had gone away to have a long day by herself in the park.

Abigail did not know who was going to preach and did not care; what she enjoyed was the people. To be one of a well-dressed company satisfied the deepest craving of her heart.

As she entered the church, the crowd gave way, supposing her to be a regular member of the parish. When she reached the foot of the aisle she stopped, not knowing where to go. As she was standing and waiting, a young man came that way and stopping beside her, looked at her with undisguised pleasure. After gazing a moment at her face, until she dropped her eyes in confusion, he stepped to her side and said softly, "Do you wish a seat?"

"Yes, sir," said she.

"Come with me," said he, and taking her up near to the front of the church, he showed her into a pew and followed her.

Abigail was not conscious that morning of anything but the presence beside her. She heard the music and she heard the sermon, but she did not feel the one or listen to the other. She felt nothing but the sidelong glances of admiration that swept up and down the graceful lines of her person, and she listened only to the beatings of her own heart.

When the stranger handed her a prayer book and his fingers touched hers, it sent a thrill to her soul. Seeing

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the people kneeling in prayer, Abigail knelt also, and the young man followed her example, and kneeling closer than the space at his command required, the girl was overcome by a strange sensation and rose hastily and leaned her head upon her hand.

After the service was over the young man opened the door of the pew and stood waiting for Abigail to pass out. As she did so he walked beside her down the aisle out into the street.

As she was turning away Abigail looked at him shyly, and said: "I thank you very much for giving me a seat."

"You are quite welcome, I am sure," said he. "Did you enjoy the service?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said she, "it was beautiful."

"Great sermon," said he.

"Very," said she.

"Do you often come to Saint Nicholas?"

"Not very often; only sometimes."

"Not a member?"

"No."

"I don't come every Sunday," said the young man, "but I belong here. That was my seat. I should be happy to have you use it whenever you wish."

"Oh, thank you," said Abigail, "you are very kind."

"Will you come again?" said the man, anxiously.

"Yes," said Abigail.

"When? Next Sunday?"

"Yes, next Sunday."

"Here is my card. Give it to the usher and tell him to show you to my seat. I am glad to have met you. Shall be happy to meet you again."

"Good-day," said Abigail.

"Good-day," said the young man.

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Abigail took the card that was given her and crushed it in her hand without reading it. She turned away in a flutter of embarrassment and went down the street, her heart beating and her cheeks burning.

CHAPTER XXVII

A BOY'S PASSION

AFTER Shinar's arrest Keturah determined that he should not stay any longer in the city. She was sure that he had in him the making of a man if he only had the chance, and she said that he should have it. Whenever Keturah had a will she always found a way. So she had seen Mr. Best, the locating agent of the Children's Aid Society, and he had found a situation for Shinar with a farmer in Wayne County, New York. This had been Keturah's desire. She did not wish the boy to go to the far West.

It was in the contract that the lad was to have a certain number of hours at school, during his time of service, and he was to serve for four years, or until he was twenty-one years old. Then, being a man, he was to be at liberty to make his own contracts and care for himself.

Keturah's main thought was to get him away from the street and its associations, and give him time to forget its language and its ways. The boy himself was willing enough to go. He felt the stirrings of manhood and wanted to be something beside a boot-black, a waiter, or a porter. His whole appearance indicated that he had good blood in his veins and that blood was speaking and urging him on into higher walks of life. Consequently, he yielded

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a ready assent to the plans of his foster mother. He did not mean to live in the country always; he meant to stay there only until he was ready to come back and be a man in the city.

Shinar still lived with Mother Magrath, and considered himself as her sole support; hence before he could go away it was necessary that some provision be made for her. Keturah had her own thoughts about this matter. She knew that Mother Magrath was not as poor as she seemed. She was certain that the old woman had laid by enough in the bank to keep her in comfort until Shinar should be ready to take care of her again.

One evening Keturah went over to the Magrath cabin to talk with the mother about sending Shinar away. The place where Shinar lived was indeed a cabin. For, as Joshua Bain had built his home in the likeness of a New England cottage, so had Paddy Magrath made his after the fashion of an Irish cabin. The low walls, the high-pitched roof, the small windows and the sunken floor suggested at once the bog, the pig, the pipe and the potato.

The inside of the cabin was even more indicative of the race of its builders than the outside. The rafters of the roof were unhewn and unpainted, the floor of the cabin was of earth and was littered with straw. There were only two rooms in the house, the living room and the nursery. This last had been the home of the babies in the days of baby farming, but for years past had been occupied by the boy, Shinar.

It was that wonderful migration of peoples from all lands to the new world, which occurred in the early years of the last century, that set the rough cabin of the Magraths beside the prim cottage of the Bains. And it was

A Boy's Passion

the pressure of the growing city that had forced both cottage and cabin out of the light of the street into the darkness of the court.

Keturah found Mother Magrath sitting before the fire with a pot of potatoes on the boil, crooning an old Irish song and rocking herself to and fro to the measure of the music.

"Good evening, mother," said Keturah, sitting down on a stool beside the little old woman and brushing her gray, straggling hair out of her eyes. "I have come over to talk to you about Shinar."

"And phwat had the lazy spalpeen been a-doin' now, bad cess to 'im. Has the cops got 'im agin?"

"No, mother, the cops haven't got him, and we must send him away where the cops can't get him."

"Oh, Keturah, mavourneen, phwat has the bye been a-doin' that ye ud be sindin' 'im away from his old mither? Is it murther?"

"No, mother, it isn't murder," said Keturah, laughing, "but you know Shinar is growing to be a man now, and he must give up his boot-blackening stand, and go away into the country, and learn something beside street work and street talk."

"In the counthry, did ye say? And phwat 'ill the likes o' him be doin' in the counthry, as can't be afther tellin' the differ between a pig and a pertater?"

"Just so, mother," said Keturah laughing more heartily, "just so, we want him to learn the difference between a pig and a potato."

"And fer phwat 'ill he be afther knowin' that?"

"So that he can buy and sell pigs and potatoes if he wants to."

"And ye'll be afther havin' the bye lave his old mither

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to die o' starvation? Oh, Keturah, darlint, ye'll not be afther bein' so cruel as all that, and me bein' takin' care o' the bye and givin' him his sup and his lodge sin' he was a babby. Ye'll not be takin' 'im away now, not at all."

"But I will be here, mother, to look after you, and you know you have money in the bank to take care of you 'till Shinar comes back again."

"Money in the bank!" cried the old woman, her eyes gleaming with suspicion, "who ud be tellin' you I'd money in the bank?"

"Oh, I know it, mother. I've seen you go in the Broadway Savings Bank, and you know you wouldn't go there unless you had money to put in the bank, or else wanted to draw some out."

"Oh, ye spyin', lyin' chit!" cried the woman, rising up and shaking herself loose from Keturah's hand. "Fer phwat are ye puttin' yer nose that it don't belong at all, at all, and me havin' a few pinnies saved out o' me hard earnin's to pay fer me buryin' and ter buy a mass fer me poor ould sowl. And ye be talkin' o' me havin' money in the bank; bad cess to ye!"

"Come, come, Mother Magrath," said Keturah, "don't get angry. You have money in the bank and you must use it to buy bread with, that is better than masses. When you are dead somebody will bury you and God will take care of your soul."

"Oh, yis, that phwats ye say, ye unbelavin' prode-shan, there 'll be no praste sprinklin' ye wid holy wather, and ye'll be afther needin' it, ye will, whin the divil gits ye."

"Come, mother," said Keturah, soothingly, "we wont quarrel the night before Shinar is going away. You shall have your masses if you want them. I will see to that and

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so will Shinar. Come now, we both love the boy. Let us send him away in peace."

At this the old woman sat down and began to croon and to cry. "Oh, me bye, me bye, the last o' me childer. The babbies is dead ivry one, only this, and they be afther takin' ye away and lavin' yer mither widout chick er child to spake a word to her whin she's dyin'. Ochone, me darlint, ochone."

Paying no more attention to Keturah, the old woman got up and went and sat on the cabin floor, close to the fire and put her head between her hands, and her elbows on her knees, and sat swaying to and fro, lifting her voice after the manner of the wailing woman at a wake.

Keturah tried to comfort her, but she would not be comforted and wailed louder and louder, so that Keturah thought it best to leave her alone.

Going home, she found Shinar standing in the hallway talking with Abigail. The boy as he stood there, dressed in his Sunday best, was the peer of the girl beside him. Nearly as tall as she, his dark hair and rich color contrasted well with her pale, golden beauty. Seeing them together one would say, "There is a handsome couple."

Shinar had been in to say good-bye to the family, and just before Keturah came, had met Abigail in the hall and was trying to say good-bye to her. But it was hard work. For Abigail he had that first passion which comes to a boy in his teens and sweeps him out of boyhood into manhood.

"You'll be fergettin' me, Abigail, as soon as I'm gone," said the boy, wistfully.

"No, I'll not forget you, Shinar. Why should I?" said the girl.

"Oh, there'll be so many comin' to see you that you wont have no time to think o' me," said he, sadly.

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"Oh, yes, I will," said the girl, lightly, "I will think of you often enough. Even if I were to try to forget you, Keturah wouldn't let me. She will talk about you enough to keep me in mind. You may be sure of that."

These words gave some comfort to the forlorn youth. He knew they were true. Keturah would talk about him, and Abigail could not forget him altogether, there was something in that, but it was not enough, and so he added: "But you'll not be thinkin' o' me as I'll be thinkin' o' you."

"How is that?" said the girl, absently.

"Why, I'll be thinkin' o' you all day and dreamin' o' you all night, and be sayin' to meself, maybe when I go back to the city, a man as is a man, and not a wharf rat, maybe Abigail 'ull think o' me then as I think o' her, maybe she will."

"What do you mean, Shinar? I think of you now just as I always have and always will. Your going away wont make any difference nor your coming back."

"It wont?" said the boy, choking.

"No," said the girl, "I guess not."

"You'll allers think o' me as a boot-black? I couldn't do nothin' to make you think o' me as a man as might say to you sometime: 'Abigail, I'm earnin' good wages now, wont you come wid me and be my wife?'" The boy blushed crimson to the roots of his hair as he made this declaration.

Abigail laughed loud and long and said: "You foolish boy, I'm ever so much older than you are. Do you think I want to marry a baby?" and she turned her head, scornfully.

"Oh, I knew you wouldn't, Abigail, that's what I said. You'll forget me as soon as I am gone, and I'm goin' ter-morrer. Maybe, Abigail, if I'm nothin' but a baby you

A Boy's Passion

wouldn't mind kissin' me jest once before I go. There aint no harm in kissin' a baby, you know."

Without saying a word the girl turned her cheek to the boy and he kissed her, knowing, novice as he was in matters of love, that when a girl gives her cheek she gives nothing else. This is not the kiss of love or even of friendship; it is the kiss of indifference.

With this poor crumb of comfort the boy had to be content, for just then Keturah came in and Abigail went away.

The next day Shinar left the city for his country home, and there in the long, lonely days and the still longer and more lonely nights he dreamed of golden hair and blue eyes which could never be his except in dreams.

CHAPTER XXVIII

TOO LATE

"I AM sorry, Abigail, to tell you that the last train has left for the city. We stayed a little too long down on the beach and are five minutes too late."

"Oh, Robert, whatever will we do?"

"Do, my dear? Why, the only thing we can. We will stay here over night and go up to the city in the morning."

"But, Robert I cannot do that. Indeed, I cannot."

"Why, my dear girl, you must do it. There is nothing else for you to do, unless we were to walk to the city, and that you know is impossible."

"What will Keturah say?" cried the girl in tones of distress, tears gathering in her eyes and falling slowly down her cheeks.

"There, there, don't cry. It can't be helped, you know. You can tell your sister that you stayed over night with some friend of yours uptown."

"But, Robert, what will I do to-night?"

The young man laughed and said: "Why, stay here, of course. This is the Brighton Beach Hotel, and it is the business of the house to have rooms for wayfarers such as we are. You wait here and I will go and see about the rooms now."

The speakers in this dialogue were Abigail Bain and

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the young man whom she had met in Saint Nicholas Church. That meeting had ripened into an intimacy, and it was "Robert" and "Abigail," and "my dear girl" with them. The Sunday after the first meeting Abigail went again to Saint Nicholas Church. She showed the usher the card which the young man had given her. The seat was empty and remained so throughout the service. Abigail heard nothing and felt nothing of what was going on. Her mind and heart were preoccupied. She said to herself, "Will he come?" and her spirits sank within her when the service was over and he had not come.

She rose from her seat with a lump in her throat, and was hardly able to keep back the tears. In the vestibule she met Keturah, who had been up in the gallery listening to Dr. Suydam preach. Keturah had seen Abigail when she was shown into her seat and had wondered at her being there. When Keturah had left home Abigail was in bed. She had never to her sister's knowledge been interested in Saint Nicholas Church, and Keturah could not make out why she was there. But Keturah did not worry long over the matter. She was glad to see Abigail down among the fashionable people from up town. It was her natural place, where she ought to be, and where she should be.

On these bright Sundays when the church was full of richly dressed people, whose coachmen and footmen were waiting on the carriages outside, Keturah did not find the same strength and comfort which she had found on the day of the storm, when the church was dark and cold and empty. She did not know exactly what made the difference, but there was a difference. The music, while equally beautiful, was not so moving. It was no longer an unconscious voice singing for its own delight the praises of

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Him who gave it. It was now a conscious voice singing to please the people.

And the preaching was different also. Keturah did not venture down on the floor of the church, but went up into the gallery near the pulpit where she could see the speaker. From this point of view she gained a new conception of the preacher. Dr. Suydam seemed to her less the messenger of God, and more a simple man. She still enjoyed his preaching. Its clearness of thought, its simplicity of language and the tenderness and earnestness of its tone appealed to her intelligence and to her heart. If she had not believed a word that he said she would have still listened to him with delight. He gratified her craving for refinement of thought and delicacy of feeling. His preaching was so different from the preaching which she had heard in the mission chapels with its coarse abuse of human nature and its crude statements of the divine nature and the divine purpose. This preaching had disgusted her and driven her away from all thought of God and all care for religion. But with Dr. Suydam it was just the other way. He made the thought of God attractive and religion desirable. She wanted always to believe what he said. His God she wanted for her God, and his hope for her hope. It was hard for her, with her experience in life, to believe in any such God as Dr. Suydam preached, but she wanted to believe it. Her faith trembled constantly between hope and despair.

When she had listened to Dr. Suydam a few times from her place of vantage in the gallery a feeling of pity began to mingle with her reverence for him. She detected a constraint in his manner and a sadness in his voice which told of a mind ill at ease and a heart out of tune. He did not seem to enjoy his preaching as he did on the

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day when she first heard him. The ring of sincerity which had filled the whole church with the voice of truth on the day of the storm seemed wanting in these days of light.

And when Keturah looked down at the people, she caught a glimmering of the cause of this change in the preacher. He was preaching to a people who did not care. When he had set forth some truth of the Gospel of Christ, with a clearness that must convince the understanding, and with a beauty and a tenderness that ought to charm and move the heart, the people would all get up and go away as if nothing had been said. They would, indeed, speak of the beauty of the sermon to each other as they passed out of the church. But they spoke in a light way, as they might speak of a singer at a concert, as if it were the purpose of a sermon to please, and not to convince or to move. When Keturah began to understand all this her heart was moved with a great compassion for this man of mental endowment and tender heart, who went week after week up into his high pulpit and exercised his gifts to no purpose. The futility of his work drew Keturah to him as not even his preaching had done.

When she came down out of the gallery on the Sunday morning of which we are writing, her heart was full of sadness, and she went out of the church with a feeling of relief. The God of the great world, in which she lived and worked, might not be so tender nor so beautiful as the God who was preached in the church ; but He was real, He did something. He made people believe in Him, if by nothing else yet by pain and sorrow ; but as for this God and Saviour, who was preached in the church, He did nothing and nobody cared for Him at all.

As Keturah passed out of the church, musing sadly

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on these things, she lifted up her eyes and saw Abigail standing in the church porch talking to a young man. She swept the young man up and down with a look that would read him through and through. As soon as she saw him she was afraid of him. She walked slowly down the steps into the street, and by-and-by her sister joined her. As they walked home together Keturah said to Abigail: "Who was that young man speaking with you on the porch of the church?"

Abigail hesitated a moment and then said: "I don't know exactly who he is, only he is a friend of Philip Schuyler." Now, this was said at a venture. Philip Schuyler had been Abigail's classmate in the Normal College and a friend of his might well be her acquaintance; unwittingly she had spoken the truth. The young man was an intimate friend of Philip Schuyler. Abigail, however, had spoken not knowing the truth, with the quick intuition of a woman who wishes to cover an embarrassing situation.

"How did you come to know him?" asked Keturah.

"Oh, Philip introduced me," said Abigail, adding the lie direct to the lie indirect. Abigail did not mean to lie, she simply wanted to satisfy Keturah that her acquaintance with the young man was a proper acquaintance. She had not planned the conversation with her sister, it just made itself as it went along, and it served its purpose. It did satisfy Keturah. For it is an unwritten law of American life that the formal introduction of any woman to any man by any third party makes their acquaintance legitimate, and the proper basis of any intimacy that may follow.

So Keturah simply said: "Well, I suppose that it is all right, but I don't like his looks. I hope you will be careful."

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"Oh, yes, I will be careful," said Abigail, and the subject was dropped.

Before leaving the porch that morning, Abigail had halfway promised that she would be in Union Square, at the Fountain that afternoon, at three o'clock, to meet her new acquaintance. She left her home immediately after dinner, thinking she would go and visit her friend, Maggie Howard, in Twentieth Street, and so told Keturah. She walked up Broadway slowly to Maggie Howard's house and up the steps to the door. She rang the bell and asked if Miss Howard was at home. The servant who answered the bell said that she was not. She had gone to Brooklyn to spend the day.

Abigail left her card and went down the steps, and walked rapidly down Broadway, and turned into Union Square, and stood watching the goldfish in the fountain. She had not waited long before her friend of the morning came up and lifted his hat, saluted her and said: "It is a beautiful afternoon, would you like a drive in the Park?"

After a moment of hesitation, Abigail said, "Yes."

The young man led her to Seventeenth Street, where an open landau was standing, a coachman was on the seat and a groom at the horses' heads. The livery was of a pale blue and gold and exactly matched Abigail's dress.

"To McAdam's, through the Park," said the young man.

"Yes, sir," said the coachman, touching his hat.

The groom gave the horses their heads and mounted to the seat beside the coachman, who drove through Seventeenth Street to Fifth Avenue, and up the avenue to the Park.

That drive formed an epoch in the life of Abigail Bain. She found herself rolling through the Park in the midst of

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a crush of carriages, none of which was richer than the one she was in. From time to time her companion raised his hat to the finest of the turn-outs as he passed them, and by and by as he did so she bowed her head.

The girl was in a dream. She seemed suddenly lifted out of her old sordid surroundings into the world of wealth and fashion. It had all come to pass as if it were a fairy tale. Prince Charming had come and taken her by the hand and made of her a princess. She did not stop to reason about it. She simply let herself float away over the sea of sensation that surrounded her.

Leaving the Park, they sped up the roadway to the region of Washington Heights and there, at the famous McAdam road-house, they were served such a dinner as Abigail had never eaten before in her life. It was served in a private room with flowers and wine.

After the dinner came the long drive home through the dark. The young people did not talk much, but they felt each other's presence by that subtle power which Nature uses when she would draw youth and maiden together.

Abigail was driven to 22 West Twentieth Street, the house of her friend Maggie Howard, and finding her at home spent a short time with her, telling her that she had been out driving with a friend of Philip Schuyler, and then leaving Maggie's house hurried to Fourth Avenue, and took the cars to Chatham Street, and so to her home.

To Keturah and the rest she said she had spent the afternoon in the Park and the evening with Maggie Howard.

From that day forward Abigail lived in her dream of luxury. She had the richest of food and the choicest of wine. She rode in her carriage with the coachman to

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drive, and the footman to open the door. She had her box at the theatre and sailed from time to time on a private yacht down the bay and out to sea.

So the summer was passing away and the young girl was enjoying it without a thought of the future. She was treated not only with respect, but with deference. No wonder that she dreamed dreams and looked forward with joyful anticipation. She loved the young man who was so kind to her, and he evidently loved her. To her that love meant only one thing. She was to be his forever, his wife and the mistress of his house and fortune.

No definite promises had been given or received. Abigail was in that passionate state which takes love for granted and yields the innocent tokens of an affection of which she is not ashamed. She concealed her intimacy from Keturah and the family more from pride than from fear. In her new life she was growing more and more disgusted with her mean surroundings and her family connections. She was hoping for the day to come quickly that would take her away from it all. She said to herself: "When I am married I will help Keturah to live in a better place, but I don't suppose I will be able to see much of her or the rest of them. I am sure Robert would not like it."

So she dreamed her dreams and made her plans until that night in August, when she found herself with Robert at the Brighton Beach Hotel after the last train had gone to the city.

While Robert was away Abigail sat on the porch of the hotel, watching the moonlight on the sand, and listening to the surf beating against the shore, with a strange feeling of fear in her heart. It suffocated her so that she could not breathe. She got up hastily and walked to the

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edge of the porch to find relief. But as she leaned upon the rail and looked out she only heard more clearly the beating of the surf, and she was the more afraid, and she wished with all her heart that she were at home.

She was roused from her painful reverie by the voice of her friend, saying: "Come, Abigail, it is all right. I have taken rooms. We will have a little supper, and then the maid will show you to your room."

When she turned and looked at him, he saw that she was frightened. "Come, dear," he said, "come, there is nothing to be afraid of. Let us go to supper." And taking her by the hand he led her to a table at the far end of the porch, overlooking the sea. And then a dainty supper was served; and when they had finished, the young man took the girl to the upper floor and calling the maid sent her away to her room, saying: "Good-night, Abigail. I hope you will rest well. We will return to town early in the morning."

"Good night, Robert," said Abigail and following the maid, she went to her room.

BOOK SECOND



Dr. Suydam

CHAPTER I

DR. SUYDAM

WHEN Dr. Suydam reached home on the Sunday morning of his interview with Keturah Bain he found that he was late for luncheon. Simmons, the butler, who opened the door for him told him that "Mrs. Suydam and Master Robert and Miss Katherine was a-waitin' for him in the mornin' room."

"Tell them not to wait," said Dr. Suydam, "I will be down presently," and handing his umbrella to the butler he passed up the stairway to his library. The home of Dr. Suydam was one in which wealth was manifested on every side. The floor of the hallway was a rich mosaic, overlaid with priceless rugs; the stairway was of polished oak with mahogany balustrade. The walls of the hall and the stairway were covered with pictures by the leading masters of the world. At the foot of the stairway was a niche containing a piece of statuary by Story, and at the head of the stairs was a group in marble, from the chisel of Harriet Hosmer. The library into which Dr. Suydam entered was a noble room, the full width of the house, and running back thirty feet. It was lined with bookcases, extending up to the ceiling, which contained one of the finest private libraries in the city of New York. Dr. Suydam was a lover of books and spared neither means nor

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pains to secure the finest editions and the most costly bindings. His library contained nothing that he had not read.

He was, as his appearance indicated, the man of culture. Dr. Suydam was tall and slender; his head was the long head of the thinker and the mystic; his brow, narrow and receding, was shaded by dark brown hair in which there was a tinge of gray. Being short-sighted, Dr. Suydam was never without his glasses, and so the power of his eyes was in a measure lost. When he removed his glasses his eyes were seen to be weak and watery, showing the hard wear to which they had been subjected. A long, thin nose, a wide mouth, sensitive lips, and pointed chin gave to the whole face a delicate refinement, and showed the character of the man to be strongly emotional.

Socially Dr. Suydam was a Brahmin. There was no social rank higher than his in the city of New York; none, indeed, higher than his in America, coming as he did from the old Dutch stock, bearing a name older than the city itself. Dr. Suydam was an aristocrat by inheritance as well as by training. He was not a rich man, as men were even then counting riches in the city of New York; but he had inherited from his father, who had died in his early youth, a fortune sufficient to support him in the state of life into which he had been born. His mother was the daughter of a successful merchant, and her fortune added to that of his father made it possible for him to live as he pleased.

From his earliest youth he had been a student, and had been allowed to follow his natural inclination without let or hindrance. At the early age of twenty he had graduated with high honors from Columbia College, and turning from the noise and bustle of the world entered the min-

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istry of the Episcopal Church. He had intended to devote himself to missionary labors in heathen lands; but he was the only son of his mother, and she besought him not to leave her to live and die alone. He yielded his wishes to her prayers and accepted temporarily, as he thought, a position on the staff of Saint Nicholas Church.

While he was waiting for Providence to open the way for him to preach the Gospel in foreign parts, he preached the Gospel to his own people. And as the years went by, and still he could not go, he drifted into the ways and formed the habits of the city pastor, ministering to a rich and fashionable congregation.

From the very first Dr. Suydam preached the Gospel rather than doctrines based on the Gospel. His sermons were either spiritual or practical. He was chaste yet fervid in his style, and was accustomed to throw out such strong appeals as that which brought Keturah Bain to her feet.

On that Sunday morning the preacher, utterly unconscious of himself, had simply given voice to the great Gospel of Jesus the Christ.

His interview with Keturah had moved him deeply. He felt at once that she was a woman widely different from those who usually surrounded him after his preaching and praised his sermons, and came to him not so much to seek his advice as to indulge in the luxury of spiritual emotion.

His experience with Keturah Bain had been a fresh experience; it had brought him face to face with the great realities of human life, its sin, its sickness, its poverty and degradation. As he stood in the midst of his luxurious surroundings there came into his heart a sad dissatisfaction with himself and his work in the world. He could

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not fail to contrast his preaching with his life. He lived really in two worlds. He believed ardently all that he preached while he was preaching. That life of high endeavor, of self-sacrifice and personal purity, was the life which he had chosen for his own in the days of his youth. He had intended to make of himself a whole burnt offering to the Lord. That inspiration still ruled his thinking and his feeling, but somehow or other it had escaped him in practice. When he came down out of his pulpit and had entered his satin-lined carriage, and was driven to his elegant home on the avenue, he could not help contrasting his theory with his practice. In theory life was to be high, holy, and severe, a life of self-denial, of devotion to God and man; in fact, it was commonplace, luxurious, and self-indulgent.

And though custom had habituated Dr. Suydam to this contrast, yet he could not altogether rid himself of the painful uneasiness which it occasioned.

And on this day, forgetting his lunch, he fell into a sad reverie, seeing himself as he was and as he might have been.

At the end of twelve years the mother of Dr. Suydam died, and, so far as she was concerned, he was at liberty to go where he pleased, but then it was too late. He had married a wife and could not go.

CHAPTER II

AN OMINOUS COUGH

THE engagement of Dr. Suydam to Mrs. James Bullet, known to New York as the Bullet millions, had been a nine days' wonder in social circles. The popular preacher had reached the ripe age of thirty-five and never once, so far as society knew, had been entangled with any woman. Female loveliness had spread its snares before him in vain. Devotees lifted their soft eyes and clasped their soft hands in ecstatic worship to no purpose. The heart of the young preacher was hardened against every appeal of the soft emotions. His books, his work, and his mother filled up for him the measure of his desires.

When society had made up its mind that Jacob Suydam never would marry, and womankind, since it could not have him for a lover, was beginning to worship him as a saint, then all of a sudden, and without any warning, the idol was shattered and the fair dream of human perfection vanished.

Dr. Suydam was engaged and then married.

And, of all women in the world, to the Bullet millions! To a woman not of his class; a widow with two children; a woman at least five years older than the man who was to be her husband, and who, ever since her first husband's death, had been almost brazen in her efforts to force her way into the inner circles of New York society.

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Never did a man fall so fast and so far as Dr. Suydam fell in the estimation of society, when his engagement was announced. And in his own heart he joined in that condemnation which was pronounced against him by the world.

He never could think of his engagement and marriage without a blush of shame. He had never meant to marry the Widow Bullet, nor any other woman, and least of all had he meant to do it on the morning when by his actions he had made it inevitable. A moment of weakness betrayed him into a lifelong mistake. He was able to read in his own life the sad story of the Fall of Man.

The Widow Bullet had for social reasons purchased a pew in Saint Nicholas Church. From the very first she had been drawn to the young assistant minister, who was a high priest in that inner circle into which she so longed to enter. The young man met her advances with that courtesy which was natural to him, and she in return placed herself and her fortune at his disposal. She was ready to further his slightest wish to the full extent of her means.

At that time Dr. Suydam was deeply interested in a scheme to found a college in China. His interest in the foreign field was all the greater because he could not himself enter that field. He did not find many to think as he did. Hard-headed business men said, "We have work enough at home, let England take care of China." The close of the war had made the education and evangelization of the negro a duty nearer to the heart of the American people than the education and conversion of the Chinese. So poor Dr. Suydam had not many to sympathize with him in the great desire of his heart.

The encouragement and the help of Mrs. Bullet were

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very grateful to him. One day she came to see him by appointment in the vestry room of the church. He was seated at his table and she came and sat down beside him.

Mrs. Bullet was, in her way, a handsome woman, and she was in all the glory of her second womanhood. She was an Irish woman from the County of Munster. Her form was tall and well rounded, her light hair had darkened with age until it was like burnished copper. Her gray eyes shaded by dark lashes gave a distinguished appearance to her countenance, and her color, a rich blending of red and white, gave her all the power and fascination of a full-blooded, healthy woman.

As she seated herself she said: "I have come, Dr. Suydam, to ask how much you need to finish the buildings of the college in China."

"I do not know exactly, Mrs. Bullet, but I am afraid it will require not less than ten thousand dollars."

"May I have the privilege of giving that amount," said the lady, "so that the college may be finished at once and the work go forward?"

"Do you mean, Mrs. Bullet, that you wish to give the whole of the ten thousand dollars yourself?"

"Certainly."

"Why, my dear madam," said Dr. Suydam, "this is princely," and arising he gave his hand to Mrs. Bullet. She, rising also, placed her hand in his and came close to him and said: "I am glad to do it. It gives me the greatest pleasure to help you in any way."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Bullet. I am very grateful, there are so few who care for this work. I am thankful, not only for the money, but also for the sympathy. I hope I may have that sympathy always." As Dr. Suydam spoke he still held the hand of Mrs. Bullet in his.

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She, drawing nearer to him, said: "Dr. Suydam, it is the dearest wish of my heart to be near you and to help you always. May I?"

Looking down Dr. Suydam saw her bosom rise and fall, and the full power and aroma of her womanhood took possession of him and scarcely knowing what he said or did, answered: "Certainly, Mrs. Bullet, certainly."

"Oh, how happy you make me!" cried the widow, and she held up her lips to be kissed.

Still hardly knowing what he did, Dr. Suydam stooped down and kissed her.

The high color in her cheeks deepened into purple and her gray eyes melted into tender blue. Without stirring she still held up her waiting lips, and Dr. Suydam kissed her the second time.

Just then he heard an ominous cough and looking up he saw the sexton standing in the open door.

Dr. Suydam, flushing to the roots of his hair, said: "Jenkins, will you please say to any one who asks you, that I am to marry Mrs. Bullet?"

"Yes, sir," said Jenkins, and he went away.

CHAPTER III

DOMESTICITY

WHEN Dr. Suydam married the widow Bullet, the women fumed and the men laughed. The women decried the widow for the artful, scheming creature that she was, and despised Dr. Suydam for yielding to her wiles. The men shrugged their shoulders, and said a parson was just like other men and knew a good thing when he saw it. Teddy Schuyler expressed the common opinion when he said the Bullet was "a fine woman, be gad, and her millions were millions, and that was all there was of it."

After his marriage, Dr. Suydam continued to officiate as minister of Saint Nicholas Church, and in a short time recovered in a measure his popularity. He was no longer the pet and darling of the single women of his congregation. In many a chamber his picture had been turned to the wall, and the fair devotee who used to pray before that picture as before the image of a saint went prayerless to bed.

But Dr. Suydam and the Bullet millions, once joined together, became a force which it was impossible for social New York to ignore. With her new name, Mrs. Suydam took her new place and held it. She built a new house for herself in the most fashionable part of the city, and when she opened her doors, all society passed through those

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doors into her drawing-rooms, and she became at once one of the elect.

And yet she was not happy.

The clerical position of her husband was a bar to her complete social success. She could not as a minister's wife quite keep pace with the lay members of the congregation. She was invited to the more formal and stately entertainments, such as dinners and the like; but she was not expected to be present at the masked balls and wilder gayeties of the social world.

This galled her exceedingly, but she consoled herself with the thought that what was denied her was freely enjoyed by her children. Her son Robert and her daughter Katherine were in the front rank of the fashionable set. The name of her daughter was associated in current gossip, with that of a distinguished scion of the English nobility.

Dr. Suydam was in this family, but not of it. He and his wife drifted apart immediately after marriage. There was never any real love between them, and there was no common interest to hold them together. The college in China suddenly lost its charms. Dr. Suydam thought of it with shame and Mrs. Suydam never thought of it at all.

She was busy with her social duties, using all her skill for the advancement of her children, and left her husband to his books and his writing. She admired and praised his sermons, and in the sight of the world kept her place as a devoted and dutiful wife.

Dr. Suydam went back to his work with a deep sense of humiliation. He had lost his self-respect, and had forfeited his high calling. He never could dream of giving his life for souls that are lost. The only thing left him

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was to become a successful city rector, and so realize, if possible, the ambition of his wife.

He had been married six years, and all that time had been waiting for Dr. Van Antwerp, the rector, to die or resign, and at last he was to see the fulfillment of his lower hope. As we have already learned, with the removal of the church, which was soon to take place, Dr. Van Antwerp was to retire on a handsome pension, and Dr. Suydam was to succeed him in the rectorship of Saint Nicholas Church. But somehow or other the prospect was not alluring, and Dr. Suydam wished for another lot than that which fate had forced upon him, wished that there was some other hope before him than that of being the rector of one of the richest and most fashionable churches in the city of New York.

Never had he felt this more keenly than he did this day as he stood and looked sadly at the clouds returning after the rain.

Dr. Suydam was so deep in his reverie that he had lost all thought of the luncheon waiting for him in the morning room. He was recalled to himself by the voice of Simmons saying with a shade of impatience: "I beg your pardon, sir, but Mrs. Suydam told me to say that luncheon was a-gettin' cold and would you please come down."

"Certainly, Simmons, I will come immediately," said Dr. Suydam who, however, still lingered as if dreading to meet the people to whom, with one exception, he was hardly more than a stranger. Finally overcoming his reluctance he went down into the morning room.

His wife and daughter were there dressed in their morning gowns; his wife in white, but Katherine in a pale blue. Robert Bullet was seated before the open fire, reading the *Spirit of the Times*, a sporting paper. He

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looked up as Dr. Suydam entered and taking his pipe out of his mouth said: "Good morning, Doctor," and then went on smoking and reading.

Mrs. Suydam was not very cordial in her greeting. She was quite impatient because luncheon had been delayed so long. What she considered her husband's dilatory habits were very annoying to her. She did not rise, but simply glanced up and said: "You are very late to-day, Doctor."

"Yes, I was detained. A young woman wished to see me after the service."

"I wonder that any one was at church to-day," said Mrs. Suydam, "and I wonder more that women can't let a minister alone. It was Miss Emmett, I suppose. She is always stopping you as you go down the aisle."

"No," answered Dr. Suydam. "It was a stranger, a woman from the neighborhood who came into the church to get out of the storm."

"I am glad," said Mrs. Suydam, "that we are going to leave that neighborhood. It is getting worse and worse every day; and those people are forcing themselves into our church. If you are a little late, as like as not you find a shopgirl in your pew."

"Well," said Dr. Suydam, smiling, "a shopgirl needs the gospel as much as young ladies of society."

"If she does," answered Mrs. Suydam, tartly, "let her go and hear it in a mission chapel and not thrust herself in where she does not belong. Those people are getting more and more insolent every day."

Dr. Suydam never argued with his wife. Whenever she expressed a decided opinion it was his custom to be silent for a moment, and then to politely change the subject. So at this moment he turned his attention to his

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chop and his chocolate, and nothing more was said of the stranger whom he had met in the church.

After a pause, Katherine Bullet looked up from the morning paper and said: "Who was at church this morning, papa?"

"Nobody, my child," said the Doctor, "that is, nobody but Mayor Beekman."

"And I'll bet he was late," said Robert. "Beekman goes down every Sunday to the City Hall to get his mail, and he takes in Saint Nicholas on his way home, gets in just in time for the sermon, and leaves as soon as it is over. Beekman doesn't waste any time on preliminaries or conclusions, I can tell you."

"Well," said Katherine, "I think the Mayor shows his good sense in all that. Daddy's sermon is about all there is worth staying for in old Saint Nicholas. It is getting to be a nasty place and as dreary as a barn."

"Katherine," said Mrs. Suydam, severely, "how often must I tell you not to call Dr. Suydam, Daddy? It is not respectful."

"Oh, you don't care, do you, Daddy?" said the girl, coming and standing behind the Doctor's chair. "You don't want to be treated with respect all the time, do you now? I'm certain I'd die if I had to be treated with respect day and night. When I get to be a duchess, I tell you I'm not going to bed with my coronet on. There is one thing I am going to put in the marriage settlements, and that is that I am not to sleep in my dignity."

"Katherine," cried Mrs. Suydam, "remember that your brother and Dr. Suydam are present."

"I beg a thousand pardons. A woman should never speak of sleeping, in the presence of so modest a person as Dr. Suydam, or of one so innocent as Bobby Bullet."

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Dr. Suydam took the hand of the girl, with which she was smoothing his hair, and said, "You naughty girl; why do you delight to say things that shock your mother? If your bite were as bad as your bark, we should have to keep you muzzled all the time. Tell me, madcap, where were you last night that you did not get home till ever so late?"

"Late, Daddy," said the girl, "late, it was early, it was four o'clock in the morning."

"Where could you have been till that hour?" said the Doctor. "I thought you said you were going to Mrs. Schuyler's to dinner."

"So I did," answered Katherine. "If you want a history of the evening, I will try to give it to you, though it will be hard to remember everything as it happened. At six I went to the Perkins' to afternoon tea; at seven I came home and dressed, and went to Schuyler's to dinner. At ten we went to the opera for the last act of Tannhauser; at eleven-thirty we drove up to Tommy Van Winkle's studio to see some dancing; at one o'clock we went to the Horton house for supper; from there we drove to the Schuyler's, where we girls sat about and talked till four o'clock, and then I came home."

"Kate," said Robert Bullet, slowly looking up from his paper, "if I were you, I wouldn't be so fresh."

"Don't say wouldn't, Bobby, dear, say couldn't. If you had been through all I went through last night, you would be so exhausted that you couldn't even smoke your pipe."

"You girls," said the young man, "are getting so fast there is no keeping up with you. We men are getting tired of it all, I can tell you."

"I can well believe that, Bobby, my boy. You men

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tire very easily. You lose your wind before you have commenced to run your race. You young men are worn out with dissipation before you are twenty."

These spats between brother and sister were so much a part of the family life, that no notice was taken of them.

"Come, Katherine," said Dr. Suydam, "leave Robert to his paper, and tell me if you think it is just the thing for the daughter of Dr. Suydam to be out until four o'clock Sunday morning."

"Oh, that wasn't the daughter of Dr. Suydam at all, at all," said Katherine, dropping into a rich Irish brogue. "It was that bit of a divil, Jim Bullet's gurl, it was. Dr. Suydam's daughter goes to church o' Sundays, and is as proper as Saint Bridget, but that divilish cantrip, Jim Bullet's gurl, she's the terror, she is."

"Katherine," said Mrs. Suydam, "if you do not speak more respectfully of your father, I shall leave the room. Your irreverence spares nothing, not even the memory of the dead."

"Pardon me, my dear mother," said the girl. "I not only reverence the memory of James Bullet, deceased; I adore it. From all that I can learn my father, James Bullet, lived a life of self-denial that would have made him a saint in the good old days. He toiled from morning till night and denied himself the common comforts of life, and all that you might own the finest house in New York, that Bobby, over yonder, might own a private yacht, and that I, Katherine Bullet, might, if I pleased, buy a dukedom."

"Katherine," said her mother, rising in anger, "your flippancy is unbearable. I do not know where you got such a nature as yours. Not from me, certainly, and surely not from any association with Dr. Suydam."

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"No, mother, not from you nor yet from Dr. Suydam. I am Jim Bullet's girl and no mistake. I have heard that my respected father was not a reverent man; I am told that he even went so far at times as to use bad words. You ought to be satisfied if I am only flippant; you know I might be profane."

"Kate," said Robert, rising and knocking the ashes from his pipe, "you are a fool."

"Thanks, awfully, Bobby," said Katherine, with a courtesy.

As Robert was leaving the room his mother said: "I hope, Robert, that you are going to be home to dinner. Mayor Beekman and Florence are to dine with us."

"I am sorry, mother, but I can't come home to-day. We are going to give Dipford a dinner at the club to-night, before he starts west on his great hunt."

"Oh, of course, if you are to dine with the Marquis, you cannot come. Give my regards to his lordship, and say that we shall expect him to stay with us when he comes back from the west."

"And tell that young man," said Katherine, "to take good care of himself. He must remember that I have an option on him."

"Katherine," cried her mother, "your coarse way of speaking will be your ruin."

"Well, mother mine, if I am ruined I am ruined. But I know that a girl worth twenty millions in her own right is not easily ruined. She can, if she pleases, indulge in the expensive luxury of speaking the truth. I know and you know and Daddy knows that the coronet of the prospective Duchess of Senlac is in the market, and I am one of the half-dozen girls in the country that can put up the necessary funds. I have put in my bid. Dipford isn't

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much of a man, but I like him for his title's sake, and if I want him I am pretty sure to get him. There is no girl in the town that has so much money, combined with so much beauty."

The girl drew herself up to her full height and made a sweeping gesture with her arm, and her presence did not belie her words. She was that most bewitching of women, an Irish blonde; her hair, which was the coronet that nature had made for her, was gathered in great coils about her head and was the color of the clouds at sunset. When Katherine was young, Bobby called her red-head, but the red had grown darker, and her hair was like the clouds of evening shot through and through with light. Her eyes were of the deepest blue and were merry and mischievous. Her nose, short and thick, would have been an ugly feature, had it not been for the full ripe lips, always rippling with laughter, which made a man crazy to kiss them.

In the presence of this girl a man was in the presence of life—of life that was bright and joyous and satisfied with itself. She had everything which this world gives to its favorites; beauty of person, health, wealth, social position, and the sense of humor. Katherine did not take herself or her world seriously. She was on the lookout for the fun and frolic side of life, and she was a girl in her twentieth year.

Dr. Suydam, as he looked at her, could not help admiring her. She was all that made his domestic life tolerable.

At her last speech the Doctor laughed heartily, and said: "Take care, my dear; it is not well to boast before your bargain is completed. There are other girls as confident as you of securing the prize of their high calling

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in the social world, which seems to be an English coronet. Take care, I say, that they do not combine against you."

At this Katherine made a pretty mouth and left the room. Mrs. Suydam followed her, and Dr. Suydam returned to the quiet of his library and the company of his books.

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIAGE RIGHTS OF THE POOR

AFTER his meeting with Keturah Bain, Dr. Suydam had fallen into the habit of going down to the church for the afternoon service. At that time none of the regular parishoners were present, only people from the neighborhood and strangers off the street. This afternoon service was in charge of the younger members of the clerical staff; the rector was never present, and Dr. Suydam rarely. It was a matter of comment when he began to come Sunday after Sunday to evening prayer. The younger clergy wondered among themselves as to its meaning. They were the more puzzled, and not a little scandalized, when they saw Dr. Suydam frequently meeting and walking away with a strange woman.

Dr. Suydam was himself perplexed by his state of mind. He was strangely drawn to Keturah Bain. Her spiritual and intellectual condition had for him a subtle fascination. With her he could discuss, as he did with no other person, the fundamental problems of human life. And yet he felt that if these discussions were to have any practical result, they would throw him out of harmony with his own world and lead him into strange countries.

In the long summer afternoons, he and Keturah used to walk together down to the Battery Park, and talk of the things that lay nearest their hearts.

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The time for the picnic of the Plumbers' Union was near, and Keturah knew that John Sherwood would be pressing his suit, and she was sad and anxious. Her marriage seemed farther away than ever, and she wished she could put an end to it all and send John away forever and ever.

When she and Dr. Suydam were seated on a bench in Battery Park, looking out over the bay, Keturah turned to the Doctor and said: "Dr. Suydam, do you think that poor people ought to marry?"

"Certainly," said the Doctor. "Why not? Why do you ask such a question?"

"Why, it seems to me," said the girl, sadly, "that if poor people didn't marry, in a little while there wouldn't be any poor people, and all the misery that comes of poverty would pass away from the earth."

Dr. Suydam laughed heartily, and answered: "Very true, but if the poor people didn't marry, there wouldn't be any people at all, the work of the world would cease, and the human race come to an untimely end."

"Then you think poor people ought to marry, and have children, so that the human race may be continued and the work of the world carried on?" said Keturah.

"Yes," said the Doctor.

"But what is the use of it?" asked Keturah.

"The use of what?" said the Doctor.

"The use of the human race and the work of the world. It seems to me that the continued misery of the poor is an awful price to pay for such a sorry thing as this world and the human life that is on it. Now if the poor people were simply to stop marrying for fifty years, there would be an end of all toil and trouble; there would be no more sin and no more sorrow."

Marriage Rights of the Poor

"True," said Dr. Suydam, "but your remedy is not likely to be applied in our day. Nature has taken care of that. The poorer the people, the sooner they marry and the more children they have."

"Yes," said Keturah, "and that is what makes me angry. I cannot understand how a poor woman, with a decent thought in her mind, can think of marrying and bringing children into the world, to live as the children of the poor live in this city. Why! such children are damned before they are born. I, for one, can never be guilty of adding a single life to increase the sum of sin and suffering in the world!"

"Do you mean," said Dr. Suydam, "that you will never marry?"

"Yes," said Keturah, "that is what I mean, and yet I want to marry. I have wanted to marry for a long time. I have been engaged ten years."

"Engaged for ten years!" said the Doctor, looking into the sad, strong face before him with new interest. "You must have a faithful lover."

"Yes, I have," said Keturah, "John Sherwood is as faithful as a dog. I tell him to go away and marry some other woman. But he will not let me go."

"And do you care for him?" said the Doctor.

"Care for him?" said Keturah. "More than that, I love him. John Sherwood is not a great man, but he is a good man. He came into my life when I needed him, and now he is as much a part of my life as I am myself; but yet I cannot marry him and give him the only poor reward he asks for all his years of devotion."

"Why can't you marry him?" said the Doctor.

"Because he is poor and I am poor," said the girl.

"That is carrying a theory to the point of absurdity.

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Poor people must marry and believe that God will take care of them and their children," said the Doctor.

"That is all very well, Doctor, for you to say, because you are a minister; but as a matter of fact, you know and I know that God does not take care of the children of the poor. They are hungry and they are cold; they go to prison and to lives of shame, and your God does not lift a finger to help them."

"But, my dear Keturah," said the Doctor, anxiously, "is not God the father of the fatherless, and did not Jesus call the weary and heavy laden to himself? Must we not have faith and believe that God will bring light out of darkness?"

"That, Dr. Suydam, is very beautiful, and when I am up in Saint Nicholas listening to you I believe it, or at least I try to believe; but when I get down into Mulberry Street I cannot believe it. There is no God down there who cares for the people. He seems to care for the people up town, but not for the people in the back streets."

"But he has left his church in the world to care for those very people."

"Very true," said Keturah, "but does it?"

Dr. Suydam sat silent for a moment and then he answered: "I am afraid not, I am afraid not."

"Under the circumstances I do not think I ought to marry, not even if there was no one to think of but John and myself. I do not think children ought to be born into such a world as we have to live in. It isn't fair to the children."

That evening Dr. Suydam walked home with Keturah Bain. She had never permitted this before; now she consented because she wanted him to see the world in which she lived and into which she did not wish children to be born.

Marriage Rights of the Poor

The back streets of the city were really an unknown land to Dr. Suydam. He had gone to and from his church by Broadway. He was in the habit of riding more than walking, and was used to looking at life from a carriage window. People out yonder on the pavement seemed to belong to a different world with which the man in the carriage had no concern.

As Dr. Suydam walked down Mulberry Street, through the throng of people and saw the ragged children playing on the sidewalk, as he looked at the unkempt, slovenly women and at the hard, degraded faces of the men, he began to have that pity for the multitude which filled the heart of Jesus the Christ.

When they came to the passage way leading to 53 Mulberry Street in the rear, he asked Keturah where she was going. She said, "Home."

The court into which she led him was already dark, though out in the street it was still light. In the gloom Dr. Suydam was just able to see the grimy cottage of the Bain's, crowded against the black cabin of the Magrath's. "Do you live here?" said Dr. Suydam.

"Yes," said Keturah.

"How long have you lived here?" said the Doctor.

"All my life," said Keturah.

"But surely you have not lived in this darkness and dirt all your life."

"No," said Keturah, "when I was a child, it was very different. There was nothing between our cottage and the street, and we had a pretty garden with flowers and trees."

"How did you come to lose it all?" inquired Dr. Suydam.

"My father was unfortunate and we had to sell; then

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the Bullet estate bought our land and moved our cottage back and built the great tenement in front, and so we were shut in."

"And how much rent do you pay for this place?"

"We pay twenty dollars a month."

"Twenty dollars a month for this house, without light or air! It is an outrage. Why do you stay here?"

"Because we have nowhere else to go. I must be near my work. We would have to pay nearly as much for a floor in a tenement. We have this little house all to ourselves and it is our home."

Dr. Suydam simply said "Home," and with tears in his eyes gave his hand to Keturah, said "Good-by" in a low voice, and went away.

He understood why Keturah did not want to marry and have children.

CHAPTER V

THE POLICY OF AN ESTATE

FROM that time Dr. Suydam visited Keturah in her own home and became intensely interested in the phase of life which was thus revealed to him. When he came to know her father and her mother, her sister and her brother, and to learn, as he did, little by little, how she had given her life to keep these other lives from sinking into irremediable ruin, Dr. Suydam began to have for Keturah Bain a veneration bordering on worship. He saw in her a living example of that law of sacrifice which underlies human life, and is its safety and its hope.

Keturah Bain lived the Christ life which Dr. Suydam preached.

Not only did Dr. Suydam come to know the lives of the people living in the crowded precincts of Mulberry Street, but he came to know also the conditions that were in a measure responsible for those lives, and among other things he made a painful acquaintance with the Bullet estate. He found that estate invested largely in tenement property. Whenever it was possible each lot had on it a front and rear tenement. Nearly every front tenement had a saloon on the first floor, and the rear tenements were the abode of unutterable poverty and squalor. The estate, so invested, was yielding ten per cent. net, on its valuation.

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As these facts became known to Dr. Suydam, they filled him with sorrowful indignation. He began to look upon himself and the social class to which he belonged, as vampires, who were sucking the life-blood of the poor. The luxury in which he lived, he now saw clearly was paid for by the souls of the people. The honor of manhood and the purity of womanhood were sacrificed to the idol of material prosperity, shared by the few to whom it ministered. The more Dr. Suydam thought about it, the more he saw that it was utterly antagonistic to the gospel of Christ. He could see now, if he had never seen before, why Christianity was such a failure in the world. The religion of the Master had been betrayed by its own disciples. The power and success of the world had laid hold of the machinery of the Christian religion, and were using it for their own advantage. They were keeping the people quiet by the hope of a world to come, while they themselves were seizing and enjoying the world that now is.

Dr. Suydam determined that he would not any longer be responsible for the great wrong which he had discovered. He made up his mind to speak to his wife and persuade her, if possible, to remedy some of the worst evils existing on her estate.

In concluding to take this step, Dr. Suydam was departing from a rule which he had observed from the beginning of his married life.

He had never in any way meddled with the affairs of his wife. He soon learned that she was a woman fully capable of managing her own business; that in all the practical concerns of the world she was greatly his superior. Deferring to her judgment, he was in the habit of consulting her in regard to his own investments, and rarely did her judgment fail him.

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The opinion which Dr. Suydam had of his wife was shared by the lady herself. She knew that in all that pertains to the business of the world Dr. Suydam was a child, who but for her guiding and restraining hand, would lose all that he had, and as for consulting him about her own business, the thought never occurred to her. She had managed the Bullet estate, without his help, in the days of her widowhood, and she continued to do so after she had married the second time.

Mrs. Suydam had for her husband the mild contempt which men and women of affairs have for men and women of thought and feeling. It was, therefore, no easy task for Dr. Suydam to speak upon a subject that had never once been mentioned by him to his wife. But as he could not silence his conscience in any other way, he finally mustered courage and sought his wife for the purpose of pressing upon her the necessity of a reform in the administration of her estate.

At breakfast one morning, after a visit to Keturah Bain, Dr. Suydam told his wife that he would like to speak with her for a few moments on a matter of business.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Suydam, and she led the way to her private room. This room contained all the furniture to be found in a business office: a great desk in the center and alphabetical cabinets along the walls for the arrangement and filing of business papers. Off this office was a smaller room occupied by Mrs. Suydam's private secretary.

Closing the door of the secretary's room, Mrs. Suydam sat down at her desk and waited for her husband to speak. Seating himself in a chair which was placed at the side of the desk for those who wished to interview Mrs. Suydam, Dr. Suydam proceeded to open his case.

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He said: "I have been visiting some of our people who live in the lower part of the city. I find that they are tenants of your estate, and I wanted to speak to you about the houses in which they live; they are in a very bad condition and are unfit for occupation."

"I do not see, Dr. Suydam," said his wife, "why you should trouble yourself about matters that do not concern you. I leave the care of my estate to my agent, and he receives all complaints from the tenants and does with them what he thinks is best."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Suydam," (Dr. Suydam and his wife had fallen into the formal way of calling each other Dr. and Mrs. Suydam), "for speaking to you in regard to matters that I have, up to this time, left to your own judgment; but the evils on your estate are so many and so great that I must speak of them, and if possible, get you to correct them."

"Again I say, Doctor," said Mrs. Suydam, her color rising, "that I have perfect confidence in my agent. He will, I am sure, do all that the best interest of the estate demands."

"I am not thinking, Mrs. Suydam, of your estate," answered the Doctor; "I am thinking of the people who live on your estate. It is for them that I speak. Your estate is oppressing them, demanding of them three times the value of the tenements in which they live."

"I would like to know, Dr. Suydam," said the lady, with a tinge of sarcasm, "how you have come so suddenly to take an interest in these people. I have known you now for ten years, and this is the first time I have ever heard you so much as mention the people who live in lower New York. If I remember rightly, you are chiefly interested in the welfare of the Chinese."

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"I can pardon your sneer, Mrs. Suydam," answered the Doctor, "because it contains a very sad truth. It is true that I have for years been the pastor of a church and have never once taken the trouble to look into the lives of the people who live under the shadow of its steeple."

"And what has roused your sudden interest?" said Mrs. Suydam. "A woman?"

"Yes," said Dr. Suydam, "a woman."

"I thought as much," said Mrs. Suydam. "Your sudden zeal for the souls of the people has its origin in zeal for the soul of another one of the women who fall down and worship you. I would advise you, Dr. Suydam, to drop this creature. Your attention to her has been remarked."

"Madame," said Dr. Suydam, flushing in his turn with anger, "I shall exercise my pastoral office as I think best, and pay no attention to idle and evil gossip. This creature, as you call her, is living in one of your tenements and is paying you twenty per cent. on a fair valuation of your property. You are robbing her to keep yourself, your son, and your daughter in luxury."

"Pardon me, Dr. Suydam," said the lady, with quiet scorn; "remember we are not in church, and this is no place for a sermon. If the creature in whom you are so much interested does not wish to pay the rent which my estate demands, she is not compelled to do so. She can leave my property and go elsewhere."

"Yes; and where will she go? To property that is as bad and even worse than yours. The tenement property is all alike."

"You admit, then," said Mrs. Suydam, smiling, "that the Bullet estate is not exceptionally wicked in its dealings with tenants."

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"Certainly; I admit that your estate is no worse than others in the same neighborhood, but I would have it far better. I would have it a model of all that such an estate should be—an example of what an estate should do for people that live in its houses."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Suydam, lifting her eyebrows, "and what do you advise us to do?"

"I would have you," answered the Doctor, "tear away all the rear tenements. They are simply pestholes, breeding all kinds of disease. I would have you place in every set of apartments a bath and a closet, and instead of renting to saloon keepers, I would have you set apart one large room on the street as a reading room for the use of the tenants of the building."

Mrs. Suydam laughed scornfully. "Your interest in the creature is even greater than I thought. You wish to provide her with all the luxuries of life, and are willing that I should pay for them. No, I thank you."

"I wish, Mrs. Suydam," said the Doctor, earnestly, "I wish you would drop all personalities and all feeling and look at this matter from the standpoint of Christianity."

"And pray," said Mrs. Suydam, "what has Christianity to do with the management of my estate?"

"It has everything to do with it," exclaimed Dr. Suydam. "In the management of your estate you are violating the plainest precepts of Christianity every day."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Suydam. "If I am, I am glad to know it. But you will please remember that I manage my business on business principles, and not according to the sentimental vagaries of people who know nothing about the world in which they live."

"But, Mrs. Suydam," expostulated the Doctor, "your practice is a daily contradiction to my preaching."

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"And what if it is?" said the lady, with deepening scorn. "You do not for a moment suppose that the people to whom you preach take your preaching seriously. No one dreams for a moment of acting on the principles which you proclaim so eloquently. You do not take it seriously yourself. You preach poverty and self-denial, but for all that you like a good dinner and are particular about your wine."

"You refuse, then," said the Doctor, rising, "to even consider the matter of reforming the abuses existing in connection with your estate?"

"I certainly do, sir," said Mrs. Suydam, turning to her papers. "It is my duty to take care of my income."

"And it is mine," said the Doctor, as he passed out of the room, "to take care of my people."

And he went out of the presence of his wife baffled and ashamed.

CHAPTER VI

THE DEVIL AT WORK

THE long summer days came, bringing with them their stifling heat. The clergy and people of Saint Nicholas' church migrated to the mountains and the sea-side. Robert Bullet's yacht, the *Sea Hawk*, spread its white wings and sailed away to the coast of Maine.

At the same time Abigail accepted an invitation to spend a part of the summer with one of her friends in the country. Keturah was glad to have her go, and was thankful that Abigail was in the way of being lifted out of the sordid and debasing conditions of Mulberry Street. She saw, however, with sadness, that her new life was drawing her sister farther and farther, not only from her home, but also from her people. Keturah knew that in a short time she would lose Abigail altogether. As soon as she began teaching she would live elsewhere.

The summer was a lonesome one for Keturah. She had sad, homesick letters from Shinar. He never could get used to the country. There was so much noise there; he couldn't sleep. The birds and the cattle and the chickens wakened him before daylight, and the crickets and the katy-dids wouldn't let him sleep o' nights.

When Keturah read these complaints and then listened to the ceaseless din of the city streets, the rattle

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and the roar, the cries of vendors and the shrieking of children, she smiled at Shinar's grumbling, and wished that she too might be wakened by the song of birds and the lowing of cattle, and go to sleep to music of crickets and the cry of the katy-did. Keturah smiled more sadly when she read at the close of Shinar's letter the words, asking her "not to let Abigail forget him." "Poor boy," she said, under her breath, "Abigail thinks less of him than he thinks of the birds and crickets."

As Keturah lay awake night after night in the sickening heat of her back tenement, a great fear kept watch with her in the darkness.

After a brief effort at sobriety her father had fallen back into his drinking habits. True to his vow that not a drop of Cronin's whisky should pass down his throat, he had transferred his patronage to the saloon of Patrick Maloney over the way. This saloon was not nearly so fashionable nor so elegant as that of the alderman.

It had no mahogany bar nor nickel-plated ale pump; its sanded floor and deal tables showed that it was a resort for the common people. Sailors and 'longshoremen were among its patrons.

In this saloon Captain Bain was a great man. He was a city official, and was known to have a mysterious pull with the district leader.

Maloney treated the Captain with the utmost deference and placed at his disposal a little back room where he could confer with his friends.

Keturah saw her father sinking down into lower and lower stratas of life, and knew that it was only a question of a little time when he would be turned out of his office in the Court House, and with his dismissal would go all hope of Abigail's getting a school. And if Abigail did

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not get a school, what could she do? Whenever Keturah thought of this she was filled with a feeling of terror. She was afraid for Abigail, the girl was so pretty, so wilful, and so weak.

Captain Bain did not share in Keturah's anxiety. He was elated with his prospects and was bursting with self-importance. From time to time he let fall mysterious hints, saying, "It aint goin' to be in Noo York like it has been. Flynn and the boss'll have to do different if they're goin' to hold on."

Keturah paid no attention to these mutterings of her father; they seemed to her simply the mutterings of a drunken man. In the night she turned on her pillow in despair and cried herself to sleep. In her dreams she saw a very sorrowful figure whose soul looked at her out of sorrowful eyes, and when she wakened in the morning she was comforted, saying to herself, "If God can't help me, at least he is sorry for me."

But Keturah was mistaken in thinking her father's mutterings to be mere drunken vaporings. He was engaged in an enterprise of great moment. He was entering into a secret conspiracy for the overthrow of the ring that ruled New York.

No less a person than Johnny Fox, a leading politician, who was known to be out with the boss, visited Captain Bain in the back room of Maloney's saloon. He came in by the side door so that his presence should not be known to the customers of the place.

One midsummer night Johnny Fox and Captain Bain were sitting in conference, a bottle of whisky between them, slowly drinking and talking.

"Well, Captain," said Johnny Fox, "when are ye goin' to do it?"

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"I don't know if I'm goin' to do it at all," said the Captain; "I aint promised yet."

"Yes, you did," said Fox; "you promised yisterday."

"What if I did?" said the Captain, sullenly. "I can take it back, can't I? I'm pretty well fixed now."

"Well fixed," broke in Fox; "Flynn 'ull fix you in a week or two. He aint forgot that blow you give him with the whisky glass. He's jest waiting for the boss to go away when he'll fire you quicker than hell and send you to the Island to get you out of the way."

"I know Flynn don't like me," said Captain Bain, "but he dassent fire me. I'll tell on him."

"Tell on him be damned," said Fox, "what 'ull he care for that? He 'ull say you 're a drunken liar. I tell you if you want to make yourself solid wid us you've got to hustle. When Flynn fires you it 'ull be too late."

"What do you want me to do?" said the Captain.

"We wants you to get in the dock-i-ment room in the Court House and hide yourself in the closet and see where Jim Carroll keeps thim papers of his'n. He's mighty anxious about 'em and comes down a dozen times a day to see if they are all right. We want you to sneak them papers."

"How'll I do it?" asked the Captain.

"This way," said Fox. "To-morrow you go and hide in the closet about two o'clock. I'll be about and keep my eye on Carroll. When he goes in the dock-i-ment room I'll foller him to the door. When he's got the drawer of the dock-i-ment chist open I'll step in and say, 'Hello, Carroll, can I speak to you?' He'll come all right, and I'll lead him out in the hall and you sneak thim dock-i-ments, and you can put these papers as look jest like 'em in the drawer and hide in the closet, and Carroll 'ull

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go back and see the papers all right and 'ull go away satisfied."

"And what 'ull you do with the papers?" said Captain Bain.

"Oh, we 'ull photograph them dock-i-ments and you'll sneak 'em back again, and Carroll wont know them dock-i-ments has been out o' his holy kapin' till he sees their pictures in the *Noo York Times*."

"And then what 'ull happen?" said the Captain.

"Then 'ull happen," said Johnny Fox, "such a ruction as this town aint seen since the draft riots. The great city of Noo York 'ull have a spasm of reform. The air of Noo York won't be wholesome at all, at all, for the boss and Tony Beekman and Jim Carroll and Paddy Flynn, and they'll seek for safety in furrin' parts."

"And what good 'ull that do you, Johnny Fox?" asked Captain Bain.

"Oh," said Johnny, "when the spasm of reform is over I'll be boss."

"And what good 'ull that do me?" said the Captain.

"If you keep straight, Captain," said Johnny Fox, "you kin have Cronin's place in the ward. Now will you sneak?"

"Yes, I'll sneak."

"To-morrer?"

"Yes, to-morrer."

"Well, thin, don't you drink no more to-night. Now you've agreed; give me your hand on it."

The Captain gave his hand to Johnny Fox, and when he drew it back he found that he had sold the boss for two pieces of gold.

Johnny Fox went out of the side door and Captain Bain, holding the money in his hand, went out of the saloon into the street and staggered homeward.

CHAPTER VII

THE MAKING OF A WILL

THE heat of the summer had been very hard upon Mother Magrath. Ever since Shinar had left her she had been failing. She missed the boy sadly. She sat in her empty cabin and crooned and cried: "He ate o' me mate and drunk o' me cup since whin he was a baby, and now he's gone and left me to die in me cabin alone, bad cess to him and to the woman as sint him away."

Whenever Keturah went into the cabin she was greeted with outcries and reproaches. The old woman mourned so for the boy and wilted so under the heat that Keturah began to fear that she would not last through the summer. And she deemed it her duty to see that whatever money Mrs. Magrath had, should go to Shinar at her death. She knew that the old woman had no one near enough of kin to inherit under the law, and she had learned that if she died without disposing of her property it would all go to the State. Keturah set her wits to work to persuade her to make a will in favor of Shinar. She knew that the one desire of Mother Magrath was to have a great funeral when she died. So she approached her from this side, hoping to secure for Shinar whatever remained, and Keturah did not think it would be much, after the funeral expenses were paid.

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One evening, when the heat was so intolerable that no one could stay in the court, Keturah took Mother Magrath out of her cabin and walked slowly with her up to the City Hall Park. They found a vacant seat near the fountain and sat there, trying to believe that the falling water made the air cooler.

Keturah held the old woman's hand in hers and said: "I wish we could stay here all night, mother. It's so much cooler than it is down in the court."

"Ye 'ud be after catchin' yer death if ye did, mavourneen." When Mother Magrath called Keturah mavourneen it was a sign that she was pleased with her.

"Well, mother," said Keturah, "if we did it wouldn't matter. We've got to die sometime, you know. If not to-day, then to-morrow."

"Yis, me dear, yis, and it's not fer long I'll be stayin', cool or no cool. Since the bye lift me, bad cess to him, I be hearin' the banshee in the cabin. It do be callin' me sowl, and I 'ull be havin' to go and not a chick ner a child to care for me buryin'."

"You needn't trouble about that, mother. When you are taken away, Shinar and I will see that you have a proper funeral," said Keturah, stroking the woman's hair.

"Ye 'ull be afther doin' that, Keturah, mavourneen?" said the old woman.

"Yes, mother," said Keturah.

"Ye 'ull have me laid in a white shroud?"

"Yes, mother, if I have to make it myself."

"And ye'll have no common coffin, but a caskit like from Moriarty's."

"Yes, mother, what color shall the casket be? White?"

"Niver, me dear, niver; de white caskit be all out o' fashion. It's purple I 'ull be afther havin', an' a hearse wid plumes and twinty hacks."

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"Twenty, mother? Isn't that a great many?"

"Sure it is, me child, and it's a great many I be wantin'. Whin Widdy Murphy was buried she had twinty hacks behind the hearse and I sid to meself, sid I, 'I'll have as miny hacks as Widdy Murphy if I has to starve meself to dith fer it.' Make it twinty-two, Keturah, make it twinty-two."

"You will want to be carried to the church?" said Keturah.

"Yis," answered the old woman, "and ye 'ull buy a mass fer me sowl. I'm no heathenish prodeshan, to be thinkin' o' goin' to Mary and the blissid saints, and the praste not sayin' a mass fer me sowl. You'll sure have the mass, Keturah?"

"Yes, mother, you shall have the mass."

"And a wake," said Mother Magrath, eagerly.

"What kind of a wake, mother?" said Keturah.

"Ye'll have me in me white shroud in me caskit, and ye'll ask me frinds and me neighbors to come and wake me. I'll not lie still in me grave if ye don't give me a wake," said the old woman, shaking her fist in Keturah's face.

"Oh, you shall have your wake, mother. But I was never at a wake. What do they do at a wake?"

"Whin I do be layin' in me caskit, they do be drinkin' to me hilth and wishin' me good luck where I be gone to."

"What do they drink?" said Keturah.

"Whisky," said the woman.

"Oh, not whisky, mother. I can never let them drink whisky. Surely you don't want them to drink whisky at your wake," cried Keturah.

"Yis, yis," said the old woman, excitedly, "widout whisky it's no wake. You'll have whisky, now won't ye, Keturah, darlin'?"

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Keturah, who was a Yankee, answered this question by asking another. "But how is all this funeral to be paid for, Mother Magrath? It'll cost a deal of money."

"Oh, I 'ull pay fer it all right. I've been savin' pinny by pinny fer me funeral."

"Well then, mother," said Keturah, "you must make a will."

"Make a will? Phwat's that?"

"That is a paper saying what shall be done with your money after you are dead. If you don't make a will the police will come and take all your money and they will keep it, too," said Keturah.

"The cops, did ye say? Niver. They be stalin' me money all me life. Not a pinny fer them whin I'm dead."

"Well, then, you must make a will," said Keturah.

"You 'ull be makin' it fer me, Keturah, darlin', that's a good girl. Wont ye now?"

Keturah took the old woman down home in the early morning hours and the next day, having consulted with Mr. Rosenthal, she brought a lawyer to the cabin and there in the presence of two witnesses was executed the last will and testament of Mary Magrath; in which, after paying all debts and funeral expenses, she devised the rest and residue of her property, of which she should die possessed, to one Jesse Shinar, her adopted son, and Keturah was named in the will as sole executrix. Keturah paid the lawyer for making the will and put it away in the safe in Mr. Rosenthal's office.

Without knowing it, Shinar had become an heir.

CHAPTER VIII

BUYING A CORONET

THERE is no place on the surface of the earth that has greater charms than the west porch of the Suydam Manor House. Places of greater sublimity there may be, but none of greater charm.

The Manor House lies upon the east bank of the Hudson river, halfway between Tivoli and Cedar Hill. It stands on the crest of the hill that slopes down to the river. It is set far back from the road and is approached through a long avenue, bordered by cedars. It is a white house, low and long, and was built in the early part of the eighteenth century. It had been the country home of the Suydam family for four generations. Dr. Suydam had inherited it from an uncle, and he loved it better than any other place in the world.

Mrs. Suydam preferred her more pretentious cottage at Newport. But to Newport Dr. Suydam would never go and so, to save appearances, Mrs. Suydam had to spend a portion of each summer at the Manor House. This, which was a vexation to her, was a delight to her daughter Katherine, who loved the Manor House almost as ardently as Dr. Suydam himself. She saw, what her mother did not, that this old house on the Hudson had about it a distinguished and aristocratic air that was al-

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together wanting to the evident newness of the Newport cottage.

Katherine had also what her mother lacked, a soul to appreciate the beauties of Nature, and because of this she loved the west porch of the Manor House. From that porch she looked out over the wide waters of the Hudson river, the white houses of the village of Saugerties, and then on beyond the foothills to the great Kaaterskill or Catskill range of mountains.

No mountains in the world are more lovable than the Catskill. They have a combined dignity and sweetness which gives them all the grace and charm of a magnificent and beautiful woman. As one watches them he is ashamed, as if he were spying on a woman in her privacy.

In the morning the mountain wakens and makes her toilet. She bathes herself in the gray mist that hides her from prying eyes. She comes out of her bath blushing rosy red in the light of the rising sun. When her toilet is finished she goes about her daily work as dainty as a bride on the bridal day. Her one occupation is to make herself lovely. She creates herself ornaments out of cloud shadows; she is capricious and changes her dress with the changing hours. Now she is clothed in the gray garb of the nun, and now in the purple of the princess, and again in the green of the huntress.

The storms that break over her only give her the added beauty which tears give to the eyes of a woman. She bursts into a passion of thunder sobs, only to smile more charmingly when the passion has spent itself in refreshing rain.

Like all women, these mountains are at their best in the evening. Then they dress for the grand function of

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the day. They are to dance with the clouds and make love to the stars. For this they clothe themselves in crimson and crown themselves with gold. And when the evening gayeties are over they cover themselves with darkness and go to sleep. Sitting on the west porch of the Manor House and looking out at their dark and massive forms, one can almost think that he can hear them breathe and has for them the awe and reverence which the pure soul has for a sleeping woman.

Who once has loved these mountains can never have a second love. Alp and Appenine are cold, and not for a moment to be compared in sympathy and loveliness with these bewitching mountains of the west.

Katherine Bullet loved these mountains and made them her confidants. They were now her chosen witnesses at the time of her betrothal. She had come to the Manor House to entertain and accept a proposal of marriage. As she sat down on the west porch waiting for her lover, who was to arrive by the evening train, there was about her no air of blushing expectancy. Her brow was in a frown and her lips were in a pout, as if she were dissatisfied with what she was about to do. She had sat for an hour and more watching the mountains with a feeling of shame. They were quiet, content with their station in life, while she was restless, eager, ready to give herself to a man whom she did not love, for the sake of higher social position.

She was about to give her virgin soul for a coronet and that virgin soul shrank from the sacrifice, as from a profanation.

As she was meditating with much discomfort on this treason to her higher self, she heard the sound of wheels on the avenue, and a moment later found herself in the arms of her dearest friend, Florence Beekman.

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"Oh, Kathe," exclaimed Florence, who was as dark as Katherine was fair. "Oh, Kathe! is it really so?"

"Is what really so, you goosie?"

"You know what I mean. Is he coming?"

"To what particular he, among the infinite number of possible he's, do you refer?"

"Oh, yes," said Florence, "you can afford to be mysterious and sarcastic when you know that the Marquis of Dipford is coming to lay at your feet the coronet of Senlac."

"The Marquis of Dipford is coming, I believe, but the coronet of Senlac is not his to lay at any one's feet. His father, the Duke of Senlac, is alive, and may outlive this son as he has outlived his elder brother, and then who will be Duchess of Senlac? Certainly not the widow of Dipford. Dipford is only a title by courtesy, and the widow of Dipford will only be Lady Fitz Osborn, even if she is Lady and not plain Mrs. Fitz Osborn."

"Oh, you wretched girl," cried Florence, "you are not so much as engaged to Dipford and here you are talking about being his widow."

"It is well to consider possibilities when you are buying futures. . If I give five millions down for the coronet of Senlac and then the market is short and the coronet is never delivered, do I get my money back? I guess not. My money has gone to save the Senlac estates from the hammer and I get nothing but plain Mrs. Fitz Osborn, and some haughty English woman comes in for the circle of gold. I tell you this buying of coronets is risky business."

But you will not refuse the Marquis, will you, Kathe?"

"Refuse him? Oh, no. Dipford is not much of a man, but he is the best the market affords, and, poor as he is, he will do to hang my social ambitions on."

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"But, Kathe, dear, you love him just a little bit, don't you?"

"Love him, Florence, love that manikin? What girl talks of loving to-day, and what is there for her to love? I could love," said Katherine, rising and pacing the porch, "I could love some great Irish king who would crush me in his arms and smother my mouth with his red beard. But love these worn-out roués of a worn-out social class. Never. A woman who could love them, must come to them as they come to her, with her forces spent in dissipation. It is a shame to waste fresh womanhood upon such a stale manhood."

"Now, Kathe," said Florence, "don't ride quite such a high horse. Did you never see a man you could love?"

"Yes," said Katherine, "one."

"Who, pray?" said Florence.

"Wilkins," said Katherine.

"What, Wilkins the coachman?" cried Florence, laughing.

"Yes, Wilkins the coachman, and you needn't laugh. Wilkins is a man with strong arms and mighty thighs, and then, Wilkins can do something. He can drive horses. But these little men without arm or thigh or calf, who lisp and drawl, whose highest ambition is croquet or tennis; what woman is not ashamed to look at them, much less love them?"

"Well, my dear," said Florence, "will you run away with Wilkins and give us a charming sensation in high life?"

"Impossible, impossible; a better woman than I secured the felicity of Wilkins years ago, and she is the mother of ten. No, I who crave the fierce embraces of an Irish king must put up with the mild attentions of an English marquis."

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"And there is not a girl in America," said Florence, "who doesn't envy you these mild attentions."

"There, there, my dear, there you have it. I marry Dipford that I may wave my hand from my ducal carriage at the Van Dorns, the Van Vechtens, and the Schuylers. I have played the game against them and I've beaten them. Now I must pay the price and the price is my body, my soul, and my fortune."

"But Kathe, you know down in your secret heart that Dipford isn't half bad."

"I know," said Katherine, "that Dipford is as good as his kind. He is twenty-two. He has run his course for four if not six years. He has about used up all the strength he ever had. But I guess I can groom him up and make an English statesman of him. I reckon there is enough left of him for that."

"You wretched girl, how you talk!" said Florence.

"I am a wretched girl! No one more wretched at this moment in all the world. But come, let us go and dress before his lordship arrives."

CHAPTER IX

A SORRY BARGAIN

WHEN Katherine came down ready to receive her suitor, she looked the duchess that she was to be. Her evening gown was a sea-green silk, which broke into ripples of lace about her bosom. Out of this sea foam her shoulders rose, contrasting softly with the whiteness of the lace. Had the lace not been there one would have thought the shoulders white, but with the lace about them they revealed the delicate pink of the seashell.

From the shoulders the neck shot up slender and long, holding a head as proud as the head of any duchess within the four seas. And above it all, the great coils of reddish hair that changed its shade with every change of light.

It did seem a pity that this magnificent Irish girl should not be the bride of some old Irish king and breed O'Briens for the throne.

When Katherine and Florence entered the drawing room they found the dinner party waiting for them. The distinguished guest of the evening was the Marquis of Dipford. This heir to one of the oldest and proudest titles in the English peerage did not altogether belie his descent. He had about him an air of elegant insolence, which is the characteristic of those who hold high places in the world. It was the air of a man who was accus-

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tomed to command and to be obeyed. In person the Marquis was not altogether unattractive. He was tall and slender. His hair and side whiskers were the hair and whiskers of the English blonde, almost flaxen in color. He had the long, thin, aristocratic nose. So far good, but his face ended badly in a weak mouth and chin and was of an ashy paleness, showing a poor condition of the blood. His whole figure was emaciated, and Katherine well might doubt the safety of her investment.

As she entered she greeted the Marquis coldly, and taking his arm went out with him to dinner. It was a family party and the dinner was a quiet one.

After the coffee had been served in the drawing room Katherine and the Marquis passed out into the grounds behind the house. It was a beautiful summer night. The moon was full and the river and the mountains were seen in that mysterious light which reveals while it conceals.

The whip-poor-wills were sending out their melancholy cry from the hillsides, and the crickets were chirruping in the grass. Katherine stood still for a moment, and then broke the silence saying: "How do you like our country? Don't you think this is a beautiful place?"

"Oh, yes, this is all right, but your country's awfully new, you know," said the Marquis. "You ought to see the West."

"Oh, I have seen the West; but what did you see there that attracted your attention?"

"Stumps, and what you call saloons. Drinking places, you know."

"Yes, I know; but how did you come to think so much of stumps and saloons?"

"Well, you know we would ride for hours and hours through the country and nothing but stumps, then we

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would come to a town, nothing but saloons. It seemed to me that the Americans had cut down all their trees to build saloons?"

Katherine Bullet laughed and said: "You will not carry away a very high idea of our country, will you?"

"Oh, I've seen something beside stumps and saloons."

"What?" said Katherine.

"Oh, I've seen some of the finest horses and women in the world."

"Indeed! And which did you admire the most?"

"The women. You have the finest women in the world here in America."

"You flatter us," said Katherine.

"Not at all," said the young man, "I mean every word I say and more. I beg your pardon, but you, yourself, are the finest woman I have seen in my life."

"Your lordship does me honor," said Katherine, with a sweeping courtesy.

"I mean to do you honor if you will let me. I came here on purpose to ask you to be my wife."

"Your wife?" said Katherine, looking away over the river to the mountain.

"Yes, my wife. I liked you the very first time I saw you. You are a stunning girl. I wish you would let me write to my father, the Duke of Senlac, that you accept my proposal. I know he will be pleased."

"May I ask by what name your lordship is called in your own family?"

"My name?" said the Marquis.

"Yes, your name, surely they do not call you my lord all the time."

"My name is Reginald Maurice Thomas Henry Fitz Osborn, Marquis of Dipford and Baron Brockton."

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"Merciful me," exclaimed Katherine looking the young man up and down, "are you all that?"

"Yes," said the Marquis, blushing.

"Well," said Katherine, "if I am to consider your proposal I must have a shorter name than that. I could never think of saying 'yes' or 'no' to Reginald Maurice Thomas Henry Fitz Osborn, Marquis of Dipford and Baron Brockton."

"Oh, you needn't call all that every time, you know. At home they call me Tommy."

"There now," said Katherine, "that is something like. Well, Tommy, you want me to be your wife?"

"I certainly do," said Tommy.

"Why?" said Katherine.

"Because I like you better than any girl I have ever known."

"You are sure of that?"

"Perfectly."

"Before you English people marry you make what you call settlements do you not?"

"Yes, but my friend, Mr. Du Pre, will attend to that, shall I send him to your father?"

"No, send him to me."

"To you?"

"Yes, to me," said Katherine. "We American girls attend to our own business."

"I will send him in the morning. I may say to him that you will consider my proposition?" said the Marquis.

"Yes," said Katherine.

"Thanks," said the Marquis. "May I?" and he came to the girl holding out his arms.

"Yes," she said, "you may kiss my hand," and she held out her hand.

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"Thanks," he said, brushing her hand with his lips.
"We always kiss the Queen's hand at court receptions."

Without further words Katherine turned and went into the house.

CHAPTER X

A WOMAN'S FATE

THE morning after the ardent love scene described in the previous chapter, found Katherine Bullet sitting on the west porch of the Manor House, watching the sunlight on the mountains. The clear air brought the great hills very near to her and as she looked at them she wished that she might go and hide herself in their depths, and live a mountain maiden all her days. Her soul was crying for the simplicity of nature.

As she was musing on the hard fate that compelled her to live an artificial life with artificial people, her reverie was disturbed by the presence of Dr. Suydam on the porch. He came to where she was sitting and gently laid his hand upon her head, saying: "I hear, my dear, that you are to be congratulated. You have accepted the proposal of the Marquis of Dipford."

"Hardly that, Daddy," said Katherine, looking up, "I have consented to consider the young man's proposition. Whether I accept it or not will depend altogether upon the terms which he offers." There was a weariness in Katherine's voice that stirred a chord of pity in the heart of Dr. Suydam.

"Is not that rather a cold way of considering a proposal of marriage?" said he.

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"Not when the proposal comes from such a man as Dipford to such a woman as I am. A proposal of marriage between us has nothing sentimental about it. It is a matter of cold business."

"Why so, my dear? You are the very woman to rouse sentiment in the heart of a man. You are a woman that any man might love."

"Yes," said Katherine, looking wistfully over at the mountains. "Any man might, but any man wont."

"Why not, my child?" said the Doctor, "why not, why should you not inspire love as well as any woman in the world?"

"Because," answered the girl, rising and walking to the front of the porch, and turning her back on the mountains, "because I am not a woman, I am twenty millions of dollars, and twenty millions of dollars may inspire greed, avarice, envy, hatred, and malice, but never love."

"But you do not think, Kathe dear, that your fortune shuts you out from all human affection?"

"Yes, it does, Daddy, yes it does. It shuts me out from all human affection except yours," and the girl went over and kissed the Doctor on the cheek.

"If you think in that way why do you not get rid of your fortune?" said the Doctor, taking her hand.

"You might as well ask me," said the girl, "why I don't get rid of my head. I was born with one as well as with the other. Take my head or my fortune away and I am not I."

"There, my dear, you are mistaken. Your head is your dear, lovely self, but your fortune is simply an accident of your life, a train of circumstances you carry about with you."

"Yes," said the girl, "but I am old enough to know

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that our fate depends far more on our circumstances than on ourselves, no matter how dear and lovely we may be. Do you suppose if I were only my dear, lovely self that the Marquis of Dipford would make a proposal of marriage to me? Don't you believe it, Daddy. He might make me a proposal, but it would not be of marriage. He might want me, I think he would, but not for his wife."

"But, Kathe dear, under these conditions, why marry at all? Why not devote yourself and your fortune to charity and good works?"

"Heaven deliver me from such a fate as that! A fashionable slummer; the prey of designing parsons and crazy cranks. Making myself lady bountiful to the poor and turning honest, hard-working folk into paupers. No, thank you, anything but that. No, Daddy mine, I am shut in by hard fate to just one calling. I must play the social game, or not play at all."

"But, Katherine, you can surely satisfy your social ambitions in this country. There are men of wealth and position who would be glad to marry you."

"Wealth and position," cried Katherine, scornfully, "to marry wealth would be simply to add money to money, which when one has twenty millions is a tiresome and useless process, and as for position I have that already; thanks to you, Daddy, I am already the swellest of the swells. No, Daddy, no, I must have new worlds to conquer, or I must die."

"And do you think you can conquer by means of the Marquis of Dipford?" said the Doctor, smiling.

"Yes," answered Katherine, "I do. In the first place, when I marry Dipford I will enter the most select social circle in the world. I shall be a member of the aristocracy

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of England. Then if I can keep Dipford alive, I will, in due time, exercise great influence as the wife of a leading member of Parliament and a Cabinet Minister, and by and bye be Duchess of Senlac."

"You expect Dipford," said the Doctor with a merry twinkle in his eye, "to reach such distinction in the state?"

"Yes, if he marries me, I do," said Katherine, "Dipford isn't half a fool. All he needs is proper grooming. I have detected in him a power of observation and a faculty for epigrammatic remark which will make his fortune in English public life."

"Indeed," said the Doctor, "from my little knowledge of the young man I never should have believed him capable of any great mental effort."

"It isn't mental effort, it is just genius. Last night, when I asked him what he saw out West he answered stumps and saloons. Now, that I call genius. Thousands of tourists have traveled across the American Continent and have seen the mountains and the rivers and the broad prairies, but this young man saw stumps and saloons, and when you come to think of it that is just what you do see. Miles and miles of stumps and hundreds and hundreds of saloons. And Dipford went on to draw a conclusion from what he saw. He said that the Americans had cut down all the trees to build saloons, and so in a simple sentence Dipford laid bare the secret of American life. We have destroyed the forest to build the saloon. A young man who can say things like that has a future."

"And you mean to marry in order to share Dipford's triumphs?"

"I mean to marry him in order to make his triumphs. Without me, Dipford would be simply a string of ciphers

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as long as his titles, with me he will be that same string of ciphers with the figure one before them."

"Take care, Katherine; remember what Wolsey said to Cromwell. 'Fling away ambition.'"

"Yes, and fling away all there is left me in the world."

"You despair of love, then?"

"Yes, love is frightened away by my fortune. He can never reach the heart through twenty millions of dollars."

Here the conversation was interrupted by Simmons, the butler, who brought Katherine a card bearing the name of Archibald Du Pre.

CHAPTER XI

FOR SO MUCH

WHEN Katherine entered the library and her visitor rose up to meet her she took a step backward in surprise. Knowing him to be the attorney of the Marquis of Dipford, she had expected to see an elderly man, with a bald head and glasses. She found herself, however, in the presence of a young man, not more than thirty years old, tall, slender, alert, with dark hair and eyes, a man of the French, rather than of the English type. There ran in his veins, as Katherine saw at once, not the cold blood of the Saxon, but the hot blood of the Gaul.

When he rose to meet her the eyes of the stranger manifested the admiration which he could not conceal, and Katherine returned his gaze with one equally admiring. They stood for a moment in silence, Katherine thinking to herself: "What a pity! What a pity! this should not be the attorney of the Marquis of Dipford, but the Marquis of Dipford himself;" then blushing at her silence, she said, "Mr. Du Pre, I believe?"

"At your service," he answered, bowing.

"You wish to see me?" asked the lady.

"Yes," he answered. "I come from the Marquis of Dipford who tells me that you have consented to receive a proposal of marriage from him."

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"That is true, I have consented to consider such a proposal," said Katherine.

"May I say," said the gentleman, still standing, "now that I see you I consider the Marquis exceeding fortunate to win the affection of a lady of so much beauty, and unless her face belies her, of so much goodness."

"And," added Katherine, "of so much wealth," smiling and seating herself, and motioning Mr. Du Pre to a chair.

He looked at her with a merry twinkle in his eye, and said: "I have been told that the American ladies are cynical."

"Truthful, if you please, Mr. Du Pre," answered Katherine, "we are both aware that were it not for my wealth I would never be thought of as the wife of the Marquis of Dipford, and to be perfectly frank were it not for his rank I would never think of the Marquis of Dipford in the light of a husband."

"I presume," said Mr. Du Pre, "that worldly considerations do necessarily enter into such a proposal as the Marquis of Dipford has made to you. But let me assure you that above and beyond all that, the Marquis has for you the greatest respect and admiration. His feelings are deeply engaged. He desires this alliance, not merely from motives of interest, but from motives of affection."

"I am sure," answered Katherine, "that the Marquis is very kind to prefer an American girl to all the beauties of England."

"The Marquis, I assure you, has grounds for his preference. May I be so bold as to say that there is not in all England a more beautiful woman than yourself, none upon whose head the coronet of Senlac would rest more worthily."

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"Thank you, sir," answered Katherine, "but do you not think that our conversation is rather inconsequent? It is hardly necessary to tell a woman that she is beautiful. That is the first article of her creed. Skeptic in all else, she believes in her own beauty with all the zeal of a fanatic. I think we can, if you please take that for granted, and putting aside all sentimentality pass on to the business that brings us together. I understand that the estate of Senlac is heavily incumbered."

"I regret to say that it is," answered Mr. Du Pre, "the indebtedness has been accumulating for a long time, until now the interest on the indebtedness almost equals the income from the estate. The Duke of Senlac is really a poor man."

"The family, I understand, is one of the oldest in England," said Katherine.

"Yes," answered Mr. Du Pre, "the Fitz Osborns came over with William from Normandy, and Hugh Fitz Osborn was created Duke of Senlac immediately after the Conquest. He married a niece of Harold, the last of the English kings, so that the family of Fitz Osborn unite in one stream the noblest blood of the Norman and the English races."

"Indeed," said Katherine, "do you not think the stream is rather thin and watery in the veins of the Marquis of Dipford?"

"Perhaps, perhaps," answered Mr. Du Pre, smiling. "The Marquis is not as robust as we should like him to be, but he is very young and will grow stronger as he grows older."

"That does not necessarily follow," said Katherine, "but we are wandering from the business in hand. What did you say were the extent of the incumbrances resting upon the estate of Senlac?"

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"I cannot answer that question exactly, but I am afraid they are not less than one million pounds."

"That is a large sum of money," said Katherine.

"Very large," said Mr. Du Pre.

"But not so large that I cannot relieve the estate of its burden should I enter the family as the wife of the Marquis of Dipford. I will be perfectly frank with you. I am a woman of very large wealth. I own one-third of an undivided share in my father's estate; this estate is estimated at sixty millions of dollars, and is invested so that it is yielding ten per cent. per annum on its valuation. My income from the estate is about two millions a year. I have not, of course, been able to spend this income, and beside my undivided share in my father's estate I have about six million dollars invested in various securities in my own name."

"You certainly," said Mr. Du Pre, "have been greatly blessed by fortune."

"Blessed or cursed as you please," said Katherine, "the fortune is there. It is piling up every day. It is not doing me, nor, so far as I can see, any one else any good. I must make some use of it, and the only thing I can think of is to use it to secure for myself the highest possible place in the social world, in which I am condemned by my fortune to live."

"I fear," said Mr. Du Pre, "that you do not find perfect satisfaction in the social world."

"I do not," said Katherine, "but so far as I can see no one finds any great satisfaction in any world, but whether we like it or not we have to live in the world in which we find ourselves. I belong to the world of wealth, and can with wealth command high social position. It is all my world has to give me, and I take it."

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"Have you never thought of love?" said Mr. Du Pre, ardently.

"Sentiment and money, Mr. Du Pre, are not near of kin to each other. We who are born to wealth and station must not consider our hearts. We must look to our wealth and our station, so again, I say, if you please, to business. If I accept the proposal of the Marquis of Dipford it will be my first duty and pleasure to relieve the estate of Senlac of all indebtedness."

"This is, indeed, the princely act of a princely woman," said Mr. Du Pre.

"But," said Katherine, "this is not unconditional. The Marquis of Dipford is not strong. His elder brother, I understand recently died of consumption. Is that so?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Du Pre. "Consumption brought on by dissipation." Mr. Du Pre was silent for a moment, and then answered, blushing, "The late Marquis of Dipford was ruined, not to say killed, by a designing and wicked woman."

"I fear," said Katherine, "that the present Marquis has not escaped altogether from the dangers that destroyed his brother."

"He has not," said Mr. Du Pre. "It was to save him from the same woman that he was brought to America, and I beg of you, Miss Bullet, to use that influence which you have over the young man to deliver him from an evil power that is bent on his destruction, and save one of the oldest and proudest families of England from extinction."

"It is a sorry task," said Katherine sadly, "but I will try. I will pay the indebtedness of the estate of Senlac on condition that Dipford House and the estate immediately connected with it is conveyed to me, and upon the further condition that a mortgage covering the whole

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estate of Senlac is made out in my name. This is to prevent any further borrowing by the present Duke or the Marquis of Dipford, and in consideration of this mortgage I will grant to the present Duke an income of fifty thousand pounds and to the Marquis of Dipford an income of twenty thousand pounds."

"I will lay your propositions before the Duke, and am sure that he will consider them most favorably, and I hope it will soon be my pleasure to welcome you as its future mistress to the Castle of Senlac," said Mr. Du Pre.

"If you will call upon my lawyers, Hamilton, Chose and Hamilton, they will have the settlements ready within a week," said Katherine.

"Thank you, I will call," and Mr. Du Pre bowed and left the house.

Katherine went onto the west porch of the Manor House, and said to Dr. Suydam, who was waiting for her:

"Well, Daddy, I've bought a dukedom."

"Have you, my dear? For how much?"

"Oh, for so much. I have given for it everything I have but my heart."

CHAPTER XII

YES, YOUR GRACE

THE summer was over and gone, but it was summer time still in the Suydam Mansion upon the avenue. In that favored spot art had triumphed over nature. November winds were bitter in the streets and November rains were cold, but in this house the air was soft and warm, and the flowers were blooming gaily. Mrs. Suydam was taking a last look at her rooms, before leaving them to dress for dinner.

These rooms were decorated for one of the greatest social events that had ever occurred in the City of New York. The Duke of Senlac was to dine with Dr. and Mrs. Suydam, and thus publicly celebrate the engagement of his eldest living son, the Marquis of Dipford, to Katherine Bullet, only daughter of Mrs. Suydam, and heiress in her own right to twenty millions of dollars.

This event was creating the wildest excitement in the city. Not only were social circles stirred to their depths, but the commonality were agog to all that was going on. Penny papers carried the news to Mulberry Street, and the faces of the Duke of Senlac, the Marquis of Dipford, of Katherine, and Dr. and Mrs. Suydam were made familiar to the newsboy and the boot-black. It was stated that immediately after the great dinner the Mar-

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quis of Dipford and Robert Bullet would sail for Europe on the new steam yacht, which young Bullet had just built at the cost of half a million of dollars.

Keturah Bain read of these doing in which Dr. Suydam was engaged with a sinking heart. He seemed far removed from her dark and dismal life. She could not think of him as one to whom she could go with the great and new trouble that had come upon her.

But Mrs. Suydam, as she stood in the midst of her dining room lined with smilax and blooming with American beauties, had no suspicion that all this grandeur was making a sad heart sadder, down in the purlieu of Mulberry Street.

Mrs. Suydam was at the height of her social success. She was to entertain nobility, and those who were invited to meet his Grace would be the envy of all New York in the morning. The satisfaction of Mrs. Suydam was marred by the thought that she owed this crowning success of her life to her daughter rather than to herself. She thought, with some bitterness, that if she were as free as the Duke of Senlac she might that night have been celebrating her own instead of her daughter's engagement.

Simmons, the butler, was busy arranging the tables. Mrs. Suydam said, "Simmons."

He stopped with a start and said: "Yes, Mrs. Suydam."

"You have placed the Duke of Senlac on my right and Lady Napier on my left, the Marquis of Dipford on the right of Dr. Suydam, and Miss Katherine on his left."

"Yes, Mrs. Suydam," said Simmons, "and I've put Mayor Beekman next the Duke 'cause he is a good talker, and I've put Mr. Du Pre next Miss Katherine."

Yes, Your Grace

"Pray, who is Mr. Du Pre?"

"He is the lawyer of the Marquis of Dipford."

"Who told you to invite him to this dinner, and give him a place next my daughter?" said Mrs. Suydam, haughtily.

"If you please, madam" (when Mrs. Suydam was angry Simmons always called her madam), "if you please, Miss Katherine told me I was to be sure and send Mr. Du Pre a card. She directed it herself and she told me I was to put him next to her at table."

"That will do, Simmons. You may leave Mr. Du Pre where he is, as my daughter wishes it to be so. You have placed Mr. Robert next to Miss Beekman?"

"Yes, Mrs. Suydam."

"Very well. I wish you would see Signor Morrelo when he comes, and ask him to have his orchestra play very softly during dinner. Sometimes Morrelo forgets that a dinner is not a concert."

Two hours later Mrs. Suydam was receiving her guests in the drawing room. The Duke of Senlac was at her side, and he was all that a duke should be. He was in court dress for the occasion with star and garter. He was the most brilliant among a group of brilliant figures. The English ambassador was there, two generals and an admiral with their showy uniforms, and merchant princes with their wives and their daughters: these latter surpassing the assemblage of any court in Europe in the richness of their gowns and the splendor of their jewels.

The Duke of Selnac was very attentive to Katherine Bullet, who stood on his left. These attentions were interrupted by greetings which he gave to and received from the various guests as they were presented by Mrs. Suydam; but in spite of these interruptions he kept up a

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running talk with his prospective daughter for whom he evidently had the greatest admiration.

"It is lucky for Dipford," said the Duke, "that he had the first chance with you, my dear."

"Why so, your Grace?" said Katherine.

"Because if he hadn't you wouldn't have had to wait for me to die to become Duchess of Senlac."

"Why not, sir?" said Katherine.

"Because, my dear, I should have married you myself," said the Duke, slyly pressing Katherine's hand.

"You," said Katherine, "and the Duchess not a year dead. Oh, fie, fie, on you! For shame!"

"I honor the late Duchess," said the Duke, "and I mourn her as dead; but, my dear, one living woman is worth a hundred dead ones, especially when so young and so fair as my daughter that is to be. Worse luck to me that she should be a daughter and not nearer and dearer."

"Your Grace shows your court training, but perhaps I might have something else to say. Pardon me, I feel too young for one of your age and rank."

"Too young for me, you mischief," said the Duke. "You mean I am too old for you, but look at me now. Am not I as good a man as Dipford?"

"Better, my lord," said Katherine.

"Better," cried the Duke, gaily, "better. Now I am more sorry for myself than ever. Dipford isn't much of a man, is he?"

"Not much, your Grace," said Katherine.

"Why then, do you marry him?"

"To become Duchess of Senlac and to make the Marquis of Dipford, in due time, prime minister of England."

Yes, Your Grace

"Oh, that is your game, is it?" said the Duke.

"Yes, your Grace," said Katherine.

"And you'll win it, too, you'll win, I will bet on you against the field. A clever woman such as you are can make a bigger fool than Dipford, prime minister."

"Yes, your Grace," said Katherine.

CHAPTER XIII

AN UNBIDDEN GUEST

ALL the guests invited to meet the Duke of Senlac had arrived except the Mayor of the City of New York. His coming was awaited with some impatience by the hostess, and with considerable curiosity by the rest of the company. Every one was anxious to see how Tony Beekman would carry himself in the face of the terrible charges which had been brought against him.

That very morning the city had been startled by the publication of documents which proved beyond a doubt, that the city officials had been guilty not simply of fraud but of downright robbery on the most gigantic scale. Such splendid stealing had never before been known in the history of the world.

The city officials, at the time, were, as a class, men of a very low order—Irish saloon keepers and members of the volunteer fire department, men without education or refinement. Their actions were in keeping with their birth and character. But Anthony Beekman was of an entirely different order. He was the friend and peer of Jacob Suydam, and belonged to the most exclusive set in the city of New York. He was a gentleman and a scholar whom political aspirations had associated with men that had been his ruin. The story of the down-

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fall of Anthony Beekman, one of the unwritten tragedies of the world, cannot be told in this place. It is mentioned here because Anthony Beekman was intimate in the household of Dr. Suydam, and his daughter the dearest friend of Katherine Bullet. When Katherine read the account in the morning paper she did not believe a word of it. She said it was a campaign lie, but at the same time she was very sorry for poor Florence.

When the Mayor entered the room there was not a sign to show that he was disturbed by what was going on in the city. His face was as calm as the face of a saint, his manner as gracious as that of a prince. He was a man to win his way by the openness of his countenance and the blandness of his speech.

When she saw him enter the room, Mrs. Suydam took the arm of the Duke of Senlac and led the way to dinner. The Marquis and Katherine followed, then the company in due order.

The dinner was after its kind, a long and somewhat dreary affair. Conversation was low and intermittent. The Duke of Senlac finding himself next the Mayor, was ungallant enough to turn away from his fair hostess and seek information and entertainment from the man on his left.

He said: "You are the Mayor of the city, I am told."

"Yes, your Grace, I have that honor, or perhaps I should say, in view of the charges made against me, I have that dishonor."

"Now, don't you know," said the Duke, "I can't understand your politics as you call it, at all. I see you want to take this and that department of your city government out of politics. What do you mean by that?"

"It means that the city government is to have nothing to do with these various departments."

An Unbidden Guest

"But I should think it would be the first duty of your city government to look after these very things. What is your government for, if not for that?"

"I perceive," said the Mayor, "that your Grace is still unacquainted with the spirit and working of our democratic institutions. Government with us exists in a large measure for the purpose of furnishing lucrative occupation to as great a number as possible of free and worthy citizens."

Here Mrs. Suydam cut in, saying: "I hope your Grace will pay no attention to Mr. Beekman. He is a politician and is not in love with his trade."

"Mrs. Suydam has spoken like the wise woman she is," said the Mayor. "She has told the whole story in a sentence. With us politics is a trade, and a very dirty trade at that."

"Fancy now!" said the Duke. "With us politics is a game, and we think a very noble game." The Duke, the Mayor and Mrs. Suydam then drifted into a discussion of the relative merits of the English and American systems.

Meanwhile Katherine Bullet was becoming greatly interested in Mr. Du Pre.

"Your name," she said, "is not an English name."

"No," he answered, "it is French. My grandfather was a French emigrant, who escaped from France in the Revolutionary period and settled on the estate of Senlac. He was employed as a tutor in the family of Senlac, and we have been there ever since."

"You are satisfied with your position?" said Katherine.

"Satisfied? Well, yes and no. I have at present general oversight of the affairs of the estate and expect

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in a short time to represent the borough in Parliament."

"Oh!" said Katherine, "I thought Dipford was in Parliament or is to be shortly."

"So he will," said Mr. Du Pre, "but he will represent Dipford, not Senlac."

"Oh, I see, when Dipford goes into the House, you go with him as manager. What a charming arrangement! He is certain to make his way under such wise management."

"I fear you overestimate both my ability and my influence. I hardly expect to carry Dipford a great way."

"Why not?" said Katherine, "because he is so heavy?" looking wickedly at Dipford.

"No, Miss Bullet," said Mr. Du Pre, smiling at the Marquis, "let us say rather because he is so light."

"Are you not ashamed to speak so of one who is to be my husband?"

"Your husband, Miss Bullet, will gain intellectual and moral weight with his wife. She will supply all that he lacks."

Dr. Suydam in the midst of a conversation with the Marquis of Dipford on his right, was interrupted by Simmons, the butler, who said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but there is a young woman in the 'all who says as 'ow she must see you."

"But, Simmons, you must tell her I'm engaged."

"I did, sir, but she says she 'ull wait, and she must see you to-night."

"How did she get in?" said the Doctor, impatiently.

"That stupid 'Arry let her in, sir. I'll go and tell her to get out, and if she don't I'll call a policeman," and the butler turned to go and dismiss the waiting woman. The Doctor hastily rose and followed him in order to prevent

An Unbidden Guest

a scene. When he reached the reception room on the left of the hall he found Keturah Bain waiting for him. He started in surprise, saying: "Keturah! What is it that brings you here to-night?"

"It is trouble that brings me, Dr. Suydam, great trouble. I had to come, I could not help myself. I had to come or die."

"But Keturah, my child, I cannot see you to-night. We are entertaining friends at dinner."

"At dinner, Dr. Suydam? Why, it is long after supper time."

"Yes, I know, Keturah, but we, you know, have dinner at night, and we have the Duke of Senlac and the Marquis of Dipford dining with us, so I cannot see you to-night."

"Of course you can't," said Keturah, "I was foolish to come; I will go." As she rose her face took on a look of misery so abject that it startled Dr. Suydam. He took the girl by the hand and said to her: "What is it, Keturah, what is it? Tell me at once."

"Abigail is lost," said Keturah.

"What—dead?" said Dr. Suydam.

"Worse than that," said Keturah.

"Why, what do you mean, my child? Speak out," said the Doctor.

"I mean that our Abigail has gone away. Some bad man has made a fool of her." And Keturah leaned her hand upon a table in front of her and her whole frame was shaken with noiseless, tearless sobs.

Dr. Suydam went out of the room, closing the door behind him and told the serving man in the hall to go to the kitchen and fetch a cup of coffee to the woman, and to have her wait until he came back.

CHAPTER XIV

A FACE IN A GLASS

WHEN Dr. Suydam returned to the table he found that his absence had been remarked. As he re-entered the dining room Mrs. Suydam looked up and said with a tinge of impatience in her voice: "What is the matter, Dr. Suydam? Where have you been?"

"I was called out," said the Doctor, "to see a young woman who is in trouble."

"A young woman?" said Mrs. Suydam.

"Yes, a young woman."

"Ah, Dr. Suydam," said the Duke of Senlac, "you did well to go and see her. A young woman in trouble is always an interesting creature."

"I do not find them interesting," said the Doctor, "except as sorrow and grief are interesting."

"Exactly," said the Duke, "exactly. A woman can hardly be called a woman until she has gotten herself into all sorts of trouble. She is very flat until she has made herself a history. I am sure, madam," he said, turning to Mrs. Suydam, "that you have a history well worth the reading. A history, however, not of defeats but of victories. You have troubled many hearts, though your own be undisturbed." The Duke made this gallant remark with high-bred insolence, and Mrs. Suydam blushed with pleasure.

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"Gad!" said the Duke to himself, looking at her, "a fine woman and worth millions of pounds. If the parson were not in the way I would marry her." Mrs. Suydam felt the eyes of the Duke burn into her soul and she blushed again.

Dr. Suydam took his place and remained there until Mrs. Suydam and the ladies left the room. Then the Mayor rose up, and filling his glass said: "Gentlemen, I trust I am not speaking unadvisedly, when I ask you to drink to the fairest and best of women; the Lady of Dipford that is to be!"

"Your honor expresses my sentiments exactly. Dipford is a damned lucky dog, who is getting a great deal more than he deserves," said the Duke.

"I don't know about that," said Dr. Suydam, "Katherine is a very fine girl, but Dipford, you know, is a noble fellow."

"Good! Good!" came from all round the table.

"Come, Dipford," said Robert Bullet, "you know our steamer is to sail at daylight. We must be moving if we expect to go aboard to-night."

"All right," said Dipford, "I will be with you."

The party rose and the two men passed into the drawing room. Dr. Suydam slipped quietly along the hall to the waiting room and found Keturah there, with her untasted coffee before her. Leaving the door open, Dr. Suydam sat down and took Keturah's hand in his and said: "Now, Keturah, tell me all about it."

After a moment's silence, Keturah said in a low, heart-broken voice: "I've known for a long time that something was wrong. Abigail has been behaving strangely. She has been away from home a great deal. I thought she was with her friends up-town, girl friends I mean.

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But I know now that she has been going with some young man, who has been driving her in the Park and sailing with her down the Bay."

"Do you know who this young man is?" said Dr. Suydam.

"I do not know his name, but I think it is a young man that she met in Saint Nicholas Church. I saw him talking to her one Sunday early in the summer, as soon as I saw him I was afraid of him. I knew he meant her harm."

"Can you describe him, Keturah?" said the Doctor. "Perhaps I know him."

Instead of answering, Keturah rose suddenly to her feet, her eyes dilating with horror, her form rigid as a rod of iron. With one hand she clutched the Doctor, and with the other she pointed to a mirror at the end of the room and said: "See, see, there—there he is!"

The Doctor looked up in amazement thinking the girl had gone mad; glancing into the mirror he saw the reflection of Robert Bullet, who was standing in the hallway drawing on his gloves.

"Who is that?" whispered Keturah.

"That is my son," said the Doctor.

"Your son!"

"Perhaps I should say my step-son, Robert Bullet."

"That is the man," said Keturah.

"What man?" said the Doctor.

"The man who has been with my sister!"

"Impossible," said the Doctor.

"No, not impossible; that is the man, I tell you."

In a moment another joined the one in the mirror. Then both of them passed out of the glass and the street door was heard to open and shut, the Marquis of Dipford and Robert Bullet were off for England.

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Dr. Suydam and Keturah remained silent for a moment, and then he whispered, saying, "You are sure?"

"Yes," she answered, "I am sure."

"My son sails for England at daylight, and I can do nothing now. I will, however, look into the matter at once, and if what you suspect is true I will find your sister and see that justice is done in her case."

With this assurance Keturah returned to her home to wait and watch for the one who had gone astray.

It did not take Dr. Suydam very long to discover that the suspicions of Keturah were not without foundation. If Robert Bullet were not the guilty man, he was greatly wronged by appearances. From Philip Schuyler, Dr. Suydam learned that Robert Bullet had been constantly with Abigail Bain since the early summer. Schuyler did not hesitate to speak his mind, and to speak it very freely. He told Dr. Suydam that in his opinion Bullet was a cad of the lowest order, unfit to associate with gentlemen. "I would have him expelled from the Knickerbocker if I could, but that kind of thing doesn't hurt a man in the club. If a man cheats at cards or does not pay his club debts he is thrown out in short order; but the more girls he ruins the higher he stands in the estimation of the fools and rakes who form the majority in our fashionable clubs." Philip Schuyler went on to speak about Abigail Bain. He told Dr. Suydam that she was an unusually beautiful girl, with a bright active mind, but very vain and foolish. "It is a shame," said Schuyler, "that Bullet had to make her his game. There are plenty of loose women about town, married and unmarried, to serve a man's purpose without having to spoil a fine girl like that."

"Has Robert been guilty of this kind of thing before?" said Dr. Suydam.

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"Guilty," cried Schuyler, laughing, "you don't suppose for a moment that we fellows count that sort of thing guilt. We call it glory. We reckon our conquests as the Indian his scalps. I don't claim to be a saint myself, but I do say there is a limit. Society women are fair game; but it is a shame to deceive and ruin a girl who has nothing in the world but her respectability."

Dr. Suydam was greatly shocked by what he heard from Philip Schuyler. He was one of those virgin souls that think no evil. A momentary weakness, which he never thought of without shame, had betrayed him into a loveless marriage. His spiritual ministration had revealed to him the weakness of women, but not their wickedness: he was haunted by fair saints, but was shunned by fair sinners. His purity was the purity of coldness which repels, not the purity of burning love, which attracts and cleanses.

Dr. Suydam had for sins of the flesh a horror which made him turn away from all consideration of the subject. He did not believe that such sins were possible among respectable people; they were committed, he thought, by those who lived in that outer world of darkness and degradation, into which he nor his could never enter.

It is not strange that an ordinary Protestant minister should be ignorant of the spiritual condition of the people under his charge. His ministrations are confined to the pulpit, the parlor, and the bedside. He takes no part in the active, every-day life of the world. Men do not make him a companion. He is treated by men in general with reserve; they respect his innocence. So he goes through life looking down with complacency on a flock that he supposes he is guarding from the danger of the wolf. The poor man, never having been in the wilderness, does

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not know a wolf when he sees one. He is deceived by the clothing. The sleek wolf of avarice and the sly wolf of sensuality sit in his foremost pews and listen devoutly to all that he has to say.

Dr. Suydam was one of these innocents and he was suffering the fate of the innocent, which is to be betrayed and beaten by the guilty.

Dr. Suydam had never formed a very high opinion of his step-son, but he had never supposed that Robert was actually bad, and the discovery of this fact came to him as a painful surprise.

Further investigation proved beyond question that Abigail Bain had been the intimate companion of Robert Bullet. She had been out with him in the yacht for days, and if she were not his wife she ought to be. The girl had disappeared the day before Robert had sailed for England. She had left a note for Keturah saying that she was going away to be married and would not be back for a long time, probably never. She asked Keturah to forgive her for leaving home. She could not help it, she had to go.

Dr. Suydam had the city searched for the girl without avail, and he and those whom he consulted came to the conclusion that she had left the country, and was gone to meet Robert in London.

Dr. Suydam carried what comfort he could to poor Keturah, who was heartbroken with grief and shame. Her eyes were weak through weeping, and her hair was losing all its lustre.

Poor John Sherwood, who came and sat with her every night, saw to his dismay, the girl whom he loved turning into an old woman before his eyes.

"Don't, Keturah, don't," he cried, as he sat and held

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her in his arms, while she wept the hopeless tears of the utterly miserable. "Come, Keturah, come, don't cry any more. It won't do you any good. Come now, let us get married. You have worked for other people long enough. Come now and rest while I work for you."

"Poor John," said Keturah, lifting up her lips to be kissed. "I believe if I were dead in my coffin you would say, 'Come, Keturah, let us get married.'"

"Yes," said John, sadly, "I believe I would. So come now, don't let us wait any longer or we will both be dead and buried."

"Oh, John," said the girl, for girl she was when his arms were around her. "I cannot marry until we find Abigail." And she started up and cried fiercely, "How I hate him!"

"Hate whom?" said John.

"That wicked man whose face I saw in the glass. A face without a care, without a wrinkle, who looks as if he had never done anything in his life, except please himself. He has everything and we have nothing, nothing but our good name, and he comes and steals that away from us. I hate him, I hate him."

"He is a rascal," said Sherwood.

"Yes, and God lets him live. I don't understand God at all," and Keturah was silent for a moment, then she added in an undertone only this: "I know God is sorry, He can't help it. Bad men are stronger in the world than He is. They and the devil get the best of Him, but He is sorry, God is sorry for us."

Dr. Suydam told Keturah that he would not give up the search until he had found her sister. He would go to London and see if he could find her there. And when he did find her Robert should marry her.

And Keturah had to comfort herself with these words.

CHAPTER XV

MOTHER AND SON

DR. SUYDAM was greatly disturbed in his mind, and did not know exactly what to do. He had promised Keturah to go to London in search of Abigail, but it was not a promise which he could easily perform. He could not lay aside his work in Saint Nicholas and go hunting the world over for a girl who had gone astray. That would make him a laughing stock. And yet he could not get the matter out of his mind. Wherever he was, by night or by day, he kept hearing the words, "Doth he not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go and seek that which is lost?" "The good Sheperd giveth his life for the sheep;" and when he could no longer quiet his conscience he determined to speak to his wife and make his arrangements to go to London.

He had been walking in the Park all the afternoon, trying to summon courage to speak to Mrs. Suydam about Robert. He dreaded the scene that he knew would follow ; but speak he would and speak he must.

He reached home about six o'clock and asked for Mrs. Suydam and was told that she had gone to her room and was dressing for dinner. He went immediately to her room and knocked.

"Who is it?" said Mrs. Suydam.

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"It is I," said the Doctor.

"What is wanted?" said Mrs. Suydam.

"I would like very much to speak to you."

"What! now?"

"Yes, now, as soon as possible."

"Can't you wait until after dinner?"

"I would rather not."

Mrs. Suydam was surprised at the tone of the Doctor's voice. It was insistent, as if he meant to be obeyed. This, as well as his visit at that hour, was so unusual that Mrs. Suydam was lost in astonishment. She dismissed her maid and throwing a dressing sack round her shoulders opened the door.

"I have come to speak to you, Mrs. Suydam, about Robert," said the Doctor slowly.

"Robert," she cried, "Robert, what has happened to Robert? Has the ship gone down?"

"No, Mrs. Suydam," said the Doctor, "so far as I know the ship is safe and Robert is safe also. I have, however, been hearing things about Robert that disturb me greatly."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Suydam, "what things?"

"I hear, and I am afraid that it is true. I hear, that Robert has been behaving badly with a young woman."

"And you, Dr. Suydam," said his wife, shaking her hair out of her eyes, "come here and disturb me in my dressing hour to tell me solemnly that Robert is behaving badly with a young woman. Who is the young woman and what has Robert done?"

"The young woman is a beautiful girl, belonging to a good family in the lower part of the city. She is refined and well educated."

"A paragon," said Mrs. Suydam, "and what has Robert done to or with this young woman?"

Mother and Son

"If reports be true," said Dr. Suydam, "Robert has been living with this girl as his wife all summer."

"Has he married her?" said Mrs. Suydam, anxiously.

"No," said the Doctor.

"Well, then, what harm has been done?" said Mrs. Suydam.

"What harm?" exclaimed the Doctor in amazement. "What harm? Why, unless Robert does marry her the woman is ruined."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Suydam, "not at all, her fortune is made. Robert has always behaved very generously, too generously, in affairs of this kind."

"Do you mean to tell me, Mrs. Suydam," said the Doctor, "that Robert has had other affairs of this kind?"

"Do you mean to tell me, Dr. Suydam, that you live in this world, in this city of New York, and do not know that a young man in Robert's position must necessarily have affairs of this kind?"

"Why necessarily?"

"Because he is a young man with an immense income. Such men have offers from women every day. Women high in society are willing to give themselves to such men, if they can in that way get hold of their purse."

"You know that," said Dr. Suydam.

"Yes, I know it, and because I know it I know that Robert Bullet cannot live in the city of New York as if he were your St. Anthony in a desert. I know that he must do as other young men have done and are doing. My only care has been to keep him out of the hands of women who would ruin him."

"And yet," said the Doctor, "you are a Christian woman, the wife of a Christian minister, and receive the Holy Communion."

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"My dressing room," said Mrs. Suydam, with a shrug, "is hardly the place for a sermon. You know, Dr. Suydam, as well as I, that the world in which we live does not take its religion seriously."

"I cannot believe this," said Dr. Suydam. "I cannot believe that many do as Robert has done, or think as you think."

"I would not advise you, Doctor," said Mrs. Suydam, "to become father confessor to your flock. If you did you would not have that high opinion of them which you have now. Of course, you know all about Mr. Dulane, your warden."

"I know nothing about Mr. Dulane that is not to his credit. He is always at church and is very liberal in the support of all our works. I know nothing else of him," said the Doctor, indignantly.

"Well," said Mrs. Suydam, "you would know, if you knew anything that goes on outside your church building, that Mr. Dulane was living with another woman all the while his wife was sick, and has been living with the same woman since his wife's death."

"This is slander," said Dr. Suydam, "vile slander. I will not listen to it."

"Listen to it or not as you please, it is true. Mr. Dulane hardly takes the trouble to conceal it; he goes and comes at this woman's house as if it were his own home, as indeed it is. He is far more faithful to it than most men are to their own homes."

"Why," said Dr. Suydam, with anger, "have I not known this before?"

"You have not known it," answered Mrs. Suydam, "because like most clergymen, you live in a fool's paradise and think, because you talk so much of heaven, everything is heavenly."

Mother and Son

"I do not think it worth while to continue this conversation," said the Doctor. "I simply came to tell you that I am going to London to look for this woman, and when I find her I shall see that Robert marries her."

"Marries her!" said Mrs. Suydam, laughing: "If Robert had to marry all the ladies who have been kind to him in this way he would have quite a harem. Marry her indeed, the hussy! She will be fortunate if she is not thrown out on the street."

"That is what I am afraid of," said Dr. Suydam, "and it is from that I would save her. I do not want the girl to lose her soul if I can help."

"Oh! if you talk about her soul," said Mrs. Suydam, "I have nothing to say. But my advice is to let this matter alone. It is no business of yours and you can do no good by meddling."

"I intend to make it my business," said the Doctor, "and to meddle until I make this wicked young man atone as far as he can for the wrong he has done."

"You forget, Dr. Suydam," cried the lady in a rage, "that you are speaking of my son. I will not have you speak so of my son; I will not have it!"

"You forget, Mrs. Suydam," said the Doctor, "that you are my wife, and it is not for me to hear nor for you to speak such words as you are speaking."

"I may be your wife, Dr. Suydam, but my children are not your children and I will not have you interfering in any way with them or their affairs. As for Robert marrying that woman from the street, you know as well as I that it is absurd, impossible. If you go to London you will go on a fool's errand. Now, if you please, I would like to finish dressing. I will be late for dinner as it is."

CHAPTER XVI

THUS SAITH THE LORD

THE Sunday following Dr. Suydam's interview with his wife was a Sunday which the congregation of Saint Nicholas church never forgot. On that day it was treated to a surprise and a sensation. The elegant, the accomplished Dr. Suydam, whose sermons were admired as being so scholarly and so spiritual, was suddenly changed into a fierce, wild prophet of the Lord. His usually well-modulated voice was harsh and angry in tone; his sentences were abrupt and broken; his manner was restless and nervous.

He went into the pulpit and gave out his text from the first chapter of Isaiah, part of the fifth and sixth verses. "The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint; from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores."

Pausing an instant after giving out his text, the preacher said slowly and bitterly: "These words describe exactly the social and political condition of our city to-day. Jerusalem, in the time of Isaiah the prophet, was far from being so corrupt as is the city of New York at this instant. Our political corruption has made us a stench in the nostrils of the civilized world. Our rulers

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are worse than the rulers whom Isaiah rebuked. He said of them, 'Your princes are rebellious and companions of thieves; our princes are not the companions of thieves; they are the thieves themselves. Men of gentle birth, whose family name has long been honored in this community, have descended to the lowest depths of political degradation; they have become the dupes and the tools of men with whom their fathers would not have spoken; they have assisted these vile characters in the meanest dishonesty of which a man can be capable. Beside this crime, the crime of the burglar is virtue itself. The burglar takes his risk and robs at his peril, but these men steal the funds which they were appointed to guard. To the crime of theft they add the meanness of treachery. And so callous is their conscience that they do their evil without compunction. Their face is as open as the face of a child and their smile as bland as summer.'

Dr. Suydam paused and looking down, saw Anthony Beekman in his seat gazing at him with that perfect indifference with which the Mayor was in the habit of regarding all abuse. He doubtless thought that Suydam was taking a mean advantage of him; but what of that? He was a politician and had been vilified until he was as used to it as an eel is to skinning.

Dr. Suydam also saw Florence sitting beside her father, her face pale as ashes, her eyes aflame with indignation. For a moment the preacher hesitated before those eyes, but only for a moment. The indignation in the eyes of Florence Beekman was but a spark in comparison with the indignation that was burning his heart and crying for utterance from his lips.

"But," he cried in a voice that rang through the church like a trumpet, "but our political corruption is

Thus Saith the Lord .

the natural outcome of our social rottenness. The seat of the evil is not as some would have us think, in the slums among the poor and the ignorant ; it is in what we call our high places. Our young men are not simply permitted, they are encouraged, to make victims of innocent women, and when done with them, to whistle them down the wind a prey to fortune. Our maidens are not ashamed to sell themselves for a title, and men of high station in church and state forsake their own wives to seek pleasure in the arms of a stranger, and while doing all these things they profess the religion of Jesus Christ.

"Nothing so horrible as this has ever been seen in the world ; of old, when men were licentious, they were the worshippers of licentious gods, but now we worship the pure, the holy, the clean, while we riot in the impure, the unholy, and the unclean.

"Some terrible punishment must follow this terrible apostasy. If we will not make ourselves like our God, sooner or later we must make our Gods like ourselves and adore the impure, the unholy, the unclean, the cruel, and the dishonest. When that hour comes, we will be like unto Sodom and like unto Gomorrah, fit only for the everlasting burning."

When Dr. Suydam ceased preaching the church was as still as a stone. Not a sound was heard, not a movement was seen ; the whole congregation was petrified into silence.

Then, as all were watching, the preacher came down from the pulpit,—there was a cry heard, "Look to Mr. Dulane, look to Mr. Dulane!" There was a rush to the place of the warden who had risen from his seat, wavered and staggered, and then fallen to the floor. Dr. Dane, who was in the congregation, came hastily forward and

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kneeling down, felt of the fallen man's heart, and said to the people, "Go away, go away. Mr. Dulane is dead."

The crowd dispersed at once. Officers came in from the street and the dead man was carried out and taken to his home. As the people went out there were murmurs of indignation heard on every side against Dr. Suydam. What did he mean by his senseless ranting? It was worse than a Methodist camp meeting. The excitement had killed Mr. Dulane. Why couldn't he preach the Gospel and let social life and politics alone? One thing was certain after that morning, which was that Dr. Suydam would never be rector of Saint Nicholas' church. His chance for that was gone forever. So everyone was saying.

Dr. Van Antwerp, the rector, who was in the church that morning, was greatly shocked and grieved.

"What on earth was the matter with you this morning, Suydam?" said the rector; "You ranted in the pulpit like a madman. You have killed Dulane."

"I have not killed him," said Dr. Suydam; "the Lord killed him."

"The Lord!" said Dr. Van Antwerp, "Come now, Suydam, don't rant in here; what in heaven's name has come over you?"

"The power of God has come over me, sending me to denounce the wickedness of the wicked. The man who has just died has been going from the bedside of his sick wife to the bed of a harlot. He has come to the holy communion here in the morning, and spent the afternoon and night with his paramour."

"Dr. Suydam," cried Dr. Van Antwerp, "you are crazy. Who told you all this?"

Thus Saith the Lord

"Mrs. Suydam told me, but I did not take her word. I found it out myself. It is all true."

Dr. Suydam left the church by the back way, as Broadway was thronged with people. He went to his home in the avenue hating its tawdry magnificence and despising all who were in it, even himself. He refused to go down to luncheon and told Simmons that he could see no one that day.

Mrs. Suydam sent word that she and Katherine were to leave that afternoon for Newport, and Dr. Suydam would hear from her lawyers.

Dr. Suydam sat in his room and heard the trunks carried down stairs, heard his wife and Katherine follow them, heard the street door open and shut, heard the carriage drive away, and then heard a stillness like the stillness of death creep over the great house.

He sat in his chair without moving a muscle, thinking of the terrible scene of the morning. Had he killed Mr. Dulane? Where was Mr. Dulane now, in hell? Yes, in hell, and who was to blame? He, Dr. Suydam, had been the pastor of the dead man for ten years and had never taken the trouble to find out how Mr. Dulane was living, had never warned him of the danger that threatened him. He remembered what the prophet Ezekiel said of the watchman who did not sound the trumpet. He was that watchman. He had not sounded the trumpet. Mr. Dulane had died in his iniquity, but his blood would be required at the watchman's hand, and he, Jacob Suydam, was the watchman.

As he sat thinking of himself as in hell with Mr. Dulane, there was a knock at the door and the voice of Simmons was heard, saying: "If you please, sir, his honor, the Mayor, Mr. Beekman, would like to speak to you for a moment."

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"Let him come up," said Dr. Suydam.

Mayor Beekman entered the room, and went and stood in front of the fire which was burning on the hearth.

"Sit down, Tony, sit down," said Dr. Suydam.

"No, I will not sit down, Jacob Suydam. I will never sit down again in your house. I suppose you thought you did a brave thing this morning when from the security of your pulpit you hounded a man who was already hounded to death. If you hadn't any pity for me, you might have had compassion for Florence. She had hysterics as soon as we got home; we had to quiet her with morphine."

"I am sorry, Tony, I am sorry; but I said what the Lord told me to say," said Dr. Suydam.

"What nonsense!" said Anthony Beekman. "Why hasn't the Lord been telling you to say something for the last ten years? You pulpit fellows are enough to make a man curse religion and all that belongs to it."

"I have tried to do my duty, Anthony Beekman!" cried Dr. Suydam.

"Tried to do your duty! That is the excuse of a fool. You knew, or ought to have known, what Dulane was about. Did you ever say anything to him?"

"No, I did not," said Dr. Suydam. "I knew nothing of it till a few days ago."

"Then you get up in the pulpit and denounce him before all the people. I tell you, Jacob Suydam, that man's blood is on your hands."

"Yes," said Jacob Suydam, "his blood is on my hands. I know it."

"And you are hounding me out of the country. I know I'm ruined. I know I've got to go. I can stand it myself, but great God, man, think of Florence!"

Thus Saith the Lord

"Tony!" cried Dr. Suydam, rising and going forward, "Tony, forgive me! I am a greater sinner than you. If I had done my duty, perhaps you would have done yours."

"Forgive you, Jacob? I've nothing to forgive. You didn't make me a rascal. I sold myself to the devil and I am paying the debt. You might have spared me the rant of this morning, the last morning I shall ever see in this country. I am going to-morrow, before the indictment is found against me; but where I am going, what I'm going to do, or how we are going to live, I don't know. I didn't need your curse to make me wretched. I was wretched already."

"Don't go with my curse, Tony, take my blessing," said Dr. Suydam.

"And much good would it do me. No! No! Let me alone. Neither curse me at all nor bless me at all. Good-bye, Jacob, good-bye."

Anthony Beekman held the hand of his old friend in his for a moment, dropped it and went away.

CHAPTER XVII

SAVED AS BY FIRE

WHEN night came on Jacob Suydam found the silence of the house intolerable. He rose up and went out into the street. He had it in mind to go to Saint Nicholas. Perhaps Keturah would be there with some news from Abigail. It was Sunday night, a night when the newsboys do not ordinarily run the streets; but as Jacob walked down the avenue he heard them crying from every direction: "Extra! Extra! All about the death of Dulane! All about the sermon of Dr. Suydam." Buying a copy of the *Herald*, Dr. Suydam saw the death of John Dulane and the sensational sermon of Dr. Suydam announced in great head-lines. He crushed the paper in his hand and a wave of bitterness swept over him. He, Jacob Suydam, had suddenly become that thing which he loathed beyond all things in the world, a sensational preacher.

As he walked down Broadway and saw the great tower of Saint Nicholas rising above the surrounding buildings, tears came into his eyes. He remembered the happy days of his early ministry, when he had been so full of enthusiasm. He remembered his foolish, shameful scene with Mrs. Bullet and he remembered the years that followed. Years of high thinking, if not

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of noble living. For twenty years his life had been bound up in the life of Saint Nicholas, and now it was all over. He knew in his heart that he would never preach in Saint Nicholas again. If Abigail Bain had not been found, he, Dr. Suydam, must go to London to search for her, and before going to London he must resign from Saint Nicholas.

When Dr. Suydam reached the church he did not go, as usual, into the vestry room and vest for service. He had no heart for that. He went up the stairway into the gallery and sat in a corner by the organ. It was dark there and no one would see him.

A great crowd was surging into the church, filling not only the seats, but the aisle and the chancel. The sensation of the morning had stirred the city to its depths, and there was a rush to the church from every quarter. But if the crowd came in the hope that the exciting scene of the morning would be repeated, it was greatly disappointed. Nothing happened out of the usual. Evening prayer was said and a very short, commonplace sermon was preached by one of the younger clergy.

As he sat in his obscure corner, Dr. Suydam saw Keturah Bain in the gallery just in front of him. When the service was over and the people were leaving, he leaned over and touched her, and motioned her to wait for him. As they walked down the stairway together Dr. Suydam said in an undertone: "Have you heard anything?"

"Nothing," said Keturah.

They walked in silence down Broadway, no one recognizing Dr. Suydam in the darkness. As they went through Duane Street, fire engines and hose carriages passed them at a gallop. Reaching Chatham Street, they

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saw smoke and flames rising just beyond them and the people running in crowds. "Where is the fire?" cried Keturah to a police officer.

"In Mulberry Bend," he said.

"In Mulberry Bend!" exclaimed Keturah. "Come, Doctor, come quickly; it may be our house!" Keturah started to run, and Dr. Suydam ran with her. They left the sidewalk, which was crowded with people, and ran in the street. They came breathless to the Bend, and there they saw the flames shooting out of the great tenement at No. 53. "My God!" cried Keturah. "Mother and father and Benjamin are at home and will perish in the flames!" Without stopping to ask permission, Keturah rushed through the passage way into the court. The court was full of smoke and falling bricks, and the water was pouring down in a deluge.

Just as Dr. Suydam and Keturah entered the court, Benjamin Bain staggered out of the cottage, carrying his mother in his arms. He had gotten only a little way when he was struck to the ground by falling bricks. Dr. Suydam leaped forward and dragged Mrs. Bain to the shelter of the passage way. He was returning for Benjamin, but before he could reach him a portion of the wall fell and buried him in the ruins.

Keturah ran in and tried to uncover the body of her brother, but the bricks were hot and the water was cold, and she was driven back. Suddenly, with a wild cry, she rushed over the bricks and through the water to the Magrath cabin, calling, "Mother Magrath! Mother Magrath!" Without pausing, she burst into the cabin, which was already afire, and found Mother Magrath crooning over some books which she had in her lap. Keturah picked the woman up as if she had been a

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baby and ran with her through the sheet of flame that was now pouring out the rear windows of the tenement.

"The divil! The divil!" cried Mother Magrath. "Where be ye takin' me, at all, at all?"

"Come, mother, come," said Keturah, "or we'll burn to death." Reaching the passage way, Keturah found Dr. Suydam waiting for her; but her mother had been taken out into the street. Dr. Suydam assisted her to carry Mother Magrath, and when they reached the street she was placed in an ambulance with Mrs. Bain and taken to the hospital of St. Francis. Keturah and Dr. Dr. Suydam went with them.

As they went along Keturah said: "Is Benjamin dead?"

"I am afraid that he is," said Dr. Suydam. "No man could live long in such a place as that."

"Yes," said Keturah, "Benjamin is dead, poor boy, it is better so. He's had a hard life since he was hurt in the riots. He died trying to save his mother."

"Yes," said Dr. Suydam, "he died a noble death. He has saved himself by trying to save another. You may be sure Benjamin is safe to-night."

"And father, I wonder where father is? I did not see father anywhere," said Keturah.

"Perhaps he was not at home," said Dr. Suydam.

"I am sure he was not," said Keturah, "or we should have seen him."

They reached the hospital, and the wounded women were taken in and cared for by the good sisters.

On examination Mrs. Bain was found to have a compound fracture of the skull. She lingered out the hours of the night, but in the early morning she died.

Dr. Suydam stayed with Keturah until her mother died and then he left her.

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John Sherwood had learned where she was and had come to fetch Keturah home to his house.

He said: "You are mine now, Keturah. You must come home with me."

"Yes, John," she said, "I will come. I've nowhere else to go." Before he left Dr. Suydam made arrangement with the sisters for the burial of Mrs. Bain in the cemetery at Union Hill.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SHADOW OF DEATH

WHEN Dr. Suydam reached home in the morning he was in a pitiable condition. His hat was broken in, his clothing soiled and torn, and he was in the grasp of a deadly chill. He staggered as he walked, and had all the appearance of a man in the last stage of intoxication. Unable to open the door himself, he rang the bell, which was answered by Harry, the serving man.

When the serving man saw the Doctor, he supposed he was a tramp and shut the door in his face. Incensed at this, the Doctor rang the bell more violently. Harry called to Simmons, the butler, to help him get rid of the tramp at the door.

Simmons, taking a cane in his hand, opened the door and cried: "Get out o' here, you dirty rascal, or I'll break your 'ead for you."

"Simmons," said Dr. Suydam, "put down your cane and help me into the house. I am very sick."

Hearing the Doctor's voice, Simmons dropped his cane which rolled down into the street, and stood gazing open-mouthed.

"Simmons," said the Doctor, "let me in and help me to my room."

"Yes, sir," said Simmons, "beg pardon, sir, but you're

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that rum lookin' as 'ow I didn't know you. You must a been hout all night, sir, you must."

"Never mind where I have been, Simmons. Help me to my room."

Without further words Simmons assisted Dr. Suydam to his room and put him to bed.

When he was in bed Dr. Suydam ordered Simmons to say nothing about his condition to any one in the house, but to go at once to Dr. Drane and ask him to come immediately.

Simmons left the room and going down the stairs said to Harry, the waiting man: "'Arry, we's to keep it dark."

"Is we?" said Harry.

"Yes; Suydam says 'e to me says 'e, 'Simmons,' says I, 'What,' says 'e 'Simmons, I begs, yer pardon for comin' 'ome like this', says 'e, 'and you'll please keep it dark. Don't say nothink to nobody,' says 'e, 'n go and call Dr. Drane', says 'e, 'and tell him I'm hawful sick.'

"'Yes, sir,' say hi, 'and we'll keep it dark, 'Arry and me will.' It 'ud never do for the people to know as 'ow Dr. Suydam came home that drunk as he couldn't get up stairs. Hi gives warnin', hi do. Hit's bad enough to 'ave to put Mr. Robert to bed, but when it comes to Dr. Suydam and 'im a preacher o' the Gospel, then hit's time for a man as respects 'isself to give warnin', and hi gives warnin' to-morrow."

Simmons went at once for Dr. Drane, whom he found in his office. "Well, Simmons," said Dr. Drane, "what is the matter?"

"Dr. Suydam is that bad, sir, you're to come at once, but the Doctor says as 'ow you'll please keep it dark," and Simmons looked very mysterious and important.

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"Keep what dark, Simmons?"

"You'll keep it dark as 'ow Dr. Suydam come 'ome this mornin' havin' been hout hall night, and 'e couldn't walk straight, 'e couldn't. 'Arry and me 'ad to 'elp 'im up stairs, we did, and put 'im to bed, jest like we do Mr. Robert, and says 'e to me, says 'e, 'Simmons, keep it dark.'"

"Simmons," said Dr. Drane, "I advise you to say nothing more about this; it might get you into trouble. I will come over at once and see Dr. Suydam. You may be sure that something else ails Dr. Suydam; he is certainly not drunk."

"Not drunk? said Simmons. "If you'd a seed him, with 'is 'at stove in and 'is clothes all tore and muddy and 'e a-staggering as 'ow he couldn't walk, you'd say 'e was drunk, and blind drunk, too."

"Simmons, said Dr. Drane, "you must not talk in this way or you will surely get into trouble."

"I haint lookin' for no trouble. 'Arry and me gives warnin' to-morrow. Gentlemen like us can't afford to stay in a 'ouse like that, puttin' drunken men to bed that way."

"Never mind, Simmons, never mind. Go home, and I will follow."

As Dr. Drane walked to the home of Dr. Suydam, he was greatly troubled by what Simmons had told him. He admired Dr. Suydam most of all because he was a high-toned gentleman. Could it be possible that this man, who all his life had been without reproach had suddenly fallen into the lowest forms of vice? Was his sensational sermon of the day before simply the outbreak of drunken hysteria?

Dr. Drane was heart-sick when he reached the home

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of his distinguished patient. He was afraid to enter lest he should find in it one of those awful tragedies of human sin that play havoc with human life.

When he entered the room Dr. Drane said, "Good morning, Doctor; Simmons tells me that you are sick."

"Yes, Doctor Drane," said Dr. Suydam, "I fear that I'm going to be very sick."

"What is the matter?" said Dr. Drane.

"I got very wet," answered Dr. Suydam, "and was in my wet clothing all night, and have taken a severe cold. I have severe pains in my left side and can hardly breathe."

"How did you come to get so wet?" asked Dr. Drane. "It did not rain last night."

"No," said Dr. Suydam, "I got wet at the fire."

"What fire?"

"The fire in Mulberry Street. It was a dreadful fire. Many lives were lost."

"Yes," said Dr. Drane. "I was reading of it when Simmons came to call me. But please do not talk any more; let me examine your lungs." While the doctor was holding his ear to the side of his patient, he was wondering how it came to pass that the Reverend Dr. Suydam was at a fire in Mulberry Street. It was a strange place for a respectable man to be found. Dr. Drane was afraid that there was some ground for the suspicions which Simmons had expressed.

A brief examination showed him, however, that he had not to deal with a case of alcoholism, but with a most dangerous case of pneumonia. The whole left lung was affected, and the upper portion of the right lung was involved.

Dr. Drane told Dr. Suydam that he must be very quiet, and asked for Mrs. Suydam.

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"She left yesterday for Newport. I would not like you to trouble her unless it is necessary," said Dr. Suydam.

"Very well," said Dr. Drane, and the physician left the room and went down-stairs and said to Simmons, "Simmons?"

"Yes, sir," said Simmons.

"Dr. Suydam is not intoxicated and has not been intoxicated. He is a very sick man. It is a most aggravated case of pneumonia. The house must be kept perfectly quiet, and no one must under any circumstances see Dr. Suydam. I will send nurses from the hospital, and will also send word to Mrs. Suydam. I depend on you to take care of the house and see that the nurses have everything they need."

"Yes, sir," said Simmons, "but we gives warnin' all the same."

"Never mind your warnin', Simmons. Stay where you are until Dr. Suydam gets better or dies. It will go one way or the other in a few days."

"Very well, sir," said Simmons.

Then began the struggle with death, in the great house on the avenue. The nurses came and kept their watch by the sick bed. Mrs. Suydam returned from Newport to be on hand in case the worst should happen. She went to her husband's room, but he did not know her, and she left him to the care of the doctor and the nurses. By the doctor's orders the bells were muffled and straw was laid in the street. The news of the Doctor's illness drew crowds of curious people, who stood all day gazing at the house. The report was that the great preacher was dying of delirium tremens. New York had not had such a sensation for years. It overshadowed the trial and condemnation of the leaders of the political ring.

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The newspapers spoke of the mysterious illness as arising from an unsettled mental condition, and spoke of the strange actions of the sick man.

Meanwhile the sick man himself, in his darkened room, had entered that awful world which the fevered brain creates for itself. He seemed to himself to be going on long journeys seeking for something which he had lost. Now he was walking through a desert, his feet blistered by the burning sand. "See, see," he whispered, "the sand is covering her. Come, come quick, let us dig her out, she is buried under the sand." Then he would try to get out of bed, saying to the nurse who restrained him: "Let me go, let me go; if I don't dig her out she will die."

"You can't go, Doctor," said the nurse. "You are too sick."

"I must go," said the Doctor, "I must go, I must go before she dies, or her blood will be on my hands."

Then the Doctor seemed to be wandering in a great city, hunting amid the millions for one poor lost soul.

"There now, there," he said, "she is going down that street; I hear her cry. Don't you hear her cry? She is in pain; she is dying. Yes, Keturah, I will follow her and will find her. What did you say, only a sheep, only a sheep? Yes, the good shepherd gives his life for the sheep. I will be a good shepherd."

In his delirium the Doctor talked in this way to himself without ceasing; that terrible talk that runs on and on until the listener almost goes mad himself.

Mrs. Suydam came into the room from time to time, but she did not stay. She could not bear the gloom and the terror of the darkened chamber.

In the early morning when the fever would drop, Dr.

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Suydam's vision would change. In the days of his health he had always been fond of the mountains, and now he found himself wandering in them looking for lost sheep.

Far down the precipice he would see a lamb that had fallen and was dying.

The attending nurse gathered all this from his talk. "Look down there," he said, "that is a sheep, is it not? It is dying, but I can't go down there, can I? It would kill me; I can't go." Then he would look frightened and say: "The good shepherd giveth life for the sheep," and he would break out into tears and cry, "I must go, I must go. I am a good shepherd."

As the fever fell lower and lower he would talk of sheep lost on the ice and buried in the snow. "Look, look," he said, "there they are, my wife. Katherine, cold, so cold, my wife is frozen. Katherine is freezing. Come, come Kathie, come in out of the cold. Why do you look at me in that way? Can't you come in?"

After the third day the delirium ceased to create visions. The brain was darkened and useless, the lips were still. There was no sign of life except in the hands, which moved restlessly over the bed-clothing, and in the eyes. The man lived in his eyes. There was in them a look of agony as if they were the prison bars through which a lost soul was gazing. Whoever looked into those eyes was made sick by their piteous stare. Even Dr. Drane, accustomed as he was to such sights, could not look at them unmoved.

As he was standing by the bedside, Mrs. Suydam came in and stood by him. "How is he?" said she.

"Very low," said the doctor.

"How long will he live?" said Mrs. Suydam.

"I cannot say," said the doctor. "He is in the crisis

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of his sickness. The fever is falling rapidly. All now depends on the heart's action. If that is strong enough to carry him through he may recover; if not, he will be dead in a few hours."

"What is the matter with his eyes?" said Mrs. Suydam.

"It is the delirium rising from the fever," said the doctor, adding, "they are strange. I never saw such eyes before."

It was in the dark hours of the early morning that Mrs. Suydam had this conversation with the physician, at the bedside of her husband. Returning to her room she threw herself down on a couch, dressed in a wrapper, and fell off into an uneasy sleep, out of which she awakened with a start, to see the agonized eyes of Jacob Suydam gazing at her. They fascinated her with terror. She saw nothing but the eyes, no form nor face, only the two eyes. She cried: "What is it, Dr. Suydam, what is it?" As she spoke, she leaped up from the couch, and found herself in a dark room. The night lamp had gone out, and Mrs. Suydam was in a cold sweat from her head to her feet. "He is dead, he is dead," she said, and hastily throwing off her wrapper and putting on a warm night robe, she crept into bed and covered her head with the clothes. As warmth came back to her body, she lost her sense of terror, and in its place came a feeling of relief. Dr. Suydam was dead, and she could, if she pleased, marry the Duke of Senlac.

As she dozed away the second time, she had visions of a great hall, in which she was seated, dressed in white satin with a necklace of pearls and a coronet of diamonds.

CHAPTER XIX

A WATCHER BY THE DOOR

WHILE Mrs. Suydam was lying asleep in her warm bed, dreaming of future greatness, another woman was crouching outside her door in the cold and dark, praying for the recovery of Dr. Suydam. It was Keturah Bain. Every night during the sickness, Keturah had come up in the hope of hearing good news. There was a bulletin issued by the physician, and Keturah got what comfort she could from reading it. She would stay about the house as long as she dared, and then would go away only to come back again the next night.

On this night of the crisis the bulletin read: "Dr. Suydam is very low and is failing rapidly. We still have some hope, but fear the worst may happen before morning."

After reading these words, Keturah went down into the area way and hid herself there in the dark and cold. She could not bear to go home while Dr. Suydam was dying. As she sat in her dumb agony, she was not afraid of darkness and she did not feel the cold. She only felt that the last bit of warmth and light was going out of her life. Her friendship with Dr. Suydam had been the means of breaking up that hardness of heart which had been the result of her hard life. From Dr.

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Suydam she had learned that God is sorry. That was now her creed.

In every distress she would say: "God cannot help it, but then God is sorry. And if God is sorry, then there is softness and pity somewhere."

But this night even that poor creed failed her. As she sat in the cold and gazed out in the darkness, knowing that her friend was dying in that great house where she could not enter, she no longer believed that God was sorry. There was no God to care for the poor and the broken-hearted.

With every passing hour Keturah became more hopeless and desolate. She pressed her cheek against the hard stone of the house, finding in its roughness a counter irritant to the hardness and bitterness of her own heart. She was becoming deathly cold, and was falling into that sleep which ends the coldness of life in the coldness of death; when suddenly she started up, wide awake, and saw Dr. Suydam standing before her.

"What are you waiting for, Keturah?" said he.

"I am waiting for you to die," said Keturah.

"Well, I am dead. You can go home," answered the figure. Not doubting the truth of her vision, Keturah rose promptly to her feet and staggered to the street. In a moment she found herself in the arms of John Sherwood. "Why, Keturah, where have you been? I have been hunting for you all night," said John.

"I have been down in the area waiting for Dr. Suydam to die," said Keturah, in a whisper.

"Wont you come home, dear?" said John. "You will die yourself if you stay any longer out here in the cold."

"Yes, John," said Keturah; "I will go home. It's no use waiting any longer. Dr. Suydam is dead. Take me home."

A Watcher by the Door

"How do you know that he is dead?" said John.

"He told me so," said Keturah.

John put the poor girl into a street car and so took her to his home, where his mother put her to bed. And there Keturah shivered all the night and in the morning was in a raging fever.

CHAPTER XX

A NEW LIFE

NEITHER the dream of Mrs. Suydam nor the vision of Keturah Bain came true. Dr. Suydam did not die. While these two women, one within and one without the house, were disturbed by visions which they interpreted, one according to her guilty hopes, and the other according to her faithless fears, so that Mrs. Suydam went to sleep, and Keturah Bain went away in the full assurance that Dr. Suydam was dead, Dr. Suydam was in reality coming back to life.

When these women saw him wandering about in the dark, he had fallen off into a deep, dreamless sleep, which indicated to the nurse who watched him that the crisis was past and the patient would recover.

When Mrs. Suydam entered the room next morning, the Doctor was still sleeping quietly; so quietly, that she supposed he was dead. She turned to the attendant and said: "When did he die?"

"He is not dead, madam," answered the nurse; "on the contrary, he is in a natural sleep from which he will awaken greatly refreshed, and if nothing happens will make a speedy and perfect recovery."

Mrs. Suydam did not wish at that moment to meet the eyes of her waking husband, so she turned and left

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the room. She went wearily about her morning duties, thinking somewhat bitterly, of her vision in the night, and how she would have to meet day after day the eyes of Jacob Suydam.

The recovery of Dr. Suydam was very rapid, his naturally robust constitution and his temperate life were greatly in his favor, and it required but a few weeks to put him on his feet again.

Outwardly, Dr. Suydam had been greatly changed by his sickness. His beard had grown and covered his face with its soft, silken hair. It was a black beard, in which a tinge of gray showed here and there. The change which this beard made in the appearance of Dr. Suydam was very striking. Instead of the smooth-faced ecclesiastic, his friends saw a bearded man, one in whose countenance was to be seen natural kindness more than saintly severity.

The first time Katherine saw him after his sickness, she made sport of his beard.

"Oh, my Daddy," she said, "how nice you look! You do not look at all like a parson, for all the world, you look just like a man."

"Well, Kathie," said Dr. Suydam, "I am a man, am I not?"

"Yes, you are, but you didn't use to be," said the girl.

"What did I use to be?" said the Doctor, smiling.

"Oh, you used to be a parson," answered Katherine.

"And is not a parson a man, you wicked girl?"

"No, a parson is a parson, a priest is a priest."

"So you think the priest shaves off his manhood with his beard, do you?"

"Yes, Daddy, that is what I think. A parson loses a good deal of his manhood with his beard. You are going to shave again, are you not?"

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"No, not right away," said the Doctor. "I am going to know for a little while, at least, how it feels to be a man. I suppose you think that Dipford's whiskers make a man of him."

"Yes, indeed I do, Daddy. If it were not for those beautiful sides, which are so English you know, I would never have set my heart on Dipford. By the way, Daddy, I have not forgiven you for preaching that dreadful sermon, about our selling ourselves for titles and all that."

"I am sorry, Katherine, that I had to preach that sermon, but I just had to do it. Things are very bad in our social life, worse than you imagine."

"Worse than I imagine?" said Katherine. "Well; if they are worse than I imagine they must be pretty bad. A girl in our set does not have to call upon her imagination very much. What she sees and hears is enough. Your sermon was true, but it was exceedingly foolish for all that," said the girl, with a toss of her head.

"Why foolish?" asked the Doctor.

"Foolish, because it did no good. Do you think I am going to give up my title and my place in the English aristocracy because Daddy thinks the buying of a title is not the highest use to which I can put my beauty and my wealth? And do you think others are going to forsake their favorite sins all on account of a sermon? Not much, Daddy, not much. Fashionable society just dotes on sermons as long as it doesn't have to practice what the sermon teaches; then society votes sermons a bore and the preacher a nuisance. I am afraid, Daddy, that one sermon has cost you your popularity."

"Well, Katherine," said Dr. Suydam, "there is no great harm in that. Popularity is a very poor thing,

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easily gained and more easily lost. And it will not make any difference to me, as I am not going to preach any more sermons, at least not for a long time to come."

"Why not, Daddy, dear?" said Katherine. "What are you going to do?"

"I expect I shall have to go abroad," said the Doctor.

"Go abroad," said Katherine, "oh, how prosaic! I thought you would say, I am going to stand on the Washington Monument in Union Square and prophesy against the wickedness of the city. But going abroad," said the girl, laughing, "going abroad, why that is the American cure-all. When a man succeeds in business he goes abroad, and when he fails he goes abroad. If he is a great general and statesman he goes abroad, and if he is a great politician and rogue he goes abroad. When a woman is married she goes abroad, and when she is divorced she goes abroad. I did think, Daddy, after the great sensation you made, you would do something more original than to go abroad."

"I would not go, my dear, if I did not have to go. There are some matters in London that I must look into," said the Doctor.

"Oh, Daddy mine, you are not going to look into the past record of Dipford, are you? If you are, please don't. I am not interested in the past record of Dipford. It is his future record that I am after."

"My going has nothing to do with Dipford," said the Doctor.

This conversation was broken off abruptly by the entrance of Mrs. Suydam and Dr. Drane.

Dr. Drane found his patient somewhat excited, and scolded Katherine for talking to him so long. Dr. Suydam smiled and said, "Katherine was not to blame."

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He had kept her with him as he was lonely, but he would be good now and go to sleep.

In a few weeks the Doctor had so far recovered that he was able to go out, and the first thing he did was to visit Keturah Bain in Rivington Street. He called on Sunday, as that was the only day when he could find her at home. Keturah's chill and fever had lasted only a day. She said she could not afford to be sick, and rose up the next morning and went to work. The knowledge that Dr. Suydam was still living was a comfort to her. She knew that as soon as he could he would come to see her and would help her to find Abigail.

A letter had come from Abigail saying that she was in London, and expected soon to be married. She begged Keturah's pardon for leaving her, but hoped when she was married she could help her more than by teaching school.

The letter was a comfort to Keturah, assuring her as it did that Abigail was alive, but it also filled her with terror. She felt that Abigail was deceiving herself into the belief that she would be married. Keturah knew too well that girls who allow themselves to live as Abigail was living, seldom marry. Her one thought was to get the girl home and save her from a worse fate than that which had already befallen her.

When he visited her, Dr. Suydam found her consumed with anxiety. She was afraid that if something were not done at once, Abigail would be lost forever.

Keturah did not recognize Dr. Suydam when he came into the room where she was sitting. It was not until he spoke that she knew it was her friend, who had come back from the gates of the grave.

"Oh, Doctor Suydam!" she exclaimed, "I did not know you."

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"I suppose not," said he. "Nothing changes a man's appearance so quickly as his beard. Mine has grown during my sickness, and I do not care at present to take it off."

"I am sorry," said Keturah, "I shall get used to it in time, but now I seem to have lost my prophet."

"Your prophet it may be, but not your friend," said the Doctor.

"I am sure of that, Doctor Suydam, and never was I more in need of a friend than now."

"Have you heard anything?" said the Doctor.

"Yes, I have heard from Abigail. She is in London. She writes that she expects to be married; but you know what that means."

"Yes, I know," said Dr. Suydam. "It may mean more than you think. It is possible that Abigail is married. At any rate, I will go to London and find her and see that justice is done her. At least I can find her and bring her home."

Keturah rose up and went and gave both her hands to Dr. Suydam, saying: "You must not sacrifice yourself for us, Doctor, indeed you must not."

"My dear child," said the Doctor, "it is not a sacrifice; if it is, it is a necessary sacrifice. I cannot go on any longer in my work at Saint Nicholas. For a time at least, I must have quiet and change. I can get that best by going abroad, and if I can find your sister and save her from further ruin, I shall look upon it as an act of reparation for the wrong which has been done her by a member of my household."

"When are you going?" said Keturah.

"I am going to-morrow, and have come to say good-bye. Where are you to live? Here with Mrs. Sherwood?" said the Doctor.

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"Yes, for a while. There are two vacant rooms in the back loft where I can stay with father until I hear from Abigail."

"Wont you marry John Sherwood now?" said the Doctor. "He is a good man, and has waited for you a long time."

"I cannot marry," said Keturah, "until I hear from Abigail. John has waited so long that he has formed the habit of waiting."

"Well," said Doctor Suydam, "if I find Abigail and bring her home and provide for her, then you and John must marry."

"Yes," said Keturah. "When Abigail is found, then John and I will marry and go and live somewhere in quiet for the rest of our lives, which wont be long. Poor John, when he marries me, if he ever does, he is going to marry a poor, old, wornout woman."

Dr. Suydam gave Keturah his blessing, and went out in search of the sheep that was lost.

CHAPTER XXI

A GOODLY INHERITANCE

KETURAH went down to the pier the morning that Dr. Suydam sailed for England, to bid him good-bye, and to get what little comfort she could from his words of encouragement. No one else had come to see the Doctor on the day of his departure, as he had kept the matter of his going a secret. His name did not appear in the list of first-class cabin passengers, and no one ever thought of looking in the list of the second cabin for so distinguished a name as that of the Reverend Dr. Suydam. Had they looked, the plain name of Jacob Suydam would never have attracted attention. Dropping his title disguised Dr. Suydam's name as effectually as growing his beard disguised his face.

No one recognized him as he stood on the after deck talking to Keturah. He was only one of the crowd of nameless people that filled the steamer with noise and confusion. The time for sailing had arrived, and Dr. Suydam stooped and kissed Keturah reverently on the brow, saying: "Keep your courage, my child. Be sure I will do all I can for Abigail."

"I am sure you will, Doctor," said Keturah, "that is the only thing that gives me any hope. If you do not find her, she is lost forever."

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"I will find her if she is alive, and will bring her back to you, as a wife if I can, but anyhow, my dear, as a sister."

"Yes, Doctor, as a sister. No matter what has happened to her, or what she has done, she is and always will be my sister." The cry "all ashore" was heard, and Keturah hurried down the gang plank to the pier, and stood watching while the great steamer swung out into the river and steamed down the bay. The poor girl watched the ship until it was lost to sight, and then with a sad yet hopeful heart, went homeward.

Keturah's life had been wholly changed within the last few weeks. The objects of her lifelong care had been suddenly taken away. Her mother and Benjamin were dead, Abigail had gone, and only her father was left.

Captain Bain had, as Keturah expected, lost his position in the Court House and was wandering aimlessly about the streets, losing what little self-respect was left him. He waited in Maloney's saloon for some one to treat him at the bar. Maloney no longer gave him deference. He allowed the fallen politician a corner in his saloon, and there the Captain would sit and sleep all day and far into the night, and would often wander all night in the street, being unable to find his way to his new home in Rivington Street. His condition was a constant source of anxiety to Keturah, which perhaps at the time was a good thing as it kept her from brooding over the possible fate of Abigail.

Keturah had also to look after Mother Magrath, who since the fire had been rapidly failing. She was still in the hospital, and Keturah visited her nearly every evening. She found the poor woman pining for her cabin

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and for her boy. "Oh, Keturah, mavourneen," she cried, "wont ye be afther takin' me home and bliss me eyes wid a sight o' me bye? It aint the likes o' here I can die. The banshee 'ull niver come here, niver, and I can't die wid-out de banshee."

"Well, mother," said Keturah, "there is a room in our house in Rivington Street. I will take you there if you want to go."

"Rivington Street. Where's that?" said Mother Magrath.

"It is where I am living now. You know, mother, that our house and your cottage were burned down in the great fire."

"Burnt down, did ye say, me darlin', burnt down? Ochone, ochone! And me books, did me books burn too, mavourneen, did me books burn?" said the old woman, crying and shaking her head."

"No, mother. I have your books. They were in your apron, when I carried you out of the cabin, and I tied them up in a bundle, and am keeping them for you."

"And 'll be takin' me home, and let me see the bye?"

"Yes, mother, you shall go home, and I will send for Shinar to come and see you."

Keturah was longing herself to see Shinar, so she was the more willing to grant the request of Mother Magrath. That night a letter went to Shinar, inclosing money for his railway ticket and asking him to come home at once, as Mother Magrath was dying.

The next evening Shinar made his appearance in Rivington Street. When Keturah saw him she gave an exclamation of surprise. She had sent a street Arab away, and a young gentleman had come back to her. During the few months of his absence, that marvellous

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change had come over Shinar, which comes over every boy when he ceases to be a boy and becomes a man. The high treble voice had become a rich baritone, the slouching form was erect; the tousled hair was combed into some kind of order, a dark moustache shaded the upper lip; only the black merry eyes were left of the Shinar who had gone into the country a few months before.

He had come out of the old street life as a butterfly comes out of its cocoon, and by his appearance and bearing gave assurance of that good blood that was in his veins.

Keturah looked at him in silence, and then throwing her arms around him said: "It is Shinar, after all."

"Sure it's Shinar," said the youth. "Who did you think it was?"

"I thought it was the Marquis of Dipford, that we have been reading about. Who ever would expect to see Shinar with a clean face and a black moustache?" And Keturah held the lad at arm's length, laughing heartily.

"Where I come from," said the boy, "it's easy to keep clean, 'cause there's plenty o' water and no dirt, and as for me moustache," he added, stroking it fondly, "why, things grows faster in the country than they do in the city."

"But you don't like the country, Shinar," said Keturah. "It's too noisy for you. Just listen and see how quiet the city is."

Shinar listened to the roar of the city and laughed. Shaking his hair out of his eyes, he said: "Yes, I do like the country. I wouldn't live in your dirty old city if you would give it to me. I am going to be a farmer."

"I am glad to hear it, my boy," said Keturah, "but what has changed your mind so suddenly?"

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"Oh, nothin' aint changed it. It just changed itself. At first I couldn't stand the country at all. It was lonesome like and so noisy, birds singin', roosters crowin', cows bellowin' all the time. But after a while I got used to them kind o' noises and didn't hear 'em at all. Now when I come down and hear the rattle and the bang of the city streets, I wonder if I was ever a boot-black, runnin' about cussin' and swearin'. We don't cuss and swear to our house in the country, 'cause Father Grover is a deacon in the church, and he don't allow it."

"Well, Shinar," said Keturah, "I am glad to hear that you have made up your mind to be a farmer. Maybe when I am an old woman you will let me come and live with you and I needn't go to the poor-house."

"Come and live with me!" said the boy, "you may bet your life on that. You'll have the best room in the house, but say, Keturah, what'll John say to that? He'll be wantin' to come too, wont he?"

"Oh, John'll be married to a nice young woman by that time," said Keturah, shaking her head. "But come, Shinar, we must go and see Mother Magrath."

When they reached the hospital they found the bed of Mother Magrath surrounded by a screen. The sister said the old woman was very low, probably dying. "We may see her?" said Keturah.

"Certainly," said the sister.

"Look, Mother Magrath, look, I have brought some one to see you." And Keturah, taking Shinar by the hand, led him up to the side of the bed.

The old woman turned her gray head on the pillow and looked at the boy without the least sign of recognition in her eyes. She turned to Keturah, and said in a whisper: "Who's that?"

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"It's me, mother. It's Shinar. Don't you know me?" said the boy.

The old woman started up and sat straight in her bed and looked eagerly in the face of the youth. Then she shook her withered hand in that face and screamed: "Ye lie, ye lie, ye dirty spalpeen! Me Shinar was a bye wid a dirty face and wid a muck o' hair, wid a hickory shirt and a gallass. Oh, holy Vargin, Mither o' God," she cried, falling back on her pillow. "They have kilt me bye and now they'll be afther stalin' the money." She looked wildly about for a moment, clapped her hands together and cried, "The banshee, the banshee!" Then the hands fell upon the bed, the eyes were set and the woman was dead.

"Poor mother," said Keturah, "the sight of you has killed her. I ought to have thought that she would not know you."

Shinar took the dead hand in his and said: "Poor old mother, poor old mother! She wasn't much of a mother, but she was all I ever had except you, Keturah, except you. You have always been my real mother."

Keturah told the sister in charge that she would send for the body of the old woman and see that it was properly buried. Then she and Shinar went home.

When she reached the house, Keturah remembered the books which she had taken from Mother Magrath on the night of the fire. She opened the package and saw that they were bank-books. There were four of them. And looking them over Keturah found to her astonishment that Mother Magrath had between eight and ten thousand dollars on deposit in various savings banks. She had been putting in and never drawing out, and her savings for all these years, with interest, made a small fortune.

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After she had studied the books for some time Keturah looked up and said: "Shinar, you can have the best farm in the country whenever you want it. You are a rich man."

"How's that?" said Shinar.

"Mother Magrath is dead and you are her heir. She has left you nearly ten thousand dollars."

"What do you mean?" cried the boy.

"I mean just what I say, I had her make a will in your favor. The will is in the safe at the office. I thought the old woman had a little money which ought to be yours when she died, but I never dreamed she had so much."

"What an old miser!" said Shinar.

That night Mother Magrath had her wake. But it was not the wild Irish wake that her soul longed for. Only Keturah and Shinar watched beside her coffin.

As they sat out the long hours of the night Keturah told Shinar all about Abigail. The poor lad listened to the story with a breaking heart, and when it was finished all of his young manhood went out of him and he laid his head on Keturah's knees and cried like a child.

He said: "What do I care for the money now? Take it, Keturah, take it and spend every cent of it hunting for Abigail till you find her. Only leave me enough to go after the man. I'll hunt him all round the world and when I find him I'll kill him."

"No, you wont, Shinar," said Keturah. "You'll keep your money and buy a farm and marry some good woman who will love you. Dr. Suydam has gone to hunt for Abigail. He'll find her and bring her back, but if he does she can never marry you."

"Why can't she marry me?" cried the boy.

"Because she doesn't love you," said Keturah, "and

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besides, she is another man's wife or else she is a bad woman."

"She aint a bad woman," said the boy. "You oughtn't to say she's a bad woman, and if she is a bad woman, I'll marry her and make her good."

"Poor boy," said Keturah, as she stroked his head.

The next day the body of Mother Magrath was taken to the church, and a mass was said for the repose of her soul. And she had a funeral according to her desire—Mulberry Bend was there, and two-and-twenty hacks followed the hearse.

BOOK THIRD



The Great Redemption

CHAPTER I

WICKED LONDON S WAIFS AND STRAYS

WHEN Dr. Suydam reached London, he found that he was too late. Robert Bullet and the Marquis of Dipford had left England for a voyage in the Mediterranean Sea and the Indian Ocean, meaning to go as far as Calcutta.

Dr. Suydam cautiously made inquiries, but could gain no knowledge of Abigail Bain. He had letters from the Duke of Senlac that admitted him as a visitor to the various clubs in London that Dipford frequented, and he made the acquaintance of a number of Dipford's friends. He asked one of these, a young nobleman, if any ladies had gone with the Marquis of Dipford and Mr. Bullet.

"Ladies," said his lordship, "I think not. I know that Marie Du Pre has not gone with Dipford, and I don't think the fellow Bullet had any woman with him."

"You are sure of that?" said the Doctor.

"Yes," said the man. "I was down at Southampton the day Dipford sailed, and there wasn't a woman on board the yacht. Englishmen don't take women on a voyage like that. Women are a bore on shipboard."

"Thank you, my lord," said Dr. Suydam. "You spoke of a certain woman just now. What did you say her name was?"

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"Marie Du Pre," said his lordship.

"Marie Du Pre," said Dr. Suydam, "I have heard that name, Du Pre. Who is she?"

"Marie Du Pre," answered his lordship, "is one of the most brilliant women of our under world. She has ruined the estate of Senlac. She had the Duke for her lover until she was tired of him, then she took up with Dickie FitzOsborn, who was then Marquis of Dipford, and killed him, then she laid hold of Tommy, the present Marquis, and has nearly killed him."

"A very dangerous woman," said Dr. Suydam.

"Yes, but a danger that men court," said the nobleman. "Men of the highest rank and fortune seek the favor of Marie Du Pre. To be her lover for a week is a title of nobility."

"Where could I see this woman?" said Dr. Suydam.

"Ah," said his lordship, looking at Dr. Suydam through his monocle. "You wish to see Marie, do you? Well, I suppose that when you parsons are travelling mufti you have your fling as well as the rest of us. If you wish to see the most famous courtesan in England you may catch a glimpse of her some night at supper in the Continental on Regent Street. Marie is not as select as she used to be. She is falling pretty fast. She'll be on the street in another year."

"I beg your lordship's pardon," said Dr. Suydam, "but I wish to see this woman, because I hope she can give me some information that I am in search of."

"You can go to no better source of information in London," said his lordship. "A man can learn more from Marie Du Pre in an hour than he can from any other woman in a year."

"Your lordship misjudges me," said Dr. Suydam,

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bowing and leaving the club. His lordship, still holding his monocle to his eye, looked after him and smiled.

When Dr. Suydam reached his hotel on the embankment, he was very ill at ease. He saw at once that if he continued his search for Abigail he would lay himself open to the gravest suspicions. No one would ever believe that he sought the company of evil women for any other than an evil purpose. He was filled with disgust, as he thought of the Englishman following him with his insolent stare, and made up his mind that he would drop the whole business. If Abigail was lost in London, then Abigail was lost and that was the end of it.

After dinner Dr. Suydam sat for a while in his room thinking what he should do and finding himself very restless he went out to walk away his nervousness. He wandered along the embankment until he came to Westminster, and strayed through the streets about the Abbey until he heard the clock strike eleven. Then turning homeward, passing through Trafalgar Square and hardly knowing which way he went, found himself in front of a brilliantly lighted hotel. Feeling tired and hungry, he went into the hotel to get some supper.

An attendant in uniform showed him to the supper room upstairs.

When Dr. Suydam entered the room he started back, and fell against the attendant. He saw that it was no place for a respectable man, much less a minister of the Gospel. "What place is this?" said he to the man in uniform.

"It is the Continental, sir," said the man.

"The Continental," said Dr. Suydam in an undertone. "That is the place where the woman, Marie Du Pré, sometimes comes?"

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"Yes, sir," said the man. "She is 'ere to-night with my Lord Erdel, that's 'er settin' at the third table under the mirror."

Dr. Suydam went in and took a table in a corner where he could watch the woman, and ordered a chop and some ale. Women sitting about in evening dress cast glances in his direction expecting an invitation to take supper with him. As he paid no attention whatever to them, they began to indulge in slighting remarks at his expense.

Dr. Suydam, becoming ashamed of his surroundings, was about to leave the place when he was attracted by the face of the woman whom he was watching. She half turned her face and showed him one of the most remarkable profiles that he had ever seen in his life. A low brow shaded by heavy dark hair, a high arched nose, a cheek of ashy paleness, a mouth quivering at its corner with some strong emotion and a firm underjaw made up a face that one could not help looking at the second time. It was the face of a woman born to greatness. Dr. Suydam was fascinated by it and wondered how such a woman came to be in such a place.

As he was gazing at her she suddenly turned about and looked him full in the eye. And then there came into her face such a look of fear as Dr. Suydam had never seen on human face before; the great black eyes dilated with horror, the lips of the woman became bloodless, and a spasm passed over her face from the chin to the eyelashes.

Saying something impatiently to her companion at table, the woman pushed back the chair and rising hastily, passed out of the room. As she did so Dr. Suydam saw that she was divinely tall and her form moulded as if it were a model for Phidias.

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Seeing her standing and shivering in the hallway, the Doctor stepped up and said: "I beg your pardon, madam, but may I speak to you for a moment?"

The woman looked him straight in the eye, and after a second or two said: "Yes, but not here." Turning to the attendant, she said: "Bring me my cloak." The man brought a handsome scarlet cloak, which Dr. Suydam took and threw around her shoulders as deferentially as if she had been a princess.

As he did this the man with whom the woman had been sitting in the supper room came and said: "I see, Marie, you throw me over for what you think better company," and fixing a monocle in his right eye, he gave the Doctor a stony English stare, and then he bowed. "It's the American parson or I'm damned," said he under his breath. To the Doctor he said: "I congratulate you, sir. You have the true American enterprise."

Dr. Suydam recognized his friend of the club, who had told him of Marie Du Pre, lifting his hat and blushing he passed down the stairway and out into the street. The woman motioned to a cab, and they were driven rapidly to the neighborhood of Russell Square; the woman took the Doctor's cane and motioned to the left and the cab stopped in front of a plain but substantial house. Dr. Suydam put his fingers in the pocket of his vest and taking the first coin which came to him gave the cabby a half sovereign. "Thank ye, my lord," said cabby, "thank ye; I 'opes as 'ow yer lordship will have a pleasant night, and I knows yer will." Without further words the cabby drove rapidly away, fearing that he should be asked for change.

Dr. Suydam was taken upstairs and shown by his hostess into a small room, handsomely furnished. Beg-

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ging him to excuse her for a moment, the lady retired and left him to make himself at home. The little room was the perfection of exquisite luxury. Low bookcases lined the walls, above them hung pictures, which even in the dim light were seen to be the work of masters. At one end of the room was a couch covered with blue silk, and chairs of the same color were scattered about. The air of the room was perfumed with a subtle odor that stole in upon the senses with enervating power.

Dr. Suydam began to be afraid; he felt himself in the clutch of some soft creature who was strangling him with her arms.

As he was battling with this sensation, his hostess entered the room. She had laid aside her evening dress and was clad in a house gown of soft clinging white. As she entered the room Dr. Suydam rose and unconsciously bowed before her. Never had he seen so tragic a figure as this woman presented; there was about her an air of ruin and despair that appealed to every fiber of his manhood.

"I offer no excuse, sir," she said, "for admitting a stranger to my house at this hour of the night. I am a woman for whom excuses have long ceased to be a necessity."

"I assure you, madam, that I come into your house with feelings of the most profound respect for its mistress, who, whatever may have been her misfortunes, I am sure is still a good woman."

"A good woman," she said, laughing a low, sad, musical laugh. "I take it, sir, that you are a stranger in London?"

"I am, madam," said the Doctor.

"Permit me to tell you, sir," said the woman, haught-

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ily, "that you are in the house of one of the most notorious women of pleasure in London, you are in the house of Marie Du Pre. A woman who admits to her favor only royalty and nobility. If I have brought you home, it is only because I wished to escape the attentions of that beast, who was insulting me at table. I will if you please then dismiss you, and wish you good-night. I am in no mood to give pleasure to you or to any other man."

"Madam," said Dr. Suydam, "I am not here to ask of you anything that would be dishonorable either to you or to me. I am here to ask your help."

CHAPTER II

A MIGHTY RUIN

MARIE DU PRE glided to the couch and sat down, motioning to Dr. Suydam to seat himself beside her. "Pray," she said, "who are you and what do you know of me, and why do you ask me to help you?"

"Who I am," said the Doctor, "is of no consequence now. I know that you are Marie Du Pre, that you are acquainted with the Marquis of Dipford."

"The Marquis of Dipford," said the woman, in a whisper, "that is it, that is why you frightened me. I seemed to see the Marquis of Dipford standing beside you. But, sir, the Marquis of Dipford is dead."

"The Marquis of Dipford dead," cried the Doctor. "Why, when did he die?"

"A year ago," whispered the woman.

"Impossible," said Dr. Suydam. "I have seen him alive within the last three months."

"Oh, you mean Tommy," said the woman, "I never think of him as the Marquis; the Marquis is dead. If it is Tommy you mean, I can tell you about him. What do you wish to know?"

"The Marquis of Dipford is to marry my step-daughter, an American woman of wealth and position."

"Tommy is going to marry a rich American, is he?"

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said Marie Du Pre, laughing heartily. "Good for Tommy, I knew that he would do something to save the family, even if he is the fool. And he will, if he doesn't die," she added, "if he doesn't die. Have you come to me to give Tommy a character?"

"No," said the Doctor, "my daughter is not going to marry Tommy, as you call him. She is going to marry the Marquis of Dipford, heir to the Dukedom of Senlac. In her opinion the rank of her suitor makes character unnecessary."

"It is well she thinks so," said Marie Du Pre, "for if Tommy were not a nobleman, Tommy would be considered no better than the wicked. But pray, sir, if you do not wish to inquire about the Marquis of Dipford, may I ask to what I owe your presence here?"

"I have come to ask you to help me find a young girl, who, I fear, is lost here in London," said the Doctor.

"A young girl lost in London. Why, sir, there are thousands of such girls, how do you expect to find one among so many?" said Marie Du Pre.

"It is for this reason that I have come to you. Without some clue I know my search would be useless," said the Doctor.

"And you expect me to give you a clue? You think I know all the lost women in London. If so, you are greatly mistaken. There are ranks and degrees in the lower world just as there are in the world above us. The women of the street are as far below me as I am below the Duchess of Senlac."

"Yes, madam," said the Doctor. "But my hope is in the fact of your association with the house of Senlac. The young woman that I am looking for came over with a Mr. Bullet, my step-son, the brother of the lady whom

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the Marquis is to marry. Mr. Bullet came with the Marquis to London. If the young woman was with him, I thought you might possibly have seen her or, at least, have heard of her."

"Oh, is it that woman? Oh, yes, I have seen her and her precious American protector. Of all the cads I have ever seen, he is the worst. And the woman is a silly."

"Where is she?" said the Doctor.

"They were living in lodgings in Craven Street. Dipford brought them here, and wanted to place the woman under my protection. But what is she to you, that you should take the trouble to come all the way from America to London to search for her? You want to save her; is that it?"

"That is it. I am a clergyman. This woman is one of my flock. She has been wronged by a member of my own household. She is the sister of a dear friend. I must find her and take her home even if in doing so I lose my name and place in the world."

"You are willing to do this for a lost woman?" said Marie Du Pre.

"I am willing," said the Doctor.

Marie Du Pre looked steadily at Dr. Suydam for a moment and said: "I believe you, sir. And let me tell you, you have already risked your good name. That wretch, Erdel, seemed to know you. If he did it will be known in the club before morning that you have gone with Marie Du Pre. And if you are as you say, a clergyman, you are lost."

"I feared as much when I saw the man," said Dr. Suydam. "It is of no use to make any explanations. I must go on with my search, no matter what happens."

"I will help you," said Marie Du Pre. "I will go to

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the lodgings in Craven Street, and if the woman is there will let you know, if not I will find out, if I can, where she has gone to."

"Thank you, madam," said Dr. Suydam. "I am sure, with your help, I shall find the poor girl that is lost."

"Girl that is lost," murmured Marie Du Pre. "Girl that is lost. My God! how many there are, how many there are!"

"May I, without offense, ask you, madam, to what great misfortune you owe your sad place in the world?" The Doctor said these words so tenderly that the woman was moved.

"Oh, do not pity me, sir, do not pity me. If you pity me you will break my heart. I must believe that I am wicked or else I must die. I owe my place in the world to the fact that when I was a girl of eighteen, I seduced a peer of the realm of England, a cabinet minister, a duke, who was old enough to be my father. Have I not reason to be proud of my wickedness?"

"My dear madam," said the Doctor, "your story is wildly improbable. A girl of eighteen could not beguile such a man as you describe. She must have been the victim, not the aggressor."

"Sir, you shall hear and judge for yourself. I am the granddaughter of a French nobleman, who, in the Revolution, fled with his children to England. He supported himself by teaching French to the children of Senlac. His son, my father, married a maid-in-waiting to the Duchess.

"I was taken in the castle as a maid-in-waiting in my turn. When I was eighteen years old, her Grace, the Duchess sent me to open the town house. His Grace came up to London soon after. We were alone in the

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house, except for the care-taker. His Grace was very courteous and attentive to me. He insisted that we should dine together. We had rich food and choice wines. His Grace was as affectionate as if I had been his daughter, or his wife, yes, his wife. He forgot and he made me forget that I was not his wife. I was young and ignorant; he was weak and so he fell a victim to my youth and ignorance.

"When the Duchess came to town the Duke advised me to leave her service, and provided me with this house, and here our children were born."

"Your children," said Dr. Suydam, in astonishment, "your children. Had you children?"

"Yes, two, a boy and a girl," said Marie Du Pre.

"And are they living?" said Dr. Suydam.

"Yes, they are living, though they had far better be dead. Poor children; their blood is the noblest blood of France and of England, and yet it is more shameful than the blood of the costermonger of Covent Garden."

"Where are they?" said the Doctor.

"They are where they will never know their father or their mother," answered Marie Du Pre, "they are a shame to their father and their mother is a shame to them."

"Who is their father?"

"Have I not told you? He is the Duke of Senlac."

"The Duke of Senlac?" exclaimed the Doctor. "Then they are half brother and sister to the Marquis of Dipford?"

"Half brother and sister to the Marquis of Dipford," said the woman, laughing bitterly, "the bastards of Marie Du Pre, half brother and sister to the Marquis of Dipford. Poor children, they have no kindred, no father, no brother, no sister, only a wicked mother, only a wicked mother."

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"You must not say so, you are not wicked," said the Doctor, indignantly.

"Not wicked, sir, I tell you I am wicked. His Grace became tired of me and left me. My father is the clergyman of the Parish of Senlac, my brother is the confidential friend of the Duke. These have cast me off because I am a wicked and designing woman, who seduced his Grace, wasted his fortune, ruined and killed his son. Yes," said the woman, walking up and down the room, with all the fierceness and grace of a caged leopard. "I am wicked. There was nothing left for me but to be wicked. I am a vampire. I suck the blood of princes. I number among my victims the elder sons of ducal houses. I am Marie Du Pre, the greatest courtesan in London. I trample men under my feet. I, one ruined woman, have ruined a hundred men. I take them when they are young, I sap their strength. I kill them with pleasure. Oh, Dipford, Dipford," cried the woman, throwing up her arms and falling headlong on the floor.

Dr. Suydam sat down on the floor and took her head upon his knees and watched beside her until the paroxysm of shame and terror passed away. Then he left her and went out into the cold gray light of a London morning.

CHAPTER III

THE BLEATING OF THE SHEEP

LATER in the day, Dr. Suydam called in at the club to see if there were any letters for him, and there he met again the man to whom he had spoken about Marie Du Pre and whom he had seen with her the night before. He knew him now as Lord Erdel of Erdleford, in Staffordshire. He had looked him up in the peerage.

His lordship looked at Dr. Suydam through his monocle and said with a drawl: "Good morning, sir. I need not ask if you had a pleasant night."

"I beg your lordship's pardon," said the Doctor; "but I did not seek for pleasure; I had other business with the woman."

"Oh, of course, of course," said Lord Erdel; "I understand. Parsons never sin except for the good of the people."

Dr. Suydam turned away, took his letters, looked up Marie Du Pre's residence in the Directory and left the club, knowing that he left his good name to the mercy of a scandal-monger.

In the afternoon he called upon Marie Du Pre, who told him that the American woman had been dismissed from the lodgings in Craven Street. No one knew where she had gone to. She was probably drifting somewhere

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about the streets of London. "Go," said Marie Du Pre, "to Piccadilly and walk the street. Every woman on the town goes into Piccadilly some time during the night."

At nine o'clock Dr. Suydam took a cab and was driven to Piccadilly Circus. Leaving the cab, he walked slowly down the street. He found himself in the great market where women sell themselves to every passer-by for bread. His secluded and scholarly life had made him unfamiliar with such scenes as those which now shocked him as he saw the shameless traffic of the London streets.

He knew, of course, that there was such evil in the world. He had seen pestilence gliding along Broadway and seeking the darkness of the side street in his own city of New York. There vice had, at least, the virtue of semi-concealment.

But here in the capital of the Protestant Christian world the traffic in human flesh was as open as the traffic in the flesh of calves in the market. There was no pretense at concealment. These women were no more ashamed of their trade than the butcher was of his. Nor did the passer-by seem to see anything out of the way in this degradation of womanhood. English gentlemen elbowed their way through the throng of women with perfect unconcern.

Dr. Suydam was aghast at the sight. He saw here women tall and fair, women who to the eye were worthy of love and reverence, offering themselves without shame to the stranger. As he was swept on by the crowd, Dr. Suydam felt rising within him every base desire and every unholy thought. His nature, heretofore so calm and pure, was stirred to its dregs. He felt himself being sucked down by the maelstrom of vice which surrounded him. From this place good was banished and evil was taken for

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granted. A man's presence here was an evidence of his evil nature, and here that evil in its lowest form was appealed to more powerfully than anywhere else in the world.

Dr. Suydam hurried along, not daring to look into the faces of the women, his throat dry, his lips parched, his soul crying desperately for salvation.

As he came back to the Circus about midnight, he saw a sight that moved him to indignation and turned his attention from himself, and he saved himself by trying to save another. He saw two men, evidently gentlemen, in evening dress, maltreating a woman. The creature was hardly a woman. She was but a girl, of eighteen or nineteen. One of these men was pressing the frightened wretch against the wall of the house, while the other cried: "Hold her, Erdel, hold her till I call an officer."

The crowd of women paused for a moment and looked curiously at their sister sinner thus pressed cruelly against the wall. But no one seemed to think it strange. The girl herself took it as a matter of course. Her face became stolid and cunning, like the face of an animal seeking to escape its captors.

Dr. Suydam watched this scene with growing anger. "Do you not see," he said to the man, "that you are hurting the woman?"

"What business is that of yours?" said the man with a sneer. And Dr. Suydam recognized again his acquaintance of the club, Lord Erdel of Erdelford.

"It is every man's business to protect a woman in distress," said he, sternly.

"Yes, a woman," said the man, "but not a dirty——"

Before the words were out of his mouth the man was seized by the collar and hurled out into the street. He

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staggered along for a moment and then fell full length. Gathering himself together and rising up, he rushed back and struck his assailant across the face with his cane.

Dr. Suydam did not resent the blow. He said: "Your lordship may strike me if you please. I deserve it at your hands, but you must not hurt the woman."

At the sound of the Doctor's voice the Englishman dropped his cane and said: "By Jove, it is the American. Well," he said, "you are having a fling. Marie Du Pre last night, a trull from the street to-night, where will you be to-morrow night?"

"I do not know," said Dr. Suydam.

"Come," said his lordship, to his companion, "come along, the slut picked my pocket, but let her have the purse. She will revenge me on the American that stole Marie Du Pre from me last night." The man who was seeking an officer came back and the two went down the street. The imprisoned woman shook herself, arranged her clothing and began to ply her trade as if nothing had happened.

Dr. Suydam put his hand to his smarting face and found it covered with blood. He turned from Piccadilly into the archway that runs to the street beyond. As he did so, he found himself supported and almost carried by the strong arms of a woman and he heard a rich contralto voice saying: "Come, sir, come with me."

Like a little child he suffered himself to be taken, he knew not where. It was up a dark stairway and into a dark room. He was laid upon a bed and soon by the light of a candle which his guide had lighted he saw that his protector was a woman, large and strong, who lifted him as if he had been a baby. "Lie still, sir, lie still," she said, as she bathed his face with cold water. "You

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were very foolish to try to protect a woman of the street. It is a wonder you were not killed."

Dr. Suydam did not answer a word. He lay still and looked through the dim light at this sad, massive face that was bent over his. It seemed to him the face of a Greek goddess, who had come back to earth to find her altar broken down, her shrine desecrated, and herself an out-cast. As she bathed his bruised face she said: "You did wrong, you did very wrong, you must be a stranger in London not to know that we Englishwomen are mire under the feet of Englishmen. It was a noble but a foolish thing to throw that wicked lord into the street," and stooping down this goddess kissed him on the brow.

He was too faint and dazed to resist. And the woman took him in her arms, put his head on her breast and began, in her wonderful contralto voice to sing him to sleep. And the song that she sang was, "Jesus, Saviour of My Soul."

The spell of the music calmed the throbbing brain of the wounded man and he fell in a sleep. After a long time he wakened to find himself still encircled with strong arms and his head rising and falling to the breathing of a mighty bosom. As he strove to free himself a voice said to him: "Lie still, my child, lie still until the morning; I will not hurt you."

"Let me go, let me go," cried the amazed man, "some one is calling me." At this the woman rose up and held the candle for him at the head of the stairway, while he made his way down into the street. As he passed out of the door he heard the voice of the woman singing, "Jesus, Saviour of My Soul."

Dr. Suydam went away with that song in his ears. His soul was calm. There was no compunction in his heart

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because he had been in strange arms and had rested on a strange bosom. He had not sinned, he had been protected by a mighty love.

As he walked down the silent streets, through the gray mist of the morning he felt himself in a new world of purity and growing light. He did not take heed to his steps; he walked on and on as if led by an unseen hand. After wandering about for what seemed to him an age, but which was really less than an hour, he was arrested in his walk by the sound of a woman's voice crying bitterly; without waiting for an instant he went straight toward that voice as fast as his feet could carry him.

Through the thinning fog he saw the form of a woman crouching on the ground; he, stooping down, took her in his arms and lifted her up and said: "Be still, my dear, be still; do not cry, I have come to take care of you." Without answering a word the woman threw her arms about his neck and pressed herself against him, shivering with cold and with fright. And so they stood, while the mist drifted away to the sea, and the sun arose, and the dome of St. Paul's floated in the morning sky.

Then Dr. Suydam saw that he was on the Victoria embankment. He called a passing cab, lifted the woman into it and gave the house number of Marie Du Pre.

With difficulty he roused her from her morning sleep and persuaded her to let him in.

When she did so and saw the woman, she said: "We must make haste and call the physician and the midwife, else the child will be born without help."

"The child!" said the Doctor.

"Yes, the child," said Marie Du Pre. "The woman is near her time."

Dr. Suydam made haste, and calling a passing cab

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was driven to the nearest physician whom he begged to go at once to help the poor woman in her distress. From the physician he learned the address of the nearest midwife and went for her also. He waited while she made herself ready, and took the midwife with him in the cab.

When he reached the house, Marie Du Pre said to him: "The child is born, and you have found the woman that was lost."

"What!" cried Dr. Suydam. "What do you mean?"

"Come and see," said Marie Du Pre.

Dr. Suydam went in and on a pillow he saw a face pale with exhaustion and yet bright with the brightness of motherhood, and the face was the face of Abigail Bain.

CHAPTER IV

THE FALL OF LUCIFER

SHORTLY after these events occurred in London, Mrs. Suydam was seated in the morning room of her house reading a paper. As she was glancing over the page her eye was arrested by head lines which announced, "*The Naughty Pranks of a Parson. The Preacher Has His Fling.*"

Reading down the column Mrs. Suydam learned that a certain celebrated American preacher, who had recently made himself famous in New York by the denunciation of vice, was making himself infamous in London, by practicing the vice which he denounced. This parson, whose name began with an S and ended with a dam, was living up to the full privilege of his name in wicked London. One night he was seen in one of the most notorious resorts in Regent Street and went home with its most notorious woman.

"The next night this same saint, who pretends that ginger is not hot in his mouth, fought an English lord for the possession of a trull, and the scene of this combat of males for the female, was Piccadilly Circus, at midnight.

"The American residents in London are scandalized at this man's wickedness, and are demanding that he be

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arrested and sent home. The English laugh and say that the man is guilty of nothing but bad form, and bad form, while it is the deadliest of social, is not a civil crime.

"The correspondent of the *Tattler* was with Lord Erdel when the parson fought with him for the girl, and recognized in this defender of the London drab, the celebrated American preacher."

As Mrs. Suydam read this account of her husband's downfall she blushed scarlet and said: "Well, I am done with that man forever. Too nice to live with his own wife, he finds his pleasure with the lowest of women. I wonder how long that has been going on. His interest in that woman in Mulberry Street was not purely spiritual. The hypocrite!"

While Mrs. Suydam was raging over this exposure of her husband's wickedness Katherine Bullet entered the room. "Why, mother, what is the trouble this morning? You look angry enough to bite a ten-penny nail."

"Trouble, angry, I should think so. The wretched man! We are disgraced forever!" said Mrs. Suydam, throwing the paper on the floor.

"Now, mother, dear," said Katherine, "don't be so tragical. What has Bobby been up to now?"

"Bobby!" exclaimed Mrs. Suydam. "Bobby has not been up to anything. Bobby knows enough to behave like a gentleman when he is away from home."

"Indeed," said Katherine, lifting her eyebrows. "I wish he would show a little of the same behavior when he is at home; but if it is not Bobby, who is it?"

"It is that wretched man," said Mrs. Suydam.

"What wretched man, mother mine?" said Katherine.

"Read and see," said Mrs. Suydam, handing Katherine the paper.

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Katherine took the paper, read the account, and carelessly threw it on the floor.

"Well," said Mrs. Suydam.

"Well, what?" said Katherine.

"How you provoke me! You do not care if your mother is disgraced in the eyes of all London and New York."

"My mother is not disgraced," said Katherine, skillfully breaking an egg, "unless she disgraces herself by believing such lies as that."

"But it is a dispatch from London. It says that the correspondent of the *Tattler* saw the street fight," said Mrs. Suydam.

"I have no doubt he did see it," said Katherine, eating her egg with great care. "Daddy was doubtless standing up for some poor street girl against some London bully. And he did right, he did right. I have seen sights in London that have made my fingers itch to use my horse-whip on the backs of those English brutes. They treat those poor women worse than they treat a mangy cur."

"Katherine, Katherine," said Mrs. Suydam. "Your vulgarity is beyond endurance. What do you know about these poor women, as you call them?"

"Know about them!" exclaimed Katherine, "know about them! Do you think I have been driving about the streets of New York, London, Paris, and Vienna, at all hours of the night and don't know about them? Haven't I seen their draggled silks and painted faces until I am sick? I never see one of them but I say, 'There, but for her money, goes Katherine Bullet.'"

"Indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Suydam, scornfully, "your championship of vice is very becoming to a woman in your position."

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"It is becoming," said Katherine, "for I am as vicious as they. They sell themselves for money. I sell myself for a title. The only difference is that the Church blesses my sale and curses theirs."

"Katherine," said Mrs. Suydam, "please do not speak against the Church."

"The Church, the Church," said Katherine. "The Church makes a great effort to strain out a gnat while it swallows a camel. It has spent millions to abolish the Juggernaut and abate the Suttee, while it rolls its car of greed and hate over millions of the poor, and burns its women in the fires of the social evil."

"I see, Katherine," said Mrs. Suydam, "that you have been taking lessons from Dr. Suydam; but take care, see where his doctrines have led him."

"I don't know anything about his doctrines nor where they have led him; but this I do know. I have lived with my father, the only father I have ever known, ever since I was a child. He is the only man for whom I have been able to keep any respect, and it will take more than the lies of the *Tattler* to make me believe that my Daddy is not infinitely better than the men and women who slander him."

"Have a care, Katherine," cried Mrs. Suydam, "have a care. Go a little further and you will try my patience beyond endurance. You do not seem to think that this scandal may ruin your own future. I shouldn't wonder if Dipford and the Duke were to break the engagement."

"Have no fear on that score," said Katherine. "Dipford is not going to marry my reputation nor the reputation of my kindred far or near, by blood or by marriage. Dipford is going to marry my millions, and as long as they are untarnished Dipford will be true."

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"You may talk as you please, Katherine," said Mrs. Suydam, "but that man shall never cross my threshold again. I shall begin suit at once for divorce."

"Do, mother," said Katherine, "and when you get it marry the Duke of Senlac. I would love to have you for a mother-in-law," and making a courtesy Katherine left the room. And as she went up the stairs she said: "Daddy is a fool, Daddy is a fool. He is fighting against all the social gods. He has fallen from the grace of the social world."

Katherine shut herself up in her room, and, what was unusual with her, gave herself up to a fit of bitter weeping.

CHAPTER V

A NIGHT WATCH

ALL unconscious of the storm that was brewing in his own household, Dr. Suydam kept watch by the bedside of Abigail Bain. For days her life was in the balance with death, and the weight of a straw would turn the scale. The physician said only the most careful nursing could save her.

And never did a patient have a more careful nurse than Abigail Bain had in Dr. Suydam. He watched her fever and gave her medicine and her nourishment. Marie Du Pre looked at this man waiting upon this fallen girl with all the deftness of a physician and the tenderness of a woman, and there began to grow in her soul a feeling of awe for him that was akin to worship.

She and he watched all night and listened to the wandering talk of the sick woman. She cried: "Don't blame me, Keturah, it was so dark and dirty down there in Mulberry Street, and I wanted to be clean, I wanted to be clean. Don't leave me alone, Robert, don't leave me alone. I'm afraid, I'm afraid. Let me in, Keturah, let me in. It's cold here in the street, and I'm afraid, I'm afraid. Let me in, I don't care if it's dark, if you'll only let me in. Take me in your bed, Keturah dear, I'm afraid, I'm afraid."

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"Poor child," said Marie Du Pre. "She is in the first stages of suffering that comes to every lost woman. At first we are afraid. The first night, after the Duke left me, I crept away to the room of the care-taker and asked to lie in her bed. I was so afraid. But we soon get over that and give ourselves to sin without a tremor. We are afraid of nothing, not even of murder."

The plaintive voice from the sick bed began to murmur again. "Please, Robert, please, don't go away like that. Don't leave me here all alone. I'll be good, here I am, take me, only don't hurt me, don't hurt me."

"The brute!" said Marie Du Pre, "the brute! Little they care for our pain, so they have their pleasure. Do you wonder that I hate them and kill them as fast as I can?"

"Kill them!" said Dr. Suydam. "What do you mean? You are not a murderess?"

"Yes, I am a murderess. I kill, I kill, I kill. And, oh, my God! I killed my darling Dipford."

Dr. Suydam saw in the dim light that look of fear in the face of Marie Du Pre which he had seen at the first, with eyes dilated with horror she was gazing into space.

"What is it?" said the Doctor. "What is it? What do you see?"

"I see Dipford," and covering her eyes with her hands she knelt down and laid her head upon the knees of Dr. Suydam. "May I tell you all my wickedness?" said she.

"Yes, my daughter, tell me all," and the Doctor laid his hand upon her head.

"When the Duke went away and left me with nothing but my wickedness to live for, when I knew that my children were bastards, without a name or heritage, I went mad with lust and hate, and I determined that if my son could not bear the name of FitzOsborn, then no Fitz-

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Osborn should ever inherit the title of Senlac. The eldest son of the Duke, the Marquis of Dipford, was a lovely lad, yellow hair and blue eyes, and cheeks like cream. I used to watch him with all my eyes whenever I saw him in the Castle or the Park, and he had eyes only for me. We were like brother and sister. It was Dickie this and Marie that, all the day long. The Duchess was jealous of me. We grew up together until I was eighteen and Dickie was sixteen. Then the Duke took me and made me the mother of his bastard children. Then he left me and them to struggle and to die. And I hated the Duke and all his house.

"One day after the Duke left me I met Dickie on the street. I was twenty and he was eighteen. Dickie was glad to see me. He did not know what had become of me. And I was glad to see him. I loved him, and yet I hated him. I brought him to these rooms and I gratified both my love and my hatred. I made Dickie know what pleasure is. Not content with corrupting him, I ruined him. I plunged him into all the dissipation of London, trampling my love under foot. I gave him over to the vilest women. I saw without pity his beauty fade and his strength decay.

"My heart cried out for Dickie, but I kept trampling on my heart, and said, 'It is not Dickie; it is the Marquis of Dipford, who shall never be Duke of Senlac,' and so I saw him shrivel in the fires of sin until they burned him to ashes.

"It broke the Duchess's heart, but what did I care for the Duchess? If the Duke had left me any heart to break, my heart would have broken for Dickie. Oh, Dickie, Dickie, come back, come back, and say that you forgive me!" With this bitter cry of a lost soul, Marie Du Pre

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slid off the knees of Doctor Suydam and writhed upon the floor.

Dr. Suydam knelt down and took her in his arms and kissed her on the cheek, and said: "There, there, God is good, God will forgive you."

"Do you kiss me?" said Marie Du Pre.

"Yes, I kiss you, because I love you and am sorry for you," and the Doctor held her head close to his breast.

"You love me and are sorry for me, you don't want me for your pleasure then." And Marie looked at him with wide-open eyes.

"No, Marie, not for my pleasure, but for my joy. I want to lift you out of this world of sin and sorrow into a world of holiness and happiness."

Just then a faint cry was heard in the next room, and Marie Du Pre rose up and said: "There, the baby is awake, I must go and look after her." And Dr. Suydam heard her walking up and down in the next room with the baby in her arms, crooning over her as only a mother can croon over her children.

And Dr. Suydam knew that Marie Du Pre had found a Saviour.

And he smiled as he watched Abigail Bain sleeping, as quietly as a baby, herself.

The low passionate confession of Marie Du Pre had soothed her as a cradle-song soothes a little child, and she had gone off into a dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER VI

A SILLY SHEEP

REST, quiet, and careful nursing restored Abigail Bain to life and to reason. One morning after a peaceful slumber she opened her eyes and saw Dr. Suydam standing by her bedside. She lay quite still looking at him for a long time, and then she said in a whisper: "Where am I?"

"You are with friends, my child," said Dr. Suydam.

"Who are you?" said the girl still looking at him intently, and speaking in a whisper.

"I am Mr. Suydam, Dr. Suydam, you know, of Saint Nicholas Church, New York. I come to you from Keturah. She wants you to come home with me," and the Doctor smoothed her hair.

"But where am I?" cried the girl, now wide awake, "where am I? I feel so strange. What has happened to me?"

"You are in London," said the Doctor, "in the house of a friend. And your baby has been born."

"My baby," said the girl, "my baby! Did you say, my baby?"

"Yes, your baby, my dear, and a beautiful baby she is."

"Where is she?" cried the girl, sitting up, "where is she, can't I see her?"

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"Yes," said Dr. Suydam, and he went to the door, calling to some one in the next room.

In a moment a tall woman entered carrying a little bundle in her arms. She laid the child in the bosom of her mother, who gave it her swollen breast, and then lay back on the pillow with a look of perfect happiness.

Dr. Suydam and Marie Du Pre went out of the room leaving the mother and child to themselves.

Returning an hour or two afterward Dr. Suydam found the baby asleep and the mother weeping silently, so as not to waken her. Dr. Suydam sat down, and took her hand in his and smoothed it to quiet her. "There, there, my dear," he said, "don't cry. You are with friends. You and your child will be cared for."

"But, sir," she said, "it is wrong for me to have a baby. Keturah will never let me come home when she knows I have a baby."

"Oh, yes, she will," answered the Doctor. "She will forgive you and love the baby. She sent me over here to London to look for you, until I found you, and then to take you home to her. As soon as you are strong enough we are going home."

"Oh, sir," said the girl, weeping, "I can't go home. I am a bad woman. I deceived Keturah. I told her lies."

"Never mind that now, my child, that is over and gone. You will not tell any more lies, I am sure. We will take good care of you and you will not need to deceive any more." And the Doctor placed his hand on the girl's head as if he were absolving her from all her sins.

"But my baby," said the poor girl, "my baby will be ashamed of me. There will be no one whom she can call papa." And Abigail began to cry again.

"Yes, my dear," said the Doctor, "that is very sad, but

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we will try to make it up to baby in some way. If we find her father, we will make him marry you, if we can. If not we will provide for you and the baby so that you shall never be in want."

"Oh, sir," said the girl, "I did not mean to be bad. I only wanted to have a good time. It was so dark and dirty down in Mulberry Street, and the people were such horrible people. Keturah sent me to school and then to the Normal College, and I met nice girls—girls who had all the money they wanted, and dressed so beautifully, I wanted to be like them."

"Yes, my child," said the Doctor, "that was a natural wish. You could not help it. Your home in Mulberry Street was no place for you. Keturah knew that, and meant you to leave it as soon as you had your appointment in the public school."

"Oh, the school, the school," said the girl. "I hated the thought of the school. I couldn't bear to be shut up all day, and I hated little children. I always thought I would marry a rich husband and have everything I wanted."

"Poor child," said the Doctor, "I do not wonder that you went astray."

"Then," said the girl, continuing her own history—"then Robert came. I met him one Sunday at Saint Nicholas Church. He gave me a seat. The next Sunday I went to church and met him again. He asked me to meet him at the fountain in Union Square. I knew it was wrong, but I did it. He took me to drive in the Park, and gave me a dinner. After that I used to meet him every day or two. He took me to drive and to sail down the bay. He was very kind and said that he loved me. I loved him, and I thought my dream was coming true."

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I was going to marry a rich husband and have all that I wanted."

"Poor child," said the doctor; "there is nothing in this world so deceiving as our dreams. But you need not tell me all this. Let it go. Telling can do no good."

"Oh, I must tell it!" said the girl. "It was horrible. I must tell it. We went down to the seaside one afternoon. In the evening we went out on the sands, and we stayed so late that the last train had gone to the city before we got back to the hotel. I was afraid. Robert was very nice. He told me not to be afraid. He took a room for me, and after supper I went to bed. I lay awake a long time, because I was afraid. Then I went to sleep. All of a sudden I felt somebody touch me. I cried out; but Robert put his hand over my mouth and told me to be still. And I was still because I was afraid. The next morning we went back to the city, and I cried all the way. Robert told me not to cry. He would take care of me, he said. I was afraid to tell Keturah the truth, so I told her that I had spent the night with Margaret Howard.

"After that I used to meet Robert nearly every day, and we went to hotels and other places. I begged Robert to marry me. He said I needn't fret, that we were married already. He took me out West with him, and he would leave me alone for days and days in the hotel; and I didn't have any money. Once, in Chicago, I was lost. They turned me out of the hotel, and I did not know where to go. I had to go to the station-house. It was horrible: worse than Mulberry Street. I wished then for the dark room, with Keturah's hand in mine."

"Poor child, poor child!" said Dr. Suydam. "This world is a hard, cold place for sheep that are lost."

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"When Robert told me," said the girl, "that he was going to London, I begged him to take me with him. He said I might go if I wanted to, only not with him. He would pay my way over, and I might meet him at a lodging-house in a street called Craven Street. I went over; and when I got to London I went to the place that Robert told me to go to, and he came to see me. But he was not kind to me any more. He told me that London was the best place in the world for such a woman as I was. I could make lots of money and have a good time. He brought a strange man with him, and they took me to see a strange woman. But she laughed at me and said I was too innocent. Robert took me back to our lodgings; and when I cried he struck me and left me.

"I waited for him to come back; but he never came. Then one night they turned me out into the streets of London. And I wanted to go somewhere and lie down and die; but I could not. Men spoke to me; policemen told me to move on; and a woman stole my coat—made me take it off and give it to her. Then it was so cold and so dark that I was sure I would die before morning, and I was glad. I could not see my way, and I went on and on until I came to a wall, and then I laid my head upon the wall and cried. I could not stand any longer; so I sat down on the ground and laid my cheek against the wall and cried; but nobody heard me for a long time. Then I felt some one take me in his arms. He lifted me up and took me away from the wall. He took me in a carriage to a house and put me to bed. I had terrible pains, and then I thought I heard a baby cry, and then I thought I was in heaven and saw Keturah standing and waiting for me. Now I wake up and find myself here, and you are with me and you are going to take me home."

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"Yes, my child; I am going to take you home, and keep you safe from further harm. Be still, my child; be still and go to sleep."

Dr. Suydam gave the girl a soothing drink, and sat and watched her until she fell into a quiet slumber.

CHAPTER VII

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

DURING all the period of Abigail's sickness, Marie Du Pre stayed at home and denied herself to all visitors. Her retirement was the talk of the London clubs; and great was the surprise of the men about town when it was rumored that the favorite of dukes and earls had taken up with an ordinary American clergyman. Dr. Suydam's residence in the house of this woman was a growing scandal.

Lord Erdel, of Erdelsford, expressed the common feeling when he said: "I fancy we will have to adopt the American system of protection. If things go on as they are going, London society will be Americanized. American women are marrying into our noblest families, and American men are carrying off our finest women. If this sort of thing doesn't stop somewhere, London society will be as corrupt as the society of New York. We shall have a boss in place of the Lord Mayor, and the Bishop of London will be keeping his mistress."

While the world outside was passing judgment on the relationship of Dr. Suydam to Marie Du Pre, these two were working together for the salvation of Abigail Bain, and in this common work were forming the most sacred bond—save one—that can exist between man and

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woman. Marie Du Pre found in Dr. Suydam a lord and saviour. In the silence of the sick chamber, and in the presence of this man whose one thought was the salvation of a soul, the life of Marie Du Pre was transformed. That old life of sin fell away from her. She was so busy ministering to the sick girl and taking care of the baby that she did not so much as think of that wild, lawless life that seemed to belong to a far-distant past. She did not even remember her old pleasures.

As Abigail Bain grew stronger, and the time drew near when Dr. Suydam must take her and sail away to New York, Marie Du Pre began to be afraid, as she had been afraid in the first days of her sinfulness. She looked forward to the departure of her guest with dread; when he went away the old life of evil would come back again.

One night she and Dr. Suydam were sitting in the little room where she had received him at the first. She was on a low seat at his feet, and was looking into the coal fire that was burning on the hearth. Without looking at Dr. Suydam, she said sadly: "I fancy my time in heaven is nearly gone, and I shall soon have to go down into hell again."

"Marie," said the Doctor, "why do you say that? Why should you go back to your old life? You have said nothing to me about it, but I can see that you hate that life of shame and dissipation."

"Yes, I hate it; but so does the drunkard hate his life of drunkenness, but he gets drunk all the same."

"Do you mean to tell me, my dear, that you will have to go back to your old life again—that nothing can save you?"

"No, nothing can save me," said the woman sadly. "When you leave me I shall have nothing to do but to go back to my old ways and live my old life."

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

"But, my dear friend," said the Doctor, stooping down and kissing her on the brow, "I do not mean to leave you. I intend to keep you near me always."

"What do you mean?" said the woman, turning toward the Doctor with a startled look.

"I mean that you are to go with me to my country. I have a beautiful home there that looks out over a great river and upon lovely mountains. I will give you that home to live in until you are ready to go to a new home of your own."

"But I shall be so lonely in your country," said Marie Du Pre. "I wont know anybody there; and even if I did it could only be bad people; good people would never have anything to do with such a woman as I am; and of course you could not live with me—that would not be right."

"No, I could not live with you. But I will have some one to live with you. And besides, you are not to go alone. You are to take those who are nearest and dearest with you."

"Who, pray?" asked the woman.

"Your children," said Dr. Suydam. "Did you not tell me you had two children?"

"My children," said the woman vaguely. "My children. Yes, I have children; but they are nothing to me, and I am nothing to them. I sent them to Brittany almost as soon as they were born, and they have been there ever since. I loved them as a tiger might love its cubs. I hated the man who brought them into the world, to live lives of obscurity and shame. But the children I have forgotten. I could not remember the children and live the life I have been living."

"It is for that reason you must have the children back

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again. You must not live the old life any more; you must live the life of a mother with her children."

"I cannot! oh, I cannot! The children will ask for their father, and what shall I tell them then?"

"When they are old enough, tell them the truth, if it is necessary. But while they are children, love them and let them love you. That is the best thing for them and for you that can happen in this world. You know where the children are?"

"Yes; they are in a village near St. Malo."

"To-morrow I will go and fetch them."

Some days after this Dr. Suydam returned from Brittany to the home of Marie Du Pre, bringing with him two children—a boy of six and a girl of four. The boy had long, light hair falling over his shoulders, bright blue eyes, and a fair complexion. The girl was dark like her mother.

When Dr. Suydam led them into the room where Marie Du Pre was waiting, she looked at the boy and turned pale and whispered "Dipford." Then, kneeling down, she cried: "Oh, Dicky, Dicky! come to me! Come to me, my daughter!" And sweeping the children into her arms she wept over them; and she said to Dr. Suydam: "Take me away as soon as you can from this wicked place, and let me live with my children."

CHAPTER VIII

THE MYSTIC WOMAN

As Dr. Suydam was preparing to leave London and return to his own country, his mind went back to that terrible night when he wandered in the regions of Piccadilly, seeking among the women of the street for the lost sister of Keturah Bain. He recalled vividly every incident of that night, and remembered with gratitude the woman who had taken him to her home, who had washed his wounds, and soothed him to sleep on her bosom. He remembered her as one might remember a mighty angel seen in a dream, she seemed so far away and unearthly.

So strong was the impression which this strange, wonderful woman made upon the heart and imagination of Dr. Suydam that he could not rest until he had seen her again. He could not think of going to his own home while his benefactor was wandering the streets of London, a victim of man's passion.

Driven by a great pity, Dr. Suydam went once more to watch the procession of women that winds in and out and round about Piccadilly Circus, Regent Street, and the Haymarket. As he walked through the throng he had compassion upon this multitude of the lost. They were as sheep scattered abroad, having no shepherd. Dr. Suydam remembered that these sinners had a friend once

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who kept company with them, and saved some of them alive. But that was a long time ago. That friend of sinners was dead, and now nobody seemed to care. Night after night the same scene of horror presented itself to the consideration of the human intelligence and to the pity of the human heart; but the intelligence gave it no thought, and the heart no love. The intelligence of man had solved every problem but this. Man had been able to measure the distances of the stars and to tell their number; he had made ships of iron to float on the ocean; he had made instruments to carry his speech from continent to continent; he had built great cathedrals and composed exquisite music; but he could not tell how to save the soul of a woman alive.

When she was lost in the darkness, his only thought was to drive her farther and farther into the darkness, so that he might not see her shame nor hear her cries of distress.

The more highly developed and refined the civilization of man, the more hopeless and miserable was the condition of these poor creatures who had lost their place in the social order.

As Dr. Suydam walked down Piccadilly, sadly musing on these things, he saw the woman he was looking for walking toward him. He could not be mistaken—only one such woman could be found in London, only one such, perhaps, in the world, so large and yet so graceful. As she moved along the street she seemed to glide rather than to walk. It was as if her limbs were assisted by invisible wings.

When he drew near to this woman of the street, Dr. Suydam lifted his hat as a token of respect and said: "I beg your pardon, madam; but if I may, I would like to speak to you."

The Mystic Woman

"Certainly," said the woman. "I am here to be spoken to."

"You do not remember me," said Dr. Suydam; "but you have seen me before."

"Yes, I remember," said the woman. "You are the man who tried to help a woman of the street, and were hurt in a fight, and I took you to my room afterward. Yes, I remember you. What do you want of me to-night?"

"I would like very much to talk to you for a little while, somewhere out of the street," said Dr. Suydam.

"Come to my room," said the woman; and leading the way she went up a narrow street and up a narrow stairway into a small room, meagrely furnished with a table, a chair, and a bed. The woman lighted a candle and placed it on the table; then asking Dr. Suydam to be seated, she sat down on the foot of the bed and waited for him to speak.

"I was wondering, madam," said Dr. Suydam, "why you wander through these streets of London by night. You are not a wicked woman; for no wicked woman could sing as you sang to me that night here in this room."

"Sir," said the woman, "you are right. I am not and never was a wicked woman, though I was for years a common woman of the street. I was born and brought up in the street, and when I was a girl I knew of no other way of living. But now I know, and I do not live that way any longer."

"I was sure," said Dr. Suydam, "that you did not love this evil life, and I have come to ask you if you would not like to go away from it all with me to my country. I will give you a home there, where you can live quietly and respectably for the rest of your life."

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"Where is your country?" asked the woman.

"Across the ocean, in America," said Dr. Suydam.

"And have you no lost women in America," said the woman; "but must come to look for them in London?"

"Yes, we have many in America," said Dr. Suydam. "I came to London to find a girl who had strayed away from her home and friends, who was lost here in the streets. I was looking for her on the night I was hurt and you took me home. I seemed to hear her crying while I was lying on your bed, and that is why I got up and hurried away. And I found her early in the morning. Her child was born that day. Now I am taking her home. Another woman is going with us—a woman who is tired of her sinful life—will you not come also?"

"I thank you kindly, sir," said the woman; "but I cannot go. I cannot leave London. It is my home. I cannot leave my sisters. I cannot leave the poor Son of God."

"Have you sisters?" said Dr. Suydam. "Who is the poor Son of God?"

"Yes, many sisters," said the woman. "All the lost women in London are my sisters. I must stay here and help them, sir. This is my world, and I cannot leave it. My mother, a north country woman, lost her virtue when a girl; and, as all such girls do, she came to London. While here she fell in with a Norwegian—a great, tall man with light hair and blue eyes. My mother tells me that I am his daughter; that I am large as he was, and my eyes and hair are the color of his. It may be so. I have never seen my father, and he has never seen me."

The woman paused, and Dr. Suydam looked at her with tears in his eyes. He thought as he looked that kings might wish for just such a daughter to give in marriage to princes. He said aloud: "Madam, I pity

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your father even more than I pity you. He does not know what he has lost."

"No," said the woman, "he does not know and he does not care. When I was a baby my mother was with me all day, and at night she put me in a little room and left me and went away. My mother was very good to me. When I was older I played about with other children in the street. When I was a girl grown I went out with my mother on the street and we walked together. Then it was that my eyes were opened, and I knew the bitter life my mother was leading. The slave of vile men, beaten and trampled on by drunkards, cursed by the officer if she stood still for a moment on the street, getting drunk herself as the only way out of her misery.

"When I could endure it no longer I ran away and went far out of London. But it was even worse in the country. Nobody would take me in; nobody would give me anything to eat; the dogs barked at me; and I had to sleep under the hedgerows. One day a traveling tinker saw me walking in the road, and he took me in his wagon, and I lived with him for a year. He used to beat me when he was drunk. One day, when we were down in Surrey, near Guilford, he threw me out of the wagon and drove me away. I went along till I came to a hedgerow, and I hid myself under the trees to die. But I could not hide myself. A dog came along and barked at me. A man followed him and poked me with his stick and said: 'Come, woman, get up; don't lie there.' I got up, and the man looked at me and said, 'Come with me,' and he took me to his house. He was a gentleman. He lived alone in his lodge up Rydes Hill way. He kept me until he died, three years afterwards. That was my happy time. The gentleman was kind to me. I learned

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to read while I was there. We had one child, a boy. At the end of three years the man died. Then the new owner of the house came and turned me and my boy out of doors. I was a bad woman, and no one would take me in. I lay all that night on the common, with my child in my arms. It was cold, and my child cried. By and by an old man came along and found me and took me home. He was very old and very poor. He gave me a corner of his cottage. There my child died. We went, the old man and I, to the parson and asked the parson to bury the child; but he would not, because I did not belong to the church. He said I was a dissenter, and could not bury my child in the churchyard. So we went to the beadle, and he buried the child in the potter's field. I lived with the old man in the cottage for a year. He was a good old man, and I took care of him as his daughter. He had only one book—the Bible. I used to read it to him in the long nights, when he could not sleep. I read all about Jesus.

“One night I had a dream: I heard a knock at the door. I went and opened it. There was a man standing there. He was ragged and his face was bloody. I told him to go away; that we were poor and could give him nothing. He asked me to let him come in, for the night was cold and dark. He came in and sat down on the floor, and I saw that he was very poor; that he was wounded in his hands and his feet. He said: ‘I am the Son of God. There is no place for me in the world. Wherever I go they cast me out. No one has any room for me.’ When I heard this I was filled with sorrow for him. I knew what it was to be out in the dark and cold. So I said to him, ‘Sir, stay here. It is a poor place; but we will make it comfortable for you. You shall eat of

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our bread and drink of our sup.' He looked up at me through his tears and said, 'I will stay; stay with you always in your heart.'

"When I woke up in the morning the old man was dead; and I went to the beadle, and the old man was buried with the child in the potter's field. When I came back I did not feel lonely. There was somebody in the cottage, and I knew it was the poor Son of God. I could not leave the cottage. It was winter; the days were cold and the nights were dark. If it were not for my poor cottage, the Son of God would not have any place to lay his head. One night I came home after a hard day's work and found the cottage empty. I knew the Son of God was not there any more. It was very lonely, and I lay down and cried myself to sleep. In the night I saw him standing by my bed. I spoke crossly to him. I said, 'Where have you been? You have nearly frightened me to death, leaving me alone in this cottage.'

"When I looked at him again I was sorry that I had scolded him; he looked so tired, his wounds were opened afresh, and were bleeding. He said, 'Do not be angry. I have been in the streets of London, looking for my sheep that are lost. You must come and help me.' The next morning I left my cottage and came to London. Here I work all day long in the bake-shop. I come home at five in the afternoon and sleep till ten o'clock. Then Jesus and I go out together on the street. If we find a girl that nobody will do anything for, we bring her home with us; and she sleeps here in my bed and has coffee and bread in the morning. If she wants to leave the street we find a place for her to work. But this is hard, for people do not like to take girls who have gone wrong, who have no one to say a word for them except the Son

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of God and me. He and I do the best we can, and so take care of the lost sheep. Sometimes we find a man who is not wicked wandering about, as we found you; then we bring him here and save him, if we can, from himself.

"You see," said the woman, looking at Dr. Suydam with a strange, unearthly gaze, "I cannot go with you. I cannot leave the Son of God to do all this work alone here in London. I must help Him."

The woman had spoken all this in a low, musical voice. There was no excitement in her tone. What she said was a simple reality to her. Dr. Suydam knew that he was in the presence of one of those mystic souls, who mistake dreams for realities. But he did not try to waken her out of her dream. He simply said: "You are right. You cannot go with me; stay here and help the Son of God, who needs you."

Lifting her hand to his lips, he kissed it and went out of her room once more, into the loneliness of a London morning.

CHAPTER IX

THE COMPLIMENTS OF HIS GRACE

THE day before leaving London, Dr. Suydam went to the club to see if there were any letters for him. He had written Robert, in care of his bankers, and told him to address his reply in care of the club which was frequented by the Marquis of Dipford and the Duke of Senlac.

Entering the reading-room, he saw, to his surprise, the Duke of Senlac gazing out of the window. His first impulse was to turn and go away. Mastering this, which he felt to be a cowardly impulse, Dr. Suydam walked toward the window and attracted the attention of the Duke and greeted him, saying: "I did not know that your Grace had returned. I hope you had a pleasant voyage."

"Oh," said the Duke, putting his glass to his eye. "As I live, it is the gay parson, whose doings are the talk of two continents! Allow me to congratulate you on your conversion. Your new master, the devil, is a pleasant gentleman, in whose company you will have lots of fun."

"I beg your Grace's pardon, but your pleasantry is far from being pleasing. I know I have laid myself open to the sneers of the vulgar; but I did expect a kinder judgment of a gentleman."

"My dear fellow," said the Duke, "I have for you the

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kindest judgment in the world. Far from blaming you, I congratulate and compliment you on your success in your new rôle. You have taken London by storm. You have cut out princes and dukes and earls, and have had Marie Du Pre all to yourself for a month. It has taken our breath away. But, like all converts, you are over-zealous. Your zeal runs away with your discretion. You have forgotten that to be successful you must do as the Venetian wives did, according to their proverb, which was 'not to leave undone, but to keep unknown.' "

"It is not for me to answer your Grace," said Dr. Suydam. "I can only say that Marie Du Pre is a woman who has been greatly wronged by one who should have protected her from harm. Who that one is perhaps your Grace's conscience will tell you."

"My Grace's conscience," answered the Duke, "tells me a great many pleasant things. Among others, it tells me of many delightful hours spent with that charming but wicked Circe, Marie Du Pre."

"If Marie Du Pre is wicked, to whom does she owe that wickedness?" said the Doctor, severely.

"Now, my dear fellow," said the duke, "you are assuming the privileges of your cloth and asking questions which not even a fool can answer. The source of Marie Du Pre's wickedness is a mystery. Better do as you parsons are wont to do—lay it to the devil. He wont care; it will be a credit to him to assume the responsibility of giving to the world such a magnificent sinner as Marie Du Pre."

"Again I say that it is not for me to answer your Grace! only as a gentleman I beg of you to speak, if not with respect, at least with pity, of the mother of your children."

The Compliments of His Grace

"The mother of my children!" said the Duke, laughing. "Again I see you fall into the inveterate habit of your cloth, and make dogmatic statements which are sadly lacking in the element of proof."

"Sir," said Dr. Suydam, "does your Grace mean to say that you do not know who is the father of Marie Du Pre's children?"

"On that subject," said the Duke, "as on many others, I am a confirmed agnostic. The paternity of Marie Du Pre's children is a mystery that I have neither the power nor the desire to penetrate."

"But," said the Doctor, dropping all ceremony, "the woman says that while she was bearing her children she was faithful to you."

"I know she says so," answered the Duke. "You are yet a novice in the ways of the world, if you do not know that these women lay their fault to the most distinguished name within their scope of acquaintance."

"I will take care of the children," said Dr. Suydam, "whom your Grace casts aside. Marie Du Pre and her children are to sail with me to-morrow for America, where I will make for her a home in which she can live with her children in quietness and purity."

"Permit me to congratulate you once more on your choice of a companion; but to rebuke the folly of the method. You are playing the fool with a high hand. What do you think Mrs. Suydam will say to all this?"

"With this Mrs. Suydam has nothing to do. I am here in the exercise of my office as a shepherd of the sheep of Christ. A girl belonging to my congregation was betrayed by a member of my household. She was brought here and thrown on the streets of London. I came here to search for her. In my search I met Marie

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Du Pre. She has been very good and kind. She has nursed the poor girl through her sickness. And now I mean to take these women and their children home with me to America and give them a chance to live."

"I have no doubt," said the duke, "of the purity of your motive; but purity of motive is a small defense against the wiles of a beautiful woman. You will find it hard to persuade a wicked world that you have kept company for weeks with one of the loveliest of her sex, visiting her at all hours of the day and night, just for the good of her soul. Some things are too great a tax on our faith; this is one of them."

"I do not submit my conduct to your Grace's judgment. I must act as I think best."

"Certainly," said the Duke; "but allow me to regret that your action will prevent my receiving you at the castle of Senlac when your beautiful step-daughter, Katherine Bullet, enters it as the wife of the Marquis of Dipford, heir to the name and estate of Senlac. You have chosen your company, and you will have to keep it."

"Surely, your Grace," said Dr. Suydam; and forgetting his letters, he went away, the Duke calling after him, "Please give my compliments to Marie Du Pre."

CHAPTER X

OUT ON THE EBB-TIDE

WHILE Keturah was waiting anxiously for news from Abigail, she was also in great distress over the condition of her father. Under the combined influence of drink and of misfortune, his mind had given way, and he was no longer master of himself. He would wander away from the house which Keturah had provided for him, and go back to his old haunts in Mulberry Bend and along the river side. Keturah was in constant dread of some fatal accident.

She tried to persuade her father to stay at home with Mrs. Sherwood. To every such appeal the old man would reply: "I can't stay in this part o' town; it ain't my deestric. I ain't got no infloo'ence here. I don't know the boys and I don't know the boss."

"But, father," answered Keturah, "you know you haven't any influence anywhere now. That is all gone."

"Who says I aint got no infloo'ence?" cried the captain in anger. "Don't I vote a hundred or a hundred and fifty at every 'lection; and ain't that infloo'ence? The boss can't get along 'thout me, I tell you. He'll be tellin' Flynn to tell Cronin to tell Captain Bain to vote his men all right on 'lection day, and then step up and get what's comin' to him. But the boss and Flynn and

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Cronin ain't goin' to fool the old man no more. I'm goin' to have my share 'fore 'lection, not arterward, else me and Johnny Fox 'll turn the boss out and be bosses ourselves."

"Don't you remember, father, dear," said Keturah, "that there isn't any boss now?"

"Aint no boss!" said the Captain indignantly. "Aint no boss! Now, that's jest like a woman. What do you know about polertics? Aint no boss? I'd like to know how Noo York 'ud get along 'thout a boss. Easy as a ship 'ud get along 'thout a captain, I guess."

"But father, don't you know that the boss has run away, nobody knows where, and Flynn and Cronin and Mr. Beekman have gone to Europe?" said Keturah anxiously.

"What difference does that make, I'd like to know?" said Captain Bain. "One boss goes, t'other boss comes; allers a boss. Else who's goin' to get the boys out to vote, run the primaries, and all that? I tell ye, Keturah, if there aint no boss, I'm jest goin' down town and be boss myself; see if I don't."

Finding it impossible to persuade her father out of his insane notions, Keturah had to let him follow the bent of his own mind. The old man wandered about the river all day, stopping now and then at Maloney's saloon, hoping that some one would give him a drink; and when that good fortune befell him, as it sometimes did, eating a little bread and cheese at the free-lunch counter and so keeping soul and body together.

But this could not last forever. He was becoming more and more of a nuisance every day; telling everybody who would listen to him that he was boss of the city and would give them any job they wanted. One night,

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when Maloney grew tired of his drunken drivel, he turned the old man out into the street.

It was a dark night and it was raining. Captain Bain was dazed, and did not know where he was going. Walking aimlessly about the streets, he came unconsciously to his old home in Mulberry Bend. Nothing had been done to those rear buildings since the fire. Captain Bain went through the passage-way into the court and stood before the ruins of his house—the New England cottage which he had built for his wife and children in the days of his young manhood.

He felt all round for the door, and stumbled over the fallen bricks. As is the habit of men in his condition, he was talking to himself. "What's the matter? What's the matter.?" he said. "Aint this my home? Where's mother, and Abigail, and Ben, and Keturah? All gone? Yes, all gone. Mother's dead, and Ben he's dead, and Abigail she's run away, and Keturah's gone to live with John's folks. Keturah wants me to live 'long with her and John; but it ain't my deestricht. I don't know the boss, and I don't know the boys up there. I'd lose my infloo'ence if I went up there. The boss 'ud say to Flynn, 'Where's Captain Bain,' and Flynn 'ud say, 'I'll ask Cronin,' and Cronin 'ud say to Flynn, 'Captain Bain, he's gone uptown.' And Flynn 'ud say to Cronin, 'Strike off his name; he ain't no good no more.'

"No, I can't live up long o' John. I must live in my deestricht. Here's my house burnt down, yes, burnt down. It was a purty house when I built it, jest like mother's house in Falmouth. White and green blinds, elm tree at the gate, hollyhocks in the yard. Abby Skinner was a purty girl. Pa didn't like her. I did. Kissed her on a Sunday in the turning of the stairs—he, he, he, he!—made

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the elders mad. Pa licked me like the devil. I cussed him and cussed God. Aint had no God sence. No use for no God. Don't help a feller, not a bit. Bad time on the river, bad, bad, sank a boat, drown three people. God didn't help that time, never helps. If ye can't swim, ye drown, God aint no good. The boss he's the one as does it. I'm goin' to be boss, then I'll give God a job, he can help me clean the streets, he, he, he, he!

"I'm gettin' wet. Guess I'll go down to Cronin's saloon, tell Cronin I'm boss, make him give me a drink."

Having formed this resolution in his maudlin brain, the old man staggered to his feet, went out into the street, and down to Cronin's saloon. He pushed open the door and entered boldly. Madness gave him courage. The wet night had kept the customers at home, and only two or three were sitting about the tables drinking. Captain Bain had not been in that saloon since the night he had thrown the glass of whisky in Paddy Flynn's face. Since that time great events had occurred. Captain Bain had stolen the documents which had been used to prove the rascality of the ring. The great boss was a fugitive. Paddy Flynn was an exile, and Michael Cronin was in hiding.

No one in the saloon knew the Captain as he went up to the bar. Standing there in his dripping clothes he was a pitiable object to look at.

"What do you want?" said the barkeeper.

"A little Jamacy, if it's the same to you," said the Captain. The barkeeper eyed his customer suspiciously, as he put down the bottle and glass. Without waiting for him to give expression to his suspicions Captain Bain eagerly filled the glass and drank it at a swallow.

"Well," said the barkeeper, "that was a stiff dram. Now where's yer dime?"

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"I aint payin' to-night," said Captain Bain.

"You aint," said the barkeeper, "I 'ud like to know why you aint?"

"'Cause I'm the boss o' this city, and the boss don't never pay nothin'. You ken tell Cronin that Captain Bain, as aint been in his saloon since he hit Paddy Flynn, was here to-night, and Captain Bain is goin' to be the boss o' Noo York, and Cronin can keep his job if he wants to."

"What you givin' us?" cried the barkeeper. "You say you's Captain Bain?"

"Yes, I'm Captain Bain."

"Boys," said the barkeeper, jumping over the bar, and striking Captain Bain in the face, "here's the bloke as sold out the boss and drove Cronin out o' the country. Take that, and that, and that," and the irate man struck and kicked the poor Captain and cast him out of the door.

Dazed and bewildered, his face streaming with blood, Captain Bain made his way down to the river. The rain continued to fall in torrents. The blows of the barkeeper had brought the Captain to his senses. He knew now that he was not the boss of New York, but only poor, drunken Captain Bain. He steadied himself against the wall of a great warehouse and began to cry like a child. "I'm beat, I'm beat," he said, "I give in, God's got the best o' me arter all. I'll go and tell father as how it was wrong to kiss Abby Skinner on the Sabbath day, at the turning of the stairs. I wont do it no more. If God'll forgive me and wont be mad at me no more I'll go to church. I'll sing psalms. I wont laugh no more. I'll be solemn like Deakin Hart. I wont joke. I'll jest pray and pray. Oh, mother, mother," cried the broken-hearted old man, "I'm comin' home to you. I know father 'll whip me. But don't you care, mother, don't you care, I ken stand it.

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Don't cry, mother, I'm comin'. Comin' home to you. The tide's runnin' out, I'm comin' right away. Open the kitchen door and give me some punkin pie and buttermilk, I'm awful hungry."

Blinded by the blood that was streaming in his eyes, beaten by the rain and whipped by the wind, the old man staggered to the end of the pier, stepped down into the water, and went out on the ebb-tide.

Three days after, his floating body was discovered in the bay and taken to the morgue. There John Sherwood found it, and he and Keturah buried Joshua Bain beside his wife and his son in the cemetery at Union Hill.

CHAPTER XI

THE RETURN OF THE SHEPHERD

BEFORE sailing from London, Dr. Suydam had written home to his agent and secured possession of the family residence in East Broadway. In this house he had lived until his marriage with Mrs. Bullet, and it was his wish to return to it. If his wife desired to live with him, she must come to him and live in his house: he would no longer consent to live in hers.

Reaching New York he was driven directly to his home, taking with him Abigail Bain, Marie Du Pre, and their children. He had sent word to Keturah to meet him there, as he meant to avoid anything like a scene at the pier.

When they reached the house in East Broadway the door was opened by Keturah herself. Without saying a word she took Abigail in her arms and kissed her. Both of the women were overcome by deep emotion, and Dr. Suydam led them into a reception room on the right of the hall, and shutting the door left them to themselves, while he was looking after Marie Du Pre.

Keturah and Abigail sat still for a long time holding each other's hand. Keturah broke the silence, saying: "I'm so glad, Abigail, to have you home again. You don't know how I have missed you."

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"I don't see, Keturah, how you can say you are glad to have me home again. I'm nothing but a bad woman now and you will have to hide me as long as I live. I think you would be glad if I had died as I was dying, in the streets of London, when Dr. Suydam found me." Abigail spoke between her sobs, her eyes running with tears.

"Hush, dear, hush," said Keturah. "You must never say that again. You must never think it. Whatever has happened, you are my own dear sister, and I would have died of a broken heart if you had been lost to me forever."

"But, Keturah, you can never forgive me. I have brought shame on you and on all the family."

"Never mind about the family, Abigail. You and I are all that are left of the family, and we must hold together. I not only forgive, dear, but I forget. We must not think about the past any more at all."

"Keturah, dear, how can you forget? There is the baby."

Keturah rose as if she had been stung. "Yes," she said, "I did forget. There is the baby, that wicked man's child. I did forget."

"But, Keturah dear," pleaded Abigail, "it is my baby more than it is his, and though I have been very wicked the baby has done no wrong."

"True," said Keturah, "the baby has done no wrong. We must not let the baby suffer for the sins of its father and mother. We must save the baby. I will marry John right away, and we will adopt your child as our own and give it a name."

"No, Keturah, no," cried Abigail. "It is my baby. You must not take it away from me."

"What will you do with it?" said Keturah.

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"I don't know," said Abigail, "but I must keep it."

Just then Dr. Suydam came into the room and Marie Du Pre followed him, bearing the baby in her arms. "Here, Abigail," she said, "here is your baby wakened out of her sleep, she wants you." Keturah took the child out of Marie Du Pre's arms, and looking into the great blue eyes blinking in the light, her heart warmed to the child, and she said: "Poor baby, you have come into a cold, hard world—a world that does not want you; but now that you are here we must give you welcome, and be sure, dear, that your Aunt Ketty will make the world as warm and as soft for you as she possibly can." And kissing the child, Keturah handed her to her mother, who laid the hungry little thing against her breast.

"You called yourself Aunt Ketty," said Abigail, "Aunt Ketty, how funny. May I call the baby 'Ketty' now and 'Keturah' when she grows up?"

"Certainly, my dear," said Keturah. "It is not a very pretty name, and from all I can learn of her, Keturah was not a very nice woman, that is the Bible Keturah. But it was grandmother's name and mine, so we had better keep it in the family."

"In the family," said Abigail, sadly. "Poor baby does not belong to any family."

"Yes, she does," said Keturah, "she belongs to my family and always will. John and I will take her for a daughter."

"Oh, no," said Abigail, holding the baby more closely, "not my baby. You and John must have children of your own. My baby is my baby. I will go far away where nobody will know us and will bring up my child as my child."

Keturah was surprised at the strength of Abigail's

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feelings. She had never expected her sister to develop so strong a character. Sin and suffering had done in a little while the work of years.

"You are right," said Marie Du Pre to Abigail. "You are right. Keep your child with you. It is your only salvation. If I had gone away with my children, and lived with them I would not be the wicked woman that I am to-day, nor have to repent of the crimes that lie so heavily on my heart."

"You must not speak so, Marie," said Dr. Suydam, "you are not wicked. You have been greatly wronged. But you are right in this matter. Abigail must keep her child. It is her duty and her duty will be her salvation."

"Yes," said Abigail, "I will keep her, and work for her, and she need never know who her father was."

"I suppose," said Dr. Suydam, "that we might possibly establish a common-law marriage between Abigail and Robert. He registered her as his wife in hotels, and spoke of her as such to the men on the yacht. But it would be a long, tedious, and expensive process, and even then we might not succeed. There is no end to the money which Robert and his mother could spend in fighting the case."

"Oh, no, Doctor, oh, no!" cried Keturah, "don't let us ever think of that. I could not bear to have our shame dragged through the court. Let that man go out of our lives as far and as completely as he possibly can. I never want to hear his name again."

"I think you are wise, Keturah," said Dr. Suydam. "I don't think anything would be gained by taking the matter into the courts. I do not think, in any event, that Robert would live with Abigail again."

"Oh! I never could live with him again," cried Abigail.

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"He was very cruel to me at the last. I would rather die than live with him." Abigail shuddered as she recalled the scenes of shame and cruelty that filled the last days of her life with Robert Bullet.

Seeing her distress, Dr. Suydam soothed her, saying: "Have no fear, my dear, have no fear. Robert Bullet has forgotten you. If you do not force yourself upon him he will never think of you again. I think we can, however, easily have him make a suitable provision for the child."

"Oh, no! no! no!" cried Keturah in alarm. "We don't want his money. It would be a shame for us to take it. I will provide for the child."

"No, Keturah," said Abigail, "I will work for the child and support it myself."

"I do not think," said Dr. Suydam, "that we need give ourselves any uneasiness about that. I will be responsible for the child. It shall never want."

"And now come," he added, "let us all go down to luncheon. I am sure that we are hungry."

CHAPTER XII

SHE SAID, "I WILL"

THAT same evening John and Shinar came to see Keturah, who was to spend the night with Abigail at the home of Dr. Suydam. Keturah came down-stairs and met them in the hall. She said to Shinar: "Shinar, sit down for a few minutes, I want to speak to John alone." She and John went into a side room and Keturah stood before her lover and said: "John, I am an old woman."

"No, you aint, Keturah. You are in the prime of life. You are young enough to be my wife and my wife you shall be. I wont wait any longer."

"Take care, John, take care. I am an old woman. See, my hair is gray, while yours has not a gray hair in it. You don't want an old woman for your wife. You are young and strong and there are hundreds of young girls that would be glad to have you for a husband. Go, John, and find one of them and leave me to take care of Abigail and her baby."

"Now, Keturah," said John in alarm, "you can't play that racket on me any longer. I've waited and waited for people to die, but I wont wait any longer, especially for people to be born. If Abigail is to be taken care of we will take care of her together."

"You mean it, John?" said she.

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"Yes, I mean it, John," he said.

"And you will never be sorry when you see my gray hair and wish you had married some fresh young girl?"

"No, Keturah, I wont never be sorry," said John, coming over and kissing her hair.

"Then, John," said Keturah.

"Then what?" said John.

"Here I am, take me and marry me just as soon as you please, and the sooner the better for we have not long to stay." John took her in his arms and kissed her and said: "I will speak to Dr. Suydam."

After resting for a moment in her lover's arms, Keturah went out into the hall and said solemnly: "Shinar," and Shinar said: "What?"

"I am going to marry John Sherwood," said Keturah.

"You don't mean it," said Shinar jumping up, "how suddint!"

"Yes, it is sudden, I have said I will." Then Keturah and John went laughing up the stairs. "I know," she said to Shinar, "that you want to see Abigail. I will send her down. Be kind to the poor child. She is very sorry for what she has done."

Shinar went into the little reception room and waited with a beating heart for the girl whom he loved. Her misfortune brought her nearer to him, and made it possible for him to win her. Shinar did not look on that misfortune as a disgrace, but only as an accident and a lucky accident for him. The other man was out and it was Shinar's innings.

He heard the rustle of skirts on the stairs, and straightened himself, smoothed his hair and twirled his moustache, and tried to look the man he was.

When Abigail entered the room and saw a man stand-

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ing there she drew back in surprise, saying, "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. They told me the boy Shinar was here."

"So he is, so he is," cried Shinar. "Don't you know me, Abigail? I am Shinar."

"You, Shinar," cried the girl. "You Shinar. I can't believe it. I know your voice, but I would never have known you. How you have changed!"

"Yes, Abigail, I've changed," said Shinar. "I couldn't help changin'. I've been livin' in the country where you goes to bed early, and gets up early, where you has plenty o' water to clean yourself with, and besides my moustache has growed."

"I see it, Shinar, you are quite a man. I can't believe you are the dirty little boy that used to run about Mulberry Bend."

"I ain't that dirty little boy, that boy's gone. Never comin' back. Here am I, Jesse Shinar, a proper young man."

"Yes, you are a proper young man," said Abigail, looking at the tall, strong young man before her. He was far more manly and handsome in Abigail's eyes than the young man for whom she had suffered so much. Her heart warmed to him. "So you live in the country, I hear, how do you like it?"

"O, bully," said the boy, with enthusiasm. "And you'll like it too when you get used to it. I know you'll like it, Abigail."

"I don't know," said the girl. "Isn't it very lonesome?"

"Lonesome," cried the boy, "I guess not. First it is lonesome. You think you'll die o' lonesomeness. You think they ain't nothin' nor nobody there. But by and bye you find out what a fool you are. It's just full o' folks

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and they are a-talkin' all the time, the horses an' the cows an' the chickens an' squirrels an' the birds. Why, when you come to know 'em all, you couldn't be lonesome if you tried."

"Do you know them, Shinar?" asked Abigail.

"Know 'em," said Shinar. "You bet; I go out in the mornin' and the old gray squirrel says 'Mornin'' to me, an' I says 'Fine mornin'' to him, an' he shakes his tail. Then the birds say, 'Hurry up, hurry up, throw out some straw, got to build our nest to-day, an' be quick about it.' The old rooster he gets up on the fence and crows to the rooster on the next farm. He says: 'Come over here and have a fight. City feller want to see!'"

"So you really like country life?" said Abigail.

"Like it," said Shinar, "I guess I do. I wouldn't live in the city if you'd give me the whole town, and you'd like it, too, Abigail, if you'd only come and try. Wont you?"

"Me?" said Abigail. "What do you mean? How could I live in the country?"

"You could come and live with me."

"With you, Shinar?" cried the girl.

"Yes, with me," said Shinar, blushing, "I know I aint fit for the likes o' you. I aint eddicated like you, but I am goin' to school, I'm learnin' jest as fast as I can, an' if you'd only come and help I'd learn a bit faster than I do by myself."

"But, Shinar," said Abigail, "how could I come and live with you?"

"You know how," said the boy. "You know that I've been a-lovin' you ever since I was ten years old. Yes, I guess I was a-lovin' you when you an' I was little things playin' on the dock, and Keturah takin' care o' us. I

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commenced young an' I kep' it up ever since. Now you ain't got nobody as loves you like I do, I say come to me and we'll go to the country and live together all our lives."

"But, Shinar," said the girl, flushing, "you forget that I am a bad woman. You forget I have a baby."

"I don't forget nothin'," said the boy. "If a man was to say to me, 'Abigail is a bad woman,' I'd smash his face in. You aint a bad woman. You got fooled, that's all. You are a good woman, too good for the like o' me. I know I aint got no right to think you'll take up with me, but if you will I'll be good to you and to the baby."

"The baby, Shinar? Would you take me and the baby?"

"That's what I'm sayin'. It's the baby I'm thinkin' of. I know what it is. Here am I, throwed out on the street to die. No father, no mother, nobody carin' if I live or die, and I would a died if Keturah hadn't took me up. I tell you what it is, Abigail, that baby's on my mind. I wouldn't have that baby go without a father, no, not for the world!"

"But the baby has a father," said Abigail, sadly.

"What!" cried Shinar, "that duffer as t'rowed you down? He ain't fit to be that baby's father. That baby's got to have a father, and I am the man."

"You, Shinar?" said Abigail, smiling.

"Yes, me. See, old Mother Magrath, she died and left more than ten thousand dollars in the bank, that's mine. I am learnin' farmin' and I am goin' West and buy jest one of the best farms in all that bloomin' country. I am goin' to build a house and have horses and cows and sheep and oxen. And you and the baby arê comin' to live in that house and you're goin' to teach me what's what,

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and we'll carry our head with the best o' them. Who knows? Keturah's dream may come true, I'll be President o' somethin' before I die."

"Shinar, you foolish boy! How you run on! What makes you think I will marry you?" said Abigail.

"'Cause I love you, and I'll make you love me."

"And if I did," said Abigail, "you could not marry me for ever so long, not till you went out West and bought your farm and built your house."

"Not much," said Shinar, "I'm goin' to marry you right away, all on account o' the baby. If we was to wait a year or two folks'd want to know where we got that baby. Marry right away and that baby is oun, and no questions asked."

Shinar drew near and took Abigail by the hand and said: "Now Abigail, say yes," and as he drew her toward him she did not resist, but allowed herself to be drawn into his strong embrace and gave him, not her cheek, but her lips to kiss.

As soon as Shinar recovered himself he went out in the hall and called Keturah.

"Keturah," he said, "I've got some news for you."

"Have you?" said Keturah, "what is it?"

"I'm goin' to marry Abigail."

"You going to marry Abigail? What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. I'm goin' to marry Abigail."

"Abigail, is it true?" said Keturah.

"Yes, it is true," said Abigail. "Shinar says he will take me just as I am with the baby. Shinar is a good man and maybe he'll make me a good woman."

"How strange all this is!" cried Keturah. "When do you expect to be married?"

"As soon as I can find a ring and a parson," said

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Shinar. "Taint right to keep that baby waitin' for a father."

"Come, let us go and speak to Dr. Suydam," said Keturah, "and we will be married together."

CHAPTER XIII

DESOLATION IN THE HOLY PLACE

ON the Sunday after his arrival home, Dr. Suydam went down to old Saint Nicholas Church. But not for the purpose of divine worship. Before going he knew that the church had been abandoned by its congregation, and was awaiting its final destruction.

When Dr. Suydam reached the church he found in it no outward change. It stood, as it had been standing for more than a century, on the crest of the hill that slopes to the canal, a landmark in the city, its towers and dome rising high above the surrounding buildings.

Dr. Suydam had his pass-key to the vestry room and by means of it entered the church.

The interior of the building was a scene of desolation. The seats had been removed, memorial tablets taken down from the walls, and the communion table from under the pulpit.

Dr. Suydam walked up and down the empty, desolate House of God to the echo of his own footfalls. His mind was saddened by the contrast between what was and what had been. He remembered this house when it was crowded by men and women who outwardly, at least, worshipped the Lord God and professed the faith of Christ, and now it was empty and forlorn. The wor-

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shippers had forsaken this shrine and had built for themselves a new temple near their own homes.

There were still people round about the church, crowding by the hundred thousand the streets immediately behind it, but to these people this church had no mission. It could not enter into and brighten their dark lives, it had no word to speak to their suffering souls, so there was nothing to do but to tear it down and build in its room houses of Mammon instead of this House of God.

Full of gloomy feelings, depressed with a sense of his own failure in life, Dr. Suydam went up into the pulpit and looked down from it on the wide empty spaces of the church. From this pulpit he had preached for ten years, going up into it Sunday after Sunday with, as he thought, a message from the Lord. He had sought to make his message acceptable to the people by giving it perfect literary form. He had spent hours in the composition of his sermons, giving to them the form and finish of the essay. And this was the end of it all. A church forsaken by the people because it had nothing to say to the people.

Dr. Suydam thought of his pride in his preaching (for he had a secret pride in those productions of his mind and his pen) with a sense of shame and humiliation. A few stern words from some unlettered prophet had been worth them all. Not one of his sermons, to the composing of which he had given so much time and care, was worth the paper it was written on.

So thought the Doctor in his despondency as he stood in his lonely pulpit and looked down on his lonely church. Just then a gleam of sunshine came through the windows and filled the church with light and the heart of Dr. Suydam with cheer. He remembered Keturah Bain, and was comforted by the thought that at least one soul had

Desolation in the Holy Place

been helped and cheered by his preaching. There might be many more of whom he knew nothing, who had heard him speak, and who had gone away strengthened and refreshed.

Dr. Suydam was sad when he remembered that he was never to preach again, never to stand any more in a pulpit, clothed in white raiment, vested with the outward authority of a messenger of God. From this time forward he must speak, if he were to speak at all, simply as a man to men. And in his case the speaking would be all the more difficult because he would speak as a man discredited, a man cast out of his place in the world, and branded with the brand of shame.

On his return home, Dr. Suydam had been served with the complaint of his wife in her suit for divorce. In that complaint his actions in the streets of London, his residence in the house of Marie Du Pre were set down as evidence of his unfaithfulness to his marriage vows and as a reason why his wife should have an absolute divorce from him.

When the attorneys of Mrs. Suydam asked the Doctor for the name of his counsel, he answered, "I have no counsel," and when asked to whom he committed his defense, he answered, "I make no defense." It was the thought of this shameful outcome of his shameful marriage that gave bitterness to his reflections on this Sabbath morning. He deserved the disgrace that had come upon him, not because he was guilty of the charges which his wife had brought against him, but because he had married his wife to save his reputation; he had entered unadvisedly and lightly into the most sacred of all relationships, and he was now paying the righteous penalty of a loveless marriage.

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While Dr. Suydam was musing thus sadly in the old church on Broadway, a far different scene was transpiring upon Murray Hill. It was the day of the consecration of the new Saint Nicholas. A vast throng of fashionably dressed people filled the house to its utmost capacity. A great procession of bishops and clergy moved up the center of the building singing hymns of triumph. The organ rolled forth its sacred melody, voices, sweet and angelic, rose and fell to the cadence of a sacred song.

The Bishop pronounced this house a holy place, set apart forever to the use and benefit of Almighty God. The old rector stood up and congratulated the people on the completion of this magnificent place of worship. He told them how they had been obliged to leave the old church, because it was surrounded by the poor and criminal classes, and was crowded on either side by great business houses, and in the rear by haunts of vice, dangerous to the morals of the younger members of the congregation.

The rector referred, indirectly, to the terrible calamity which had befallen the church, in the fall of one whom they had greatly honored, who had been lured to his ruin by one of the low characters of that low neighborhood.

While this service of consecration was going on, the congregation of Saint Nicholas sat complacent in its pew, congratulating itself on the grandeur of its new home which had not cost it a cent.

Meanwhile the old church, that had paid for the new, stood dark and desolate and empty, and the ancestral bones of this rejoicing congregation moved uneasily in their graves, knowing that their resting place had been sold by their children, and they must be taken out of the churchyard to which they were wonted, and be carried to far-away cemeteries in which they could never be at home.

Desolation in the Holy Place

Dr. Suydam, standing in the pulpit, saw a dark shadow fall upon the dust and débris of the forsaken sanctuary ; he became spiritually awake and heard strange whispering sobs, the bitter crying of a despised Christ, and the weeping of forgotten dead.

Trembling and afraid he came down out of the pulpit and went out of the church.

CHAPTER XIV

O ABSALOM ! MY SON ! MY SON !

THAT same afternoon Dr. Suydam was sitting in his reception room looking sadly out of his window at the children playing in the street, when he saw a carriage stop before his house, from which an old man alighted and walked up the steps to his street door. Recognizing in the old man the Bishop of the Church in the City of New York, he went himself to the door, and opened it and let the old man in. Taking the Bishop by the hand, the Doctor led him without a word into the room from which he had himself just come out, and placing him in a large easy chair, sat down beside him and said, "God bless you, Bishop, for coming."

The Bishop was a very old man whose hands were shaking with the palsy. As he sat and looked at Dr. Suydam tears ran down his cheeks and he could not speak.

After a moment he mastered his emotion and said: "Pardon, Jacob, the tears of an old man, but you, whom I have loved and honored as a son, have broken my heart. You are bringing my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

"I am sorry, Bishop, very sorry," said Dr. Suydam, "that I have caused you any distress, but what I have done has been done simply and solely in the performance of duty. A girl of our congregation was betrayed and

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thrown on the streets of London. In seeking for her I went to places where the clergy do not usually go, and became liable to the suspicions that now rest upon me."

"You are not guilty, Jacob," cried the Bishop, "tell me that you are not guilty."

"Guilty of what, my father?" said Dr. Suydam.

"Guilty of the crimes which they charge against you?" said the Bishop.

"If you mean guilty of the accusations which are made against me in the complaint of my wife in her suit for divorce, I have only to answer you in the language of Balaam's ass. Was I ever wont to do so? You have known me from boyhood, have you ever heard it charged against me that I was licentious in my youth or early manhood? Answer me, Bishop, have you ever heard such accusation against me?" said Doctor Suydam, still stroking the Bishop's hand.

"No, no," said the Bishop, "it is that which grieves me; these accusations tarnish an honorable, and, up to this time, a spotless name."

"And you think that having escaped the fires of youth, I have suddenly in middle life plunged into the lowest forms of uncleanness?" said Dr. Suydam.

"No, no, Jacob," said the Bishop. "I do not believe it. I cannot believe it. But that is what the world is saying. They say that you have brought the woman with whom you staid in London here to your own house. Is it true?"

"It is true that the woman is here," said Dr. Suydam. "I have given her the protection of my home until she can find one of her own."

"But, Jacob, my son," cried the Bishop, anxiously, "have you no regard for appearances, no consideration for the opinion of the world?"

O Absalom! My Son! My Son!

"Just now, Bishop," said the Doctor, "I am not thinking much of the world. I am thinking how I can save these women and children from the world."

"But could you not have done this without the notoriety and scandal, which has brought such harm to the cause of the Church?" said the Bishop.

"For the notoriety and scandal, Bishop," said Dr. Suydam, "I am as sorry as you can be. I did not seek it, it was thrust upon me, and if I do harm to the cause of the Church by doing the work of Christ I cannot help it."

"Jacob, Jacob," said the Bishop, "you talk and act like a fool."

"It may be so, Bishop," said Jacob Suydam, "but God needs some fools to correct the evils of the wise. I am willing to be a fool if by my foolishness I can save a soul alive."

"What do you mean to do, Jacob?" said the Bishop.

"About what?" said Dr. Suydam.

"About this suit of your wife for divorce?" said the Bishop.

"Nothing," said Dr. Suydam.

"Nothing," cried the Bishop, "nothing? Do you mean to tell me that you will make no defense?"

"None, Bishop," said the Doctor. "Why should I? Even if I were to prove my innocence to the satisfaction of a court of justice, I could never prove it to the satisfaction of the public. Men would still put their tongue in their cheek and wink as I passed them and say, 'There goes the parson who kept company with loose women all for their good.' And besides if my wife wants a divorce I want her to have it. For there, Bishop, there I am guilty."

"What do you mean, Jacob?" cried the Bishop. "What do you mean?"

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"I mean," said Jacob Suydam, "that yielding to a momentary fleshly impulse, I kissed that woman in the vestry of the church. And to save myself from scandal I married her. For years I have lived in degrading subjection to her, while she has used my name to forward her vulgar social ambitions. I have no respect for her, and she has none for me. We are not husband and wife, we are strangers, and as strangers it is best for us each to go our way."

"But, Jacob," said the Bishop, "you forget that if your wife gains her suit, I may be called upon to depose you from the ministry."

"I mean that you shall do so," said Dr. Suydam. "I know that my days of usefulness as a minister in the Church are over. Whatever work I am to do for God and for humanity from this time to the end of my life, I must do not as a consecrated priest, standing aloof from the people, but as a sinful man among sinful men."

"O Jacob, Jacob," said the Bishop, "I did not think you would lay this burden upon me in my old age. I looked to you to be my assistant and the next Bishop of this great city, and now you say I must depose you from the ministry. Can you not go away until this matter is forgotten, and then come back and take up some quiet work, and so save the Church the scandal of your deposition?"

"No, Bishop," said Dr. Suydam, "I cannot go away. Here is my home, here are the people to whom I ought to have ministered and did not. I must stay and make up for the time I have lost."

"But how will you minister, Jacob," said the Bishop, "if you are deposed?"

"As I have told you. I will minister as a brother to my brothers and sisters. I will be, not their priest, but their friend."

O Absalom! My Son! My Son!

"But your good name, Jacob, your good name will be lost. Think of your father and your mother," said the Bishop.

"My good name, Bishop," said Dr. Suydam, "will be of no use to me in the world that I shall live in. The people in that world will believe in me all the more if my name is cast out by the world of fashion and respectability. I belong to the under world now, the world of bad names, of thieves and harlots. And as for my father and mother, they are dead and will not know."

"And you are determined to leave the Church, Jacob?" said the Bishop.

"Yes, Bishop," said Dr. Suydam. "I intend to leave the Church and go to the people."

"Jacob," said the old man, rising, "you have acted foolishly, but you are a good man. Of that I am sure, and I leave you an old man's blessings. The Church you are forsaking is, I believe, the Church of God. I am not to stay much longer here on the earth and my greatest sorrow is that I will not leave you in my place. But go your way and take an old man's blessings with you," and the Bishop blessed Jacob Suydam and departed from his house, weeping as he went.

CHAPTER XV

THIS PRESENT WORLD

THE carriage of the Bishop had hardly turned the corner of the street before an elegant brougham drew up before the door of Dr. Suydam. The Doctor saw that it was the equipage of his step-daughter, and from his seat by the window he watched Katherine alight, and come up the steps, with a feeling of terror in his heart. The emotional excitement of his meditations in old Saint Nicholas and the distress of his interview with the Bishop had quite worn him out, and he was hardly equal to another strain.

But Katherine was at the door and he had to let her in. He did not himself rise to meet her, but sat still in his chair. When the girl came into the room she found him sitting there looking very old and worn. His beard had changed from black to silver gray, his eyes were sunken, and his brow was wrinkled. He held out his hand to Katherine and she went over and knelt down beside him, laid her head upon his knee, and gave way to a fit of weeping.

"There, there," said the Doctor, stroking her glorious hair, "don't cry, don't cry, there is nothing to cry about."

"I must cry," said Katherine, "I must cry, or else I must laugh and go mad."

"What is it, my dear," said the Doctor, "what is it that moves you so?"

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"What is it?" said the girl, "it is this wretched, miserable topsy-turvy world, where everything is wrong side up and up side down."

"You have not just found that out, have you, my dear, that you must needs cry about it?" said the Doctor, soothingly.

"No," said the girl, "but to-day I have had it thrown in my face, and crammed down my throat. I could have screamed in the church this morning with laughter at the hypocrisy of it all. There we were, bishops, clergy and people consecrating, as we said, a church to Almighty God. We were giving it to him, we said, and it never cost us a penny. We sold the old church for enough to pay for the new three times over, and then to talk about self-sacrifice and serving Christ, it makes me tired and sick. And then to prate as the Bishop did, about its being the house of God open to all his children, when everybody knows that this church is set apart to the use of the most exclusive set in New York City. Nobody can get a seat in it without a certificate of social standing from Mrs. Schuyler and Mrs. Van Horn. The poor and the stranger need not apply. Oh, Daddy! this church of yours is a sorry humbug."

"I will admit," said the Doctor, smiling sadly, "that there is a gap between its theory and its practice. But Kathe, you have not come down here this afternoon to tell your old Daddy such an old truth as that?"

"No," said Katherine, "no, but I have come down to tell you that I hate it all, and I hate it all the more because it slanders you, the best man I have ever known."

"Never mind that, my dear," said the Doctor. "Nothing is said of me which I do not deserve."

"Now, now," said Katherine, "don't you talk cant as

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the rest of them do. When old Van Antwerp was talking about the sad fall of one whom we all greatly honored, led astray by one of the low characters that infest old Saint Nicholas, I could have thrown a hymn-book at him. The old fool! He never had a generous impulse nor a noble thought in his life."

"Kathe dear," said the Doctor, "if you expect to succeed in a social way, either in this country or in England, you must learn to bridle your tongue. You will never get along if you speak evil of dignities."

"Daddy mine, I am going to be Jim Bullet's gurl just long enough to say 'to the deuce' with your dignities. All the humbug of the world is concentrated in its dignities, for pure unadulterated humbug give me the rector of Saint Nicholas Church and the Bishop."

"No, not the Bishop, Katherine," said the Doctor, "not the Bishop. The Bishop is a good man."

"Oh, he is good enough," said Katherine, "he is goody-goody, a nice old grandmother, but as a man, bah!"

"Katherine, dear," said Dr. Suydam, "I shall really have to scold you, if you do not stop talking so wildly."

"Scold away, Daddy, scold away," said Katherine, rising from her sitting posture and standing upright. "I have come down here to tell you that I disapprove of your conduct as much as mother or Van Antwerp or the Bishop, but for a very different reason."

"Indeed, my dear, and what is your reason?" said the Doctor.

"They all blame you," said Katherine, "because they think you have done wrong. I blame you, Daddy, because I know you have done right."

"That is a good reason," said the Doctor, laughing.

"The best in the world. Here are you, a clergyman

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in a fashionable church, with the richest rectorship in the city in your grasp, and the bishopric ahead of you, going about like a knight errant of the Middle Ages, righting the wrongs of fair damsels, knocking men down in the streets of London, keeping company with women that are as beautiful as they are naughty, hoping to save their souls. Fie on you, Daddy, fie on you, for a fool!"

"That is what the Bishop said, Kathe. He said I was a fool."

"And for once I agree with the Bishop," said Katherine. "Any man who tries to do right in this world is a fool, always has been. Look now at what you have done. Saved a woman or two perhaps from the street, but what is a woman? pah! We are a bad lot, all of us. We deserve the street or something worse, and for one that is taken away, three rush out to take her place. And what have you gained by it all? A bad name. You have lost the rectorship of Saint Nicholas, the bishopric of New York, and the elevating society of Mrs. Suydam."

"Well, Kathe, I have for my comfort the thought that I have tried to do what I can to save the world," said the Doctor, meekly.

"Save the world," said Katherine, "save the world! There is your cant again. Once a preacher always a preacher. You can't be honest if you want to. You preachers have been at work saving the world for two thousand years, and what have you made of it? It is no better to-day than it was when you began, just as many thieves, just as many harlots as ever. London, Paris, and New York could give old Rome a hundred points and beat her at the game of iniquity."

"Yes, Kathe, dear, but if we have not saved the world, we have at least saved some out of the world," said the Doctor.

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"Yes, and you pride yourself upon that," said Katherine. "You have made a few smirk, self-satisfied saints to gloat over the miseries of a myriad sinners. I congratulate you on the success of your work."

"Come, Kathe dear," said the Doctor with a look of pain on his face. "Let us drop theology. Tell me about yourself. Do you still mean to marry Dipford?"

"Yes," said Katherine, "it is the best thing I can do."

"But, Kathe," said the Doctor, "I have heard things about the Duke of Senlac that make me wish that you would not marry into his family. I am afraid he is not a good man."

Katherine broke out into a peal of bitter laughter. "Oh, Daddy, Daddy!" she cried, coming over and laying her hand upon his head. "You will drive me to drink with your pious talk. The Duke of Senlac is the most famous roué and rake of his generation. He is known all over the world, has almost ruined his estate, and you tell me you are afraid he is not a good man."

"And do you think, my dear," said the Doctor, "that Dipford is any better?"

"I don't care what Dipford is," said Katherine. "Dipford shall be what I make him. I am going into this thing with my eyes open. This world is a cheat and a humbug, but it is the only world I have, and I am going to have my fun in it. I am going to dance with it, and make it dance with me. If I did not have twenty million dollars to buy my place on the floor of royal palaces and ducal castles I would go out and dance on the street. And if you came and tried to save me I would make you dance with me, and we would both dance with the foul fiend. There now, there," she cried, kneeling down, "I am a wicked girl in a wicked world, kiss me and let me go."

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The Doctor kissed her and she went down the steps, and entering her carriage, was driven away.

After Katherine left him Dr. Suydam sat still in his place; his arms outstretched on the arms of his chair; his head fallen upon his breast; his face gray as ashes; his breathing labored and heavy. The light slowly faded from his eyes and a horror of great darkness fell upon him. Whispering to himself, he said, "Was it worth while? Was it worth while?"

CHAPTER XVI

AT LAST

DR. SUYDAM hastened the marriage of John Sherwood and Keturah Bain. He wanted the event to take place before his divorce and deposition, while he, as a minister of the Church, had authority to perform the marriage service. He wished the wedding, as the last act of his ministerial life, to take place at the communion rail of old Saint Nicholas Church; and so it was arranged.

One summer evening in June, when the sun had gone down, and it was twilight, three carriages drove up to Saint Nicholas Church, and a little party entered the church by the side door. And there in the dim light that filled the dismantled church with great shadows, Jesse Shinar and Abigail Bain were married and immediately after this John Sherwood and Keturah Bain were made man and wife. The ceremony was very simple and very solemn. Dr. Suydam knew the words of the marriage office by heart and so, needing no light, married these people in the gathering darkness; the only witnesses to the marriage were John Sherwood's mother and Marie Du Pre and her children.

As soon as the ceremony was ended, the wedding party passed out into the street. Shinar and Abigail, Marie Du Pre and the children were driven to the Central Station

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and went by train to Tivoli and from there were driven to the Suydam Manor House, which Dr. Suydam had assigned to the women as a residence until he could make other arrangements. There in the morning Shinar left his wife and her child in the care of Marie Du Pre while he went West to make for them a home.

Dr. Suydam went back to his home in East Broadway, while John and Keturah were driven down to the river, and crossing the ferry in their carriage, rode up the hill to their cottage which overlooked the river and the city from the brow of the Jersey hills.

John, with the aid of Dr. Suydam, had bought and furnished this home for his wife and his mother (but the mother did not go with them on their wedding night; she let the man and his wife go to their new home alone). When they reached the cottage, they found it lighted and a supper laid for them, all ready, except the tea, which Keturah made with her own hands.

After supper they went out upon the porch, and stood hand in hand looking out into the night, with the river at their feet and the city beyond them. It was a fair night in June. The full moon made a bridge of light across the waters of the Hudson. The city floated and shimmered in the radiance of its own myriad lamps, softer and brighter than the light of the moon: great boats went to and fro, adding their lights to the light of the moon and the light of city lamps. There was light everywhere, light in the heavens and light upon the earth, light in the city and light upon the waters, light that shone in the darkness, revealing the soft outlines of city towers in the distance and of craggy rocks in the foreground.

The wind was blowing where it listed, making music with the leaves, and sleeping birds stirred in their nests.

At Last

Keturah stood upon the porch, her hand in John's, and bathed her soul in the silence and the beauty of the night. After a long stillness she drew in a deep sigh of contentment and said: "Kiss me, John." And John kissed her.

"The dirty, noisy old city is beautiful from here, isn't it, John?" she said, leaning her head upon his shoulder.

"Yes, Keturah, it is," said John, kissing her once again.

"Do you know, John," she said, "I think this life of ours, which is so hard and grimy now, will be like that when we look back upon it from the everlasting hills."

"Maybe it will," said John, "maybe it will."

Leaving the glory of the night they went into the house and came to their room. It was simply but neatly furnished with an iron bed with brass trimmings and white ash furniture, the gift of Shinar to the bridal pair.

As they came into the room Keturah looked at John and said: "At last, John, at last."

"Yes, Keturah, at last," said John.

"I hope it is not too late, John," said his wife.

"Too late for what, Keturah?" said John, "too late for love?"

"No, John," she said, smiling sadly. "It is never too late for love. And I hope it is not too late for life. We have waited long years, John, and while we have waited our youth has gone with the years; I am an old woman now, most too old, John, to be a bride. But if love can make up for youth, John, you shall have it. You would have it so, now take me while you can and keep me as long as you can."

And John took her for his wedded wife.

CHAPTER XVII

REST AND PEACE

SOON after the marriage of John and Keturah, Dr. Suydam was duly divorced by his wife and deposed by his bishop. The proceedings for the divorce were held before a referee. The Doctor made no defense, and there was no publicity connected with the case. His deposition from the ministry was made by his own request and called for no trial.

Very little was said of either matter in the daily press, and in social circles the mention of the name of Dr. Suydam was followed by an ominous and painful silence, and soon the remembrance of that name died away, and the man who bore it was suffered to live, unmolested, his mysterious, secluded life, in the eastern part of the city.

It was reported that he kept and visited beautiful women in the Suydam Manor House on the Hudson, and he walked the streets at night and was often seen speaking to the night prowlers, and was known to have taken some of the most debased to his house in East Broadway. But as he was a fallen man, it was natural that he should consort with fallen women. And the less the world of fashion and respectability knew and said of him the better.

As for Dr. Suydam, himself, he did not know or care

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to know what was said of him by the world which he had forsaken. He was dead to it. And it was dead to him.

For a year or more, Marie Du Pre and Mrs. Shinar (Abigail Bain that was), with their children, lived as the guests of Dr. Suydam in the Manor House on the Hudson. He visited them as often as he could leave his work in the city, and cheered them by his presence. In their company he was always bright and happy, and was often seen by passers-by, playing with the children on the lawn in front of the house.

Dr. Suydam and Keturah and John Sherwood were the only visitors that these women ever had. The people of the neighborhood never entered their gates. The presence of these creatures in the Manor House was a scandal to the whole Hudson River. From Greenbush to Yonkers men smiled and women tattled of the shameful doings in the old Suydam House near Tivoli.

Marie Du Pre found in this house that rest and peace which she needed for her moral and spiritual restoration. The care of her children gave her ample occupation, and she found her recreation in the great world of nature that surrounded her. Her delight in the river and the mountains was intense and without end. She would stand for hours on the west porch and watch the mountains in their ever-varying moods. Their strength and their serenity entered into her very being, making her strong and serene. She had not lived with these mountains very long before she came to understand the meaning of the Psalmist when he says: "The mountains shall bring peace."

It was with the greatest sorrow that Marie Du Pre left this asylum among the hills to seek a new home for herself and her children in the West. She did it for the

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sake of the children. Living as they did under a cloud of suspicion, the children could have no companions, and could not go to school. So Marie Du Pre bade good-bye to the mountains, the river, and the hills, knelt down and received the blessing of Dr. Suydam, and went to the pretty home in the Ohio village, which Dr. Suydam had purchased for her.

This village, which was rapidly growing into a city, was in the beautiful Miami Valley, in the State of Ohio, and was near to the farm which Shinar had purchased, and where he had made a home for Abigail and her daughter.

Marie Du Pre soon became used to her new home and mingled freely in the unceremonious life of the West. She had not been long in the place before she was beset by suitors for her hand. No one ever asked her any questions about her past life, but man after man came to her with an eager question about the future. Such a woman as Marie Du Pre was not often seen in the West; her beauty and her grace drove the men wild, and her humility and sweetness charmed the women.

CHAPTER XVIII

SHINAR'S COUSINS

THE farm of Jesse Shinar lay upon the southern slope of a range of low hills, which are little more than rolling land in the Miami Valley, near to the town of Delphi, where Marie Du Pre has her home.

The Shinar farm is known throughout all that region as the best-appointed and the richest farm in all the valley. Behind the house is a great stretch of woodland that the Duke of Senlac might envy. Nowhere do trees grow as they grow in the Buckeye State. There are beeches and birches, walnut and butternut, elm and oak, sycamore and ash, locust and poplar, buckeye, persimmon, hawthorne and pawpaw, all of which were found by the hundred on the slopes of the Shinar farm, giving to the young farmer timber for his buildings and wood for his hearth.

Thanks to his legacy from Mother Magrath, Shinar was able to begin his new life in the West without debt, and, what was a marvel to all the country round, he had money in the bank. The soil of the valley was fertile, and every autumn that valley would stand so thick with corn that it would laugh and sing. It was not long before Jesse Shinar was looked upon as a model farmer, and as a man of substance.

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The Puritan blood in the veins of Abigail Bain asserted itself, and she became a thrifty housewife, and aided her husband in his efforts to provide for their children—children who came as fast as they could come in the way of Nature, until a houseful of boys and girls made the Shinar homestead a very bedlam with their laughter and their shouting. Such merry children are not often found in this world, as danced and sang in the great barn of the Shinar farm at the husking-bee.

By reason of her beauty, her refinement, and education, Abigail was able to take the lead in all social affairs. "What does Mrs. Shinar say?" was the question asked whenever the women of the neighborhood met in council.

The eldest daughter of the family was the belle of the valley, famous for her beauty and her sweetness through all the country side. She was hardly twenty years old when she was taken from her father's house to a home of her own. Before she was married, her mother had a secret conference with the man of her choice. What she said to him, he only knows, and he has never told. Whatever it was it made him love, all the more tenderly, the bride of his heart. If the reader of this book were to go to the capital of the nation, he might see among the first ladies of the land, a tall, slender woman with nut-brown hair and hazel eyes, with a sensitive mouth and sad, wistful smile, a woman whom all respect and many love, and whose husband calls her "Ketty."

Jesse Shinar was often solicited to become a candidate for political office. They asked him to run for sheriff of the county, for member of congress, and even for governor of the State, but he always refused, saying: "Farming is a clean business, and I guess I'll stick to it." But it was written in the Book of Fate that Shinar should be a president, and a president he became.

Shinar's Cousins

First, he was president of the State Grange, and then of the National Grange. No farmer in all the country was more widely and honorably known than Jesse Shinar of Ohio.

When he was first elected president of the State Grange, he came home and told his wife; he said to her: "Abby."

She said, "What is it, Shinar?" From force of habit, Abigail always called her husband Shinar.

He said: "You know, Abigail, what Keturah said o' me when I was a little shaver, lying in the straw under the dock?"

"No, I don't remember, Shinar; what did she say?"

"She said that I'd be a president before I died," said Shinar.

"Well," said Abigail, "what of it?"

"Well, I am president," said Shinar.

"You, a president, Shinar; pray, what of?" said his wife, with a smile.

"President of the State Grange," said Shinar, proudly, "and I'd rather be president of the State Grange than president of these United States."

"I am glad, Shinar, if you are glad, but I don't see much in it," said his wife.

"Don't see much in it," said Shinar. "Now, that's just like a woman. I see a whole lot in it. It was sort o' prophesied that I'd be a president, and I had to be, and I've been worryin' right along, feared I'd have to go to Washington and have all the bother of running this blessed country. Now, don't you see, I'm president, and the prophecy is off, and I don't have no bother, no salary to draw, no polerticians to please, and nothin' to do. I tell ye, Abigail, I'm relieved in my mind, I am."

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"Well, Shinar, said Abigail, "if you think it's all right, why then it's all right, but I wish you would hand on the prophecy to our boy John; maybe it would come out better in his case than in yours."

"I will," said Shinar. "I will, and I tell ye, Abigail, there ain't no safer prophecy to make about any boy than that he'll be president if he lives to be twenty. When a wise Providence created these United States of America, he said, 'Every American boy 'ull want to be president, and he shall be president.' And then he made presidents enough to go round, presidents o' this and presidents o' that, until you can lift your hat and say 'Mr. President,' to any man you meet, and be sure to hit it right."

"Well, Mr. President," said Abigail, "will your excellency please come in to supper?"

"That I will," said Shinar, "for now I've got to eat for two, for myself and the president o' the Grange."

There was only one thing in the life of Jesse Shinar that was a mystery to his neighbors, and that was the number of his relations. Every now and then a girl would come to the Shinar farm, and Shinar would present her to the neighbors as "Miss So and So, a cousin o' mine from New York. You know," he would add, "that I lived in New York when I was a boy. Had a hard time. My cousin has come to visit a while." That cousin would stay until some farmer lad asked her to be his wife, and then, after a talk with Shinar, the farmer lad would marry her or leave her alone. If he left her alone, she would go farther west and there would find a home.

The departure of one cousin was followed by the arrival of another, and Shinar's relatives were to be found in little farmhouses all round the country.

Shinar's Cousins

One day, Jim Spence said: "Seems to me you've got lots o' cousins, Mr. Shinar?"

"Yes," said Shinar. "Ourn is a big family."

CHAPTER XIX

"KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT, JOHN"

FOR three years Keturah Bain found peace in the house of her husband. After long waiting, there came to her the sweet promise of motherhood. She waited and watched as only a middle-aged woman can wait and watch for the coming of her first child. It was her dream-child coming out of the land of inward vision into the land of open sight. She was to see with her eyes, and hear with her ears, and handle with her hands, the incarnation of her love.

Everything that mother love could devise was made ready for the coming event. At last the baby was born, but only to breathe and to die. Keturah saw them wrap it in its swaddling clothes and carry it away, and from that hour she began to follow it.

Her life slowly ebbed away. She did not suffer any pain, only she fell into great lassitude from which she could not rally. Everything that could be done was done to give her strength and to keep her in the world.

But nothing could avail. She had fought her fight; she had won her victory, but her life-force was spent in the struggle. In the fall of the year it was evident that the end was at hand. Word was sent to Shinar, and he came on with Abigail and little Keturah. Dr. Suydam

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came and went, and the death watch was kept in the house on Union Hill.

Early one morning, after a restless night, she called to her husband, who was resting on a couch beside her, and said: "John."

"What is it, Keturah?" said her husband, coming to her side.

"It is morning, John. I hear the birds singing. Please open the shutters and let in the light."

John went and opened the shutters and the cold, gray light of the early morning filled the room.

"Lift me up, John, and let me see," she said.

John lifted her up and she saw a white mist floating over the river and the distant city, beginning to glow in the morning sun.

"It is going to be a bright day, isn't it, John?" she said, wistfully.

"I think so, Keturah, it looks that way now," said John.

"Thank you, John, put me down; I'm tired."

John laid her head upon the pillow and gave her a little water to drink.

"John, dear," she said.

"What is it, Keturah?" said he.

"John, dear, will you forgive me?" said Keturah, feebly.

"Forgive you for what, Keturah? For being the best wife a man ever had?" said John, stroking her hair.

"No, John, not that; I've tried to be a good wife, but I couldn't, John, I couldn't; I waited too long. Wont you forgive me John, for keeping you waiting so long?" said Keturah, as she laid her face upon her husband's arm.

“Kiss Me Good-Night, John”

“Forgive you, Keturah, dear,” said John. “There’s nothing to forgive. You couldn’t help it. You did it all for the best.”

“Yes, John,” whispered his wife. “I could have helped it. I could have said, ‘Go away, go away, don’t waste your life on me.’ But I was selfish, John. Your love was all I had. Wont you forgive me, John? I couldn’t bear to send you away.”

“Forgive you, darling,” said John, kissing away her tears. “How foolish you are! You could not send me away, because I wouldn’t go.”

“But, John, dear,” she pleaded, “I ought to have insisted and made you go. You could have married some other woman, young and fresh, and she could have had children. And see now, John, you have a dying wife and no children.”

“Never mind, Keturah, never mind; you would have had children if you could.

“Yes, John,” she said, “that is the worst of it. When I could, I wouldn’t, and when I would, I couldn’t. Oh, John, as I have been lying here, I’ve been thinking that maybe I ought to have married you years and years ago and had children when I could. But, John, dear, I was afraid to have children in Mulberry Bend or Rivington Street, afraid the children would be cold and hungry and learn bad things. You don’t blame me, do you, dear?”

“No, Keturah, I don’t blame you. You have been more to me than all the children in the world,” said John.

“Thank you, dear,” said Keturah, kissing his hand. “Now let me go to sleep.”

John closed the blinds, smoothed her pillows, and covered her shoulders, and she fell away into a quiet morning sleep.

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Later in the day Dr. Suydam came over and sat down beside her bed.

She looked up at him and said: "Doctor, it was a sorry day for you when the rain drove me into your church. I should think you would hate me."

"Why do you say that, Keturah?" said Doctor Suydam; "you know it isn't true."

"Yes, it is true," said Keturah, "it is true. If it hadn't been for me you would be a bishop now, riding in your carriage, everybody bowing down to you. And now you live alone, and everybody that doesn't know you says bad things about you. It is a shame, a shame, and it is all my doings."

"Never mind, Keturah," said Dr. Suydam, "never mind, I would not have it otherwise if I could. I am glad you came to me; you gave me a new life."

"New life, Doctor, but such a hard one."

"Not so hard, Keturah, as it seems," said the Doctor; "not nearly so bad as the old life. If it had not been for you, my dear, I might have gone on in the old life till the end, and so lost my soul. I might have been rector of Saint Nicholas, and have lived the life of fashion and worldliness with the people; gone on preaching sermons which nobody believed or practiced, and thought I was serving the Lord. No, dear, no. You must not think I am sorry. I thank my God that he sent you to me, to call me out of that life of formality and unreality into a world that is real, if it is nothing else."

"Thank you, Doctor. When I came to you I did not believe in any God, at least I did not think God cared for me, or for my people, or for the poor. You made me feel that God was sorry for us and did the best he could. Now, Doctor, I believe God is not only sorry, he is good, and does the best for us."

“Kiss Me Good-Night, John”

“Yes, dear,” said the Doctor.

“Yes,” said Keturah. “See what he has done for me. He has given me John’s love and yours; he has saved Abigail. She is happy, now, with her children. Father and mother and Benjamin are dead, and out of harm’s way. I needn’t be troubled because they are left behind me to suffer when I am gone. Poor father; they wont whip him in the grave where he lies to-day. If there were nothing else in the world to prove the goodness of God, death would prove it. A God who gives death can’t be altogether bad. He is sorry for his children, and when they are tired he lets them go to sleep.”

“He gives life also, Keturah,” said the Doctor. “If he did not give life, he could not give death. Surely you are glad he gave you life?”

“Oh, yes,” said Keturah. “I am very glad. I have seen the world; that is something. I have John’s love and yours. I have known what it is to suffer. I know, too, what it is to be happy; I was happy when I was a little girl, and I’ve been happy these three years with John, but I am tired now, and will be glad to go to sleep. Do you think I can go soon, Doctor?”

“Yes, dear,” said the Doctor; “very soon.”

“And you will comfort John when I am gone, Doctor, wont you?” said Keturah, wistfully. “John waited a long time for me, and got nothing by waiting.”

“I will be a good friend to John, always. He is a good man, and I love him. But come, dear; you must not talk any more; you are tired.”

Keturah smiled, and laid her head upon the pillow, and went to sleep again. Later in the afternoon she wakened, and said: “Call Abigail, Shinar, and little Keturah,” and they called them.

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Keturah looked at them, standing between her and the light, and she said: "Abigail?"

"Yes, Keturah," said Abigail.

"You remember the lamb's wool dress, don't you?"

"Yes, dear," said Abigail.

"It was pretty, wasn't it? So soft and nice."

"Yes, dear," said her sister.

"I meant it for my wedding dress, but I gave it to you; did you like it?"

"Yes, dear, it was very beautiful."

"Yes, it was beautiful, and you were so pretty the morning you put it on. And then something dreadful happened, but it is all over. You are happy now, aren't you?"

"Yes, dear, very happy," said Abigail.

"And you have children?" said Keturah.

"Yes," said Abigail, "two, besides Kitty."

"And they don't live down in Mulberry Bend?" said Keturah, anxiously.

"No, dear," said Abigail, "they live far away, in a beautiful country."

"I am so glad," said Keturah, "I was afraid they might be in Mulberry Bend. And Shinar, is he a good boy now?"

"Yes, Keturah," said Abigail, "very good."

"You will always take care of him, wont you, Abigail?" said Keturah.

"Yes, dear, always," said Abigail.

"And you will always do as Abigail says, wont you, Shinar, when I am gone? You wont run away any more and have dog-fights?"

"No, Keturah," said Shinar; "I will always stay with Abigail, and won't fight dogs no more."

“Kiss Me Good-Night, John”

“Thank you, Shinar, and who is this?” said Keturah, looking at the little girl.

“This is little Ketty,” said Shinar. “Ketty,” he said, “go kiss your Aunt Keturah.”

“Yes, my dear, come kiss your aunt good-by. She is going far, far away.” The little one crept up and kissed the sick woman, and then burst out into loud crying, and her mother and Shinar took her away.

The shadows of the evening fell upon the face of the dying woman, and the night-lamp was lighted. Her husband and Dr. Suydam sat watching the hours go by.

Keturah was restless and wandering in her mind. In the early morning hour she called in a loud voice: “John!”

“What is it, Keturah?” said John, coming to her bedside.

“The baby didn’t die after all, John,” she said.

“Didn’t he?” said John.

“No, he is alive and calling me; may I go to him?” she said, raising herself up.

“Where is he, Keturah?” said John, trying to quiet her.

“He is in the next room. You won’t mind if I go and sleep with him to-night, will you, dear?”

“No, Keturah,” said John.

“Then kiss me good-night, John, and let me go.”

John stooped down and kissed her. She gave a deep sigh of satisfaction, there was a quiver of the chin, and the soul of Keturah Bain was gone into the next room, to sleep with her sleeping child.

Three days afterward they buried her in Union Hill, and as they stood at the grave, after the sexton had filled it in, Dr. Suydam took the spade and marked out a grave at the foot of, and transverse to the grave of Keturah

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Bain, and turning to John Sherwood, he said: "John, if I die before you do, bury me here."

And John said: "I will."

In due time a simple cross marked the resting-place of Keturah Bain, the wife of John Sherwood. Upon the stone was inscribed her name, the day of her birth and of her death, and underneath, the words:

"Her Life was a Sacrifice of Sweet Savour unto the Lord."

CHAPTER XX

DR. SUYDAM IS DEAD

THE winter after the death of Keturah Bain was a hard winter for the poor in the city of New York. The months of December and January were very cold, and the great coal barons made the severe weather an occasion for raising the price of fuel. The very poor could only afford a basket now and then. They shivered in their garrets and their cellars, and died by the hundreds of pneumonia.

The cold snap was followed in February by a warm, soggy spell of weather that melted the snow from the unclean streets, and liberated the germs to do their deadly work. As a consequence of all this, the black typhus broke out in the region of Mulberry Bend. The typhus was more fatal than the pneumonia, and numbered its victims by the thousand.

John Sherwood knew that Dr. Suydam visited the sick in and about Mulberry Bend, and hearing nothing from him, went to his house one evening, to see if there was anything he could do for him. When he came near to the house, a woman said to him: "You mustn't go in there."

"Why not?" said Sherwood.

"Cause they've got the fever," said the woman.

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Hearing this, John went quickly up the steps, and rang the bell; as no one answered, he tried the door, and finding it on the latch, went in. There was not a sound in the house, and he thought the Doctor must have gone out. But to make sure, he went from room to room, seeking him.

Sherwood came at last to the Doctor's bedroom, and without knocking, he opened the door, and went in, and there he saw a woman sitting at the head of the bed, smoothing the hair of Dr. Suydam, who was lying on his side with his face toward the wall.

As Sherwood entered the room, the woman looked up and said: "What do you want?"

"I want to see Dr. Suydam," said Sherwood.

"You can't see him," said the woman.

"Why not?" said Sherwood.

"Cause he is asleep," said the woman.

"Is he?" said Sherwood, as he walked to the bed and laid his hand upon the Doctor's hand.

"Yes," said the woman, "he is, and don't you wake him up."

"I can't wake him," said Sherwood; "he will never wake again. He is not asleep, he is dead."

"What's that you say?" said the woman, "dead? I tell you he ain't dead, he's only sleeping."

"No, my good woman," said Sherwood, laying his hand over the Doctor's heart; "Dr. Suydam is not sleeping—he is dead."

"Dead, did you say?" said the woman, wildly. "Dead? I tell ye, yer lie; the like o' him can't die."

"Who are you?" said Sherwood. "And what are you doing here alone with Dr. Suydam?"

"Who am I?" cried the woman. "Who am I? I'm

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Carrie Twine. Keturah Bain turned me out o' the shop all on account o' Jim Cardon. In the likes o' that the woman gets it in the neck, and the man don't get nothin' at all. I was t'rowed on the streets, and had to hustle. I was kicked about worse 'an a dog; the perlice took my money, and when I didn't have no more, dey run me in. I was starvin' half the time, and drinkin' the rest. One night I was out, and it was rainin', and there wasn't a man to be seen in the street. I hadn't nothin' to eat all day. And when I was draggin' along, thinkin' as how I'd go down to the river and drown meself, an old man came along and as't me if I'd go home along o' him. Go home? Why, I'd gone home that night with a mad dog to his kennel, just to get warm. And the man, he called a ker-ridge and put me in it. Me in a kerridge! And he drove me to his house, and he took me upstairs to a room, and gave me a clean night-gown, and told me to go to bed. And I went to bed, and by and by, he come up again, and brought me some hot milk and toast, and when I was through wid it, he told me to go to sleep, and he didn't come near me all that night. In the mornin' he brought me coffee and eggs, and told me as how I wasn't to get up that day, but lay still and rest. I lay still, and thought I was in heaven, what mother used to tell me about. He brought me dinner and me supper, and I slept all the day and all the night. The next day I as't him if he wouldn't keep me and let me work for him. I'd clean his shoes or anything. He said I might. Day before yisterday he came home wid the fever and everybody run away, but I stayed. I gave him water to drink, and made him take off his clothes, and put him to bed. He kept talkin', talkin', talkin', all the time, talkin' about lost sheep, talkin' 'bout goin' arter 'em, talkin' 'bout

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people bein' frozen, callin' Keturah, Kathe, and the like o' that, till this mornin', when he went to sleep, and he's been sleepin' ever since."

John Sherwood did not contradict the woman, but went to the nearest station and sent a messenger boy to the writer of this book, saying: "Dr. Suydam is dead. Will you come and help me take care of him?"

The writer went at once, and found the Doctor lying as Sherwood had found him, on his right side, with his face to the wall. We lifted him up and carried him to a couch, to prepare him for the grave. On his face was the glory of perfect rest and peace. We sent to the nearest police-station and asked them to send a coroner to view the body and give us permission to bury it. The coroner came, and said the man had died of the fever, and must be buried at once. We said we would bury him as soon as it was light, in the cemetery at Union Hill, and the coroner gave us a permit to take the body out of the city.

We went to the nearest undertaker's shop and bought a simple coffin. We took him as he was in his night-robe, and wrapped him in a blanket, and laid him in the coffin. Then we carried him down into the great drawing-room on the second floor and placed the coffin on two chairs, and sitting down, we watched him there.

In some mysterious way the news went abroad through all that under world that Dr. Suydam was dead. At midnight they began to come, at first by ones and twos, then by threes and fours, then by tens and twenties, an unending procession of men and women coming to look on the face of the dead.

John Sherwood and the writer of this book sat in the shadow and watched these men and women pass under

Dr. Suydam is Dead

the light that lighted the face of the dead. Shriveled hags and bedraggled girls from the street, trembling old men, and men with stern, hard faces; they came and looked and went away. Women stooped down and kissed the dead hands, and men paused as if they would speak to him; and so it went on all the night through.

Early in the evening John Sherwood had telegraphed to the keeper of the cemetery at Union Hill to open a grave at the foot of and at right angles with, the grave of Keturah Bain, wife of John Sherwood, and to have it ready as early in the morning as possible.

As soon as it was light, we covered his face, and carried him down the steps and placed the coffin in the waiting hearse.

John Sherwood, the writer of this, and the woman, Carrie Twine, followed in a single carriage until we came to Union Hill.

Then we buried him in the grave that he had chosen, throwing earth upon the coffin, saying: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

The woman Carrie Twine stood in blank silence, while the grave-digger threw the earth in and filled up the grave. We tried to draw her away, but she would not come.

At last, when the grave-digger's work was finished, and a mound of fresh-turned earth lay, dark and cold, under the dark, cold February sky, and the rising wind began to drive the falling snow in our faces, we took the woman by the arms and said: "Come away, come away. It is of no use to stay here any longer. We can do no good. Let us be going. Dr. Suydam is dead, and we have buried him."

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TWENTY years after the death and burial of Jacob Suydam, a woman came and stood beside his nameless grave. With her were her son and her daughter, now grown to manhood and to womanhood.

That grave was no longer dark and cold, under a dark, cold February sky, but was overgrown with grass and bright with flowers, and lay green and warm in the summer light of an afternoon in June.

Standing there, the woman told her children all they needed to know of her story and of theirs—a sad, yet wonderful story of ruin and redemption; of ruin through lust, and redemption through love. She told her children, who were happy and prosperous, that their happiness and prosperity had cost the man who lay at their feet, his name and place in the world. His was not that love, great as it is, of brother for sister, of husband for wife, of father for child; but his was that greater love which spends itself for the outcast, the stranger, and the unborn.

She told them of a purpose which had been in her heart through all these twenty years, which was to leave them, now that they no longer needed her care, and give that care to those who did need it; to the despised and the rejected; to the oppressed and to the degraded; whose days were toil, and whose nights were shame.

So only could she pay the debt which she owed to the

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man who had given his good name that her evil name might be redeemed.

As this woman stood and talked with her children, the afternoon passed into the evening, and the sunlight became twilight. Then there came and stood beside the other grave at the foot of which the nameless grave was lying, a working man, with a dinner pail in his hand. His hair was gray, and his face was wrinkled; his back was bowed, and he walked slowly, as one who is weary. In the gathering gloom he did not see the woman and her children standing by, but knelt down beside the grave, and whispered to some unseen presence there.

When the woman saw him, she went and laid her hand upon his head, and said: "What are you doing here, John Sherwood?"

The startled man looked long and anxiously into the face of the woman, and said: "Is it you, Marie Du Pre?"

"Yes, it is I," she said, "and I ask you what you are doing here, and to whom do you whisper? Do you think the dead can hear?"

"Yes, I think so, and I come every evening on my way home from work, to talk to Keturah. I have been asking her just now how long it will be before I can lie down and sleep here beside her and the baby. I have been waiting so long for Keturah to say, 'Come,' and I am so tired."

"Come, John," said Marie Du Pre, "come; let us go down in the great city, and live and work where Dr. Suydam and Keturah Bain lived and worked. They are not here; they are there, and there we shall meet them.

"When our work is done, it will be time enough for us to seek them here. We are old, you and I, John, and our day's work is nearly over. In a little while we can

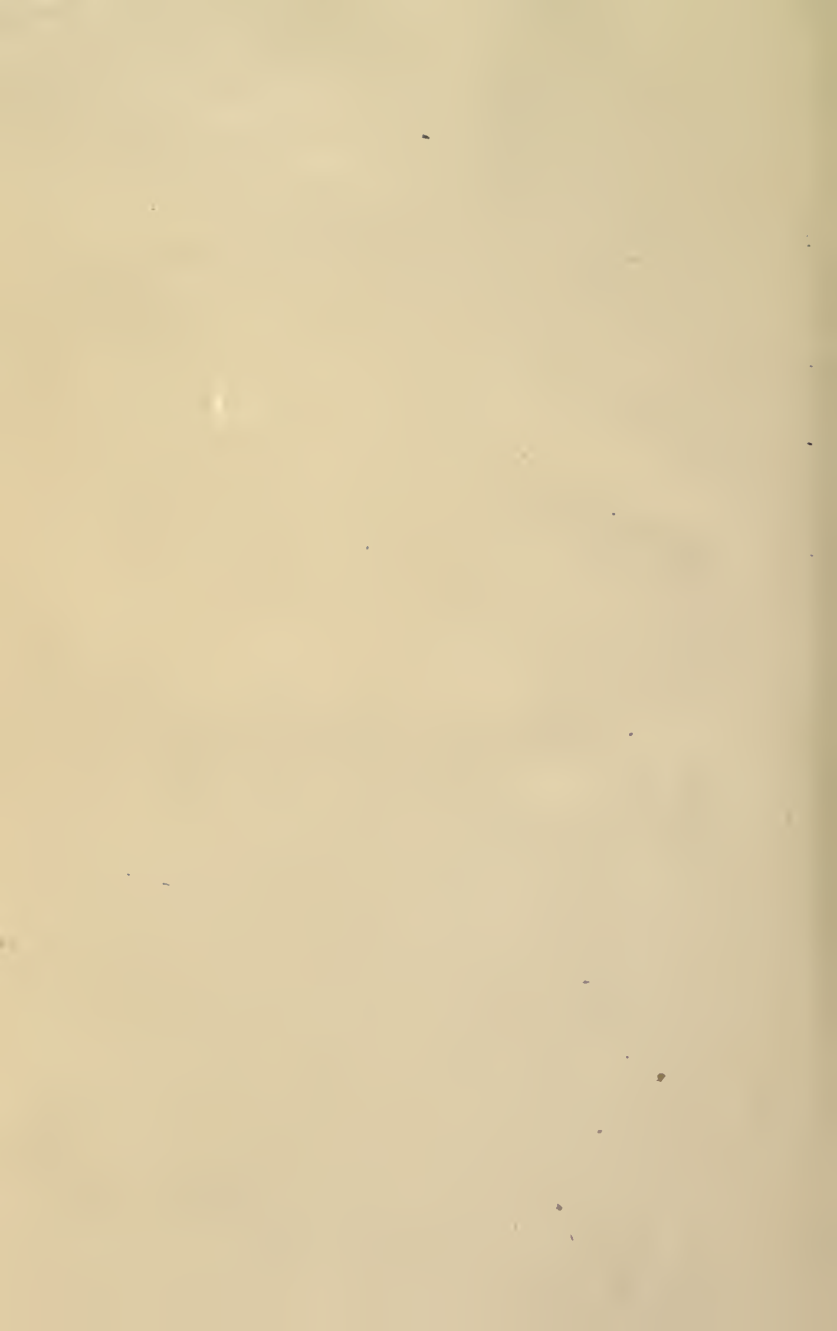
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say, it is finished, and you can come and lie here beside Keturah, and I here, at the feet of Jacob Suydam, for so I wish, and so my children have promised.

“Look, John, look,” said the woman, pointing to the great city that lay dark in the growing darkness of the night, “the dead do not need us; we can do nothing for them; down yonder are the living, crying for help; let us go to them.”

The man and the woman went away together, and the children followed after, leaving the dead to their rest and their peace.

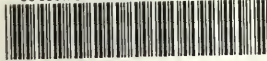




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